

Igdrasil





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Igdrasil:

The Journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild.



Lgd., Mar. 1892.]

THE ASH YGGDRASIL.

p. 329.

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I.

Igdrasil:

The Journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND
SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"The fair tree Igdrasil of Human Art can only flourish when its dew is Affection,
air Devotion, the rock of its roots Patience, and its sunshine God."

The Laxus of Fésqle, RUSKIN.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM MARWICK,

ASSISTED BY

KINETON PARKES.

VOLUME II.

OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1890.

GEORGE ALLEN,
BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR, LONDON, W.C.;

AND

SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

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Editorial Note.

In a Circular issued by the Editor in the December number it was announced that Mr. George Allen's connection with the Magazine terminated with that issue, and that it had been decided to issue the Magazine in an enlarged form as a Shilling Quarterly. The first number of the Quarterly IGDRASIL appeared in June 1891, and the first number of a monthly supplement, price 2*d.*, entitled WORLD-LITERATURE: the Journal of THE READING GUILD and Kindred Societies, on Sept. 15th, 1891. Four numbers of the Quarterly, forming the third volume of IGDRASIL, and six numbers of WORLD-LITERATURE, have been issued. They have been provided with Title Pages and Indices, and may be had bound up with the Second Volume, or separately. They have been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W., and by Mr. E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, E. C.

After April 4th, 1892, the Editor's sole Address will be 4, OXFORD STREET, EDINBURGH.

HILLSIDE HOUSE, ARBROATH,
March, 1892.

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The Journal of The Reading Guild,

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*A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
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The Journal of The Reading Guild and Kindred Societies.

"The fair tree Igdrasil of Human Art can only flourish when its dew is Affection,
its air Devotion, the rock of its roots Patience, and its sunshine God."

The Laws of Fésole, RUSKIN.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM MARWICK.

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Ruskin and Ruskiniana.

"Never prophet flung
 Into this world, and hurried out of it,
 But his were watchwords of truth militant,—
 The enduring strength and stay of heaven's elect
 Through his dark age till the bright age to come."

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IGDRASIL.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1890.

NO. 10.

Poor People's Christmas.

HARK! the Christmas bells ring round!
Many light hearts with joy abound!
They come and go upon the wind,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

Where bleared faces of mean houses
Lean as if to touch each other,
Where idle, ugly vice carouses,
And the brown fogs choke and smother,
In a room confined, dun, damp,
Sits a woman scantily clad,
Sewing by a feeble lamp
Some lovely raiment deftly made,
Rich apparel to be worn
In splendid halls by laughing wealth,
Whose pale sister here forlorn
Leaves in it all her youth and health—
Ah! I wonder, can it bless,
Such living lining to a dress? . . .
Take the lovely raiment off!
Hell hath given it with a scoff!
For she must toil ere daydawn dim,
Long after winter suns have set,
And even so, the Hunger grim
Slow feeds on lives she fights for yet—
Three tattered little ones who play
Faint-hearted on the mouldy floor:
She fought for other two; but they
Have gone where want can hurt no more.

Vile fumes, with subtle poison-breath,
That fouls the throat, killed one young child:
Roofs bulge in this abode of death,
Walls totter and tumble, damp-defiled;
While on the too scant space intrude
Rats, hustling the young human brood.

A mean bed, table, broken chair,
Furnish the degraded room ;
A print, some delf, one flower fair,
Are fain to mitigate the gloom.
Bitter winter wind shrilled through
Rotten door and window when it blew.

She, working early, working late,
Breathes no impatient word nor wail :
Her heavy task may ne'er abate,
Though eyesight fade and strength may fail.

Her husband, long through accident
Disabled, might no more endure
To watch her, burden-bowed and bent,
The wife, whom these dark dens immure,
Whom no longing love may cure,
Nor share her load, tho' bruised and rent—
Nor ease her load, who hath been his bride !
Confused, heartbroken, he will hide
His eyes for ever under tide
Of deeply, darkly rolling Thames,
That quenches hottest human flames.

Merry Christmas bells ring round !
Many light hearts with joy abound ;
They come and go upon the wind,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind !"

Merry Christmas chimes rang round,
When he sought the river's bank,
Rang over him the while he drowned,
And in the depths a third time sank,
While laughing youth's swift-flying feet
To music danced in yonder street,
And in gay halls glad masquers meet.

Now the flickering lamplights float
Idly over corpse and boat ;
From tower and temple London frowns
On all this ruin of her sons ;
On her huge dome the cross of gold
Gleams in winter starlight cold ;
Nor storied old-world obelisk,
Nor the illumined horal disk
High orb'd on stately Westminster,
Where the Parliaments confer,
Take any heed of the black spot
That doth the silver moonlight blot

A human shape unhearing hours
 Pealed now from modern, ancient towers ;
 But dark on turbid water ridges
 Rocks in reflected flame from bridges
 Where steam lit trains, with living freight,
 Going to glad homes elate,
 Near ships laden with merchandise,
 Spice, or silk of gorgeous dyes,
 Where men from far realms of sunrise
 Wait, forgetting care and sorrow,
 In hope to greet dear friends to-morrow,
 While their paddlewheel foams over
 The swaying corse, a senseless rover.

He turned from life, but left some words
 Dyed in the anguish of his soul ;
 Deep anguish the brief page records,
 Before dull waters o'er him roll.

“Upon the bed, or broken chair,
 I sit and brood in my despair,—
 Those Christmas bells ! it is two years
 Since our sweet little boy went home ;
 I see him now through blinding tears,
 The snowflakes melting on him, come,
 Delighted, babbling of the joys
 Behind a lighted window-pane—
 Firs taper-lit, festooned with toys,
 Sweets, trinkets, woolly lamb, doll, train—
 For he had peeped in from the flags,
 Where the lustrous hall discloses
 To the boy in faded rags,
 Happy children, pink like roses,
 Playful, laughter-loving posies,
 Clustered flowers with coloured dresses ;
 One pretty girl had *such* long tresses !
 And then, the feast in all its pride !
 Our cold, wan child stood eager-eyed,
 Until some menial waved aside—
 Another little waif stood far :
 On his thin face he wore a scar ;
 Half naked ; matted ringlets curled ;
 He had no friend in all the world.
 He peers in where these wonders are ;
 O'er him wavers the snowstar,
 Ghostly in the yellow gleam
 From the mansion's window-beam.

Willie took him by the hand :
 'Won't you with me nearer stand ?'
 He entered, shaking off the snow,
 Shone for us, laughing, our sunshine,
 Exhilarating hearts like wine ;
 The dear glad face was all aglow,
 Though mostly pale from want, like mine.
 Then Mary took his jacket off,
 Put the small torn boots to dry,
 And we made little of the cough
 That on our hearts weighed heavily.
 A Christmas treat with cakes and tea
 We gave our bairns ; the fare was rough ;
 Yet this poor Yule-meal by the fire
 We all enjoyed, a lordly feast !
 She rested from long toils that tire,
 And my small wage the store increased ;
 got a little bit of green
 To try and brighten up the scene.
 But now, skilled craftsman I, unused
 To ruder labour, weights must lift,
 That overstrain my strength abused ;
 Famine else will give short shrift !
 So to this impotence I drift !
 At times my brain seems all confused—
 To watch my Mary's failing eyes,
 And youth consumed with too much toil,
 While patient at her task she dies !
 I, pinioned, helpless, may not foil
 Slow deaths that round my dear ones coil !
 Over a new dress sits she bowed ?—
 I thought it was her own white shroud ;—
 Our wee Willie, like a weed,
 Thrown into a nameless grave—
 I am but one more mouth to feed !
 They starve here, and I cannot save. . . .
 am but one more mouth to feed ! . . .
 We could not even put a stone,
 To show where Willie lies alone !
 When I left home, my love would write
 That, ere our Willie went to bed,
 He, wishing father a goodnight,
 Kissed the written words, she said,
 Ere softly slept the curly head.
 Ah ! and now the boy is gone !—
 We could not even put a stone !

“O Christmas bells, ye chime to jeer
 Poor folk shut in with mortal fear!
 ‘Peace and goodwill to all mankind!’
 —Save those whom want and rich men grind—
 Art, Science, Banquet, Church, and Revel
 Westward feed sense, heart and mind;
 Down East, the unshared rule ‘of the devi !
 Long have I sought; I cannot find
 God who delivers men from evil ! . . .

(*Bells peal*) “. . . Well loved those chimes
 In happier times. . . .

Once more we have our cheerful home,
 Around the window roses blow;
 I see my Mary fair as foam,
 Blithely singing, come and go,
 While rosed with health the children roam. . .
 Now we are ground ‘twixt two millstones—
 The man that wrings the murderous rent,
 Yet shelters not the naked bones
 Cooped in his plague-fraught tenement,—
 And vampires who suck sleek content
 From human anguish, tears, and groans,
 Clutch the fruit of our life’s toil,
 And batten upon the unholy spoil—
 Throwing a wage-scrap back for fuel,
 Lest man-mills stop the labour cruel,
 And cease with Death unequal duel.

Shall we, chained starvelings, go, buy law,
 To save us from the robber’s claw?
 Law is a cumbrous thing to move;
 It will not come and help for love!
 Buy women to starve at ‘market-price,’
 Gallio-Law, with looks of ice,
 Smiles placid; poor man, steal a crust,
 To feed them, Jefferies, judge most just,
 Thee, wrath-red, into gyves will thrust.
 ‘Church and State will guard,’ saith he,
 ‘The sacred rights of property!’
 England wrestles for the slave
 Enthralled beyond the alien wave;
 Why doth this mother of the free
 Let her strong sons with cruel glee
 Crush weak sisters at her knee?
 Set thine own house in order—then
 Go and preach to evil men!

In feudal dungeons underground
 They buried their live victims bound,
 And we in our vile vaults immure
 These whose crime is to be poor,
 Starve babes and women innocent,
 Tortured, in black prisons pent.
 Feudal lords would *feed* the slave ;
 But Capital from his despair
 Extorts more toil than flesh can bear,
 Keeps him half-living in his grave,
 That serf may earn, and master have,
 Till kindlier Death arrive to save.

“True men devise large schemes to heal
 This gangrene of the Commonweal,
 This prime injustice of the world,
 That drones, who waste the wealth, may steal
 From makers, to the dunghill hurled. . . .
 . . . Ah, many hearts will founder and fail
 Before these noble aims prevail ! . . .
 (Not violence the cause will serve,
 For blood and iron breed their kin ;
 Yet the serried ranks ne’er swerve,
 Armed Force and Fraud, Law-masquing Sin ! . . .)
 Ah ! Violence may be forgiven
 To men fate-harried, God-bereaven ;
 They tear their way forth to the end,
 Toward which by vital growth we tend ;
 Yea, war may plant good laws, free states ;
 One cuts the knot in desperate straits.—
 . . . My comrades yonder at the club
 Will make short work of these that rob,—
 While we prepare the general mind,
 Our best-beloved rot here and perish. . . .
 I’ll watch no more these millstones grind
 The tender hearts and lives I cherish ! . . .
 That robber’s rent was in arrear ;
 He came with flint-face, cane, black coat,
 Would fling us on the street ; yea, here,
 Shook my poor Mary, white with fear—
 No strength was mine to clutch his throat !
 My dying wife must stitch at those ;
Rich sick folk may lie abed,
 Or fly from our black smoke and snows
 To where blue air and ocean wed. . . .
 Man’s right ! we are powerless to assert it.
 And man himself is God-deserted !

. . . What use to watch slow murder done
On wife, and babe, and little son?
When near me glides oblivion?"

So, while the indifferent body rolls,
With other things that have no souls,
On the blind tide to random goals,
In lusted lordly palace hall
Radiant boys and maidens play;
On whose cold doorstep women fall
Starved, numbed, and naked, life gone grey;
Within, youth's agile feet to sound
Of music flying, bells ring round,
Come and go upon the wind,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

On massy bridge, on broadbuilt quay,
Tumultuous tides of hurrying wealth
Sweep the marred sons of misery,
(Who thrud by sufferance, by stealth,
Their faint way; near the parapet
Cower, dull aware of fume and fret,)
Sweep them to where they may forget!
For riverward wan eyes are bowed;
Beside whom roars the traffic loud,
And the many-nationed crowd.
See grimed and haggard him or her,
Amid the animated stir
Of throngs that leave a theatre;
Well-dressed men cab and carriage call,
Round white shoulders fold the shawl,
Praise or blame what box or stall
Observed of acted joy or grief,
Carelessly, with comment brief—
Civic, or military pomp,
Massed colour, banner, drum and trump,
Court dames in well-appointed carriages,
Fair-favoured, fashionable marriages
Wolf-lean Hunger's eye disparages!
Wherein, as in some magic glass,
Ye may foresee your triumph pass,
Learning's vaunting vast appliances
Shattered in terrible defiances,
Flinging to the wild winds all affiances!
Do ye not hear low thunders rumble,
Ere, lightning-struck, the fabric crumble?
Your marts are thronged, luxurious, bright,
Your magic moons confound the night,

Yet marbled warehouse, palace height,
 Grey minster that hath borne the brunt
 Of Time's long battle, all confront
 Shame, grim Nakedness, and Want !
 While close-shut doors of secret sin
 Open upon hell-flames within !

Hearken ! how grand organ-strains
 Shake the emblazoned window-panes,
 Where priest and gorgeous ritual blesseth
 Whoso prayeth, or confesseth,
 In holy twilight of hushed fanes !
 Yet Christmas carols from the church
 Mock those dim figures by the porch,
 Huddled, famished in their rags :
 Drink-sodden these from alehouse lurch,
 And those lie numbed upon the flags
 Till, passing, a policeman drags
 To ward or workhouse, "moves them on"
 Somewhere, while they make low moan,
 Pale spectres of dread Babylon !
 But the flaunting harlot's ditty
 Striketh even a deeper pity :
 Cruel Want's degraded daughter,
 On her way to the dark water,
 Where horror-breathing, dense brown air
 Grimly shrouds a dumb despair. . . .
 . . . Is there a worse hell over there ?

The holly and the mistletoë
 Cheer our banquet, wine-cups flow,
 Light laughter bubbles o'er the bowl,
 And we forget no Christmas dole ;
 Yet our grief-burdened sisters die
 Around us in slow agony,
 While we are ringing in the morn
 When man's Deliverer was born ; . . .
 . . . Ah ! but our Brother too wore thorn !

Pale Mary toils ; her hollow eyes
 Are patient, mild, of heavenly blue ;
 Hourly repeats the sacrifice
 That all the world to Calvary drew ;
 "Father, forgive their cruelties ;
 For they know not what they do." . . .
 . . . She murmurs, "Now I feel Thee near !
 My little ones I leave to Thee :
 Do what Thou wilt,—I trust, not fear. . . .
 Thy Birthday bells ring merrily !

I am weary, and would rest,
Gentle Jesus, on Thy breast !
I shall see Willie,—yes, and Jim,
My heart's own husband ; turbid, dim,
His mind was from our suffering so ;
Therefore the Lord forgave, I know,
The unbelief that conquered him.
Ah ! but I wonder much how long
He will endure their cruel wrong !”

A high-born sister who had left
Her vantage-ground to help the weak,
Supplying unto these bereft
From her full store whate'er they seek,
Came that night, a nurse, to tend
The dying woman ; and she heard
Near the poor pallet, ere the end,
Low song as from some heavenly bird,
Although no human lips were stirred !
Christ came, in vision, to the dying,
Led by the hand their own lost child ;
He saith : “ Love justifies relying
On him, daughter ! ” and she smiled !
Near the boy a Christmas tree
Laughed with lights full merrily !
And the little waif was there,
Rosy, with a joyful air,
Recovered from his life-despair.
Near Willie the boy kept his place,
But fearless looked into the Face
That seemed to him one pure embrace.
“ Love justifieth your relying,
And heareth ever bitter crying
Of those whom the hard world hath spurned ;
My martyrs high estate have earned.”

A common workman seemed the Lord,
Standing by the poor bedside ;
Yet she knew He was the Word,
That Jesus who was crucified,
And poured contempt on human pride.
Pale and suffering His air,
From sympathy with our despair ;
Around His heart like snakes lie curled
The sins and sorrows of the world :
But the full orb of light behind,
Unmuffled, would strike mortals blind ;

Bad men slunk dwindled and abashed
When from His eyes the sunbeam flashed.

“ My servants fashion even now
Justice for the commonweal ;
From toilers with the hand, the brow,
Idle men no more may steal ;
My servants seek ; I whisper how
They may find the remedy,
Save My little ones who cry :
For I am poor Myself, you know ;
The poor are Mine, and I will heal !—
Already dawns millennium ;
Soon My holy reign will come.
The man who loved you, whom you love,
Was of the faithful band I move.
Awhile I hid My face from him,
For awhile his ways were dim ;
Baser, earthlier passion jars
With spherul music of the stars ;
Yet in the end all makes, not mars !
I vindicate his human place
For every member of My race ;
Let every manhood find free scope !
Now, beasts of burden, with no hope,
Men ripen not peculiar grain,
Given to each for general gain,
The social body to sustain.
Your Churches rarely worship Me,
Who am the incarnate Charity :
They call indeed upon My name ;
But their proud Christ with crown and flame
Is another, not the same.
I made known a suffering God ;
I consecrated Pain's abode.
Yet are they refuges for faith,
Though she be faded to a wraith,
Though driven from the altar, she
Oft in the world find sanctuary.
Strong men, refrain from legal greed !
Hear the fate-smitten when they plead !—
Justice, not almsgiving, they need.
God with conscience dowered you,
With more than in mere Nature grew ;
All are brethren, all are one ;
Wound other hearts, ye wound your own !

Strong men ! poor weak worms ! when *ye* fall,
On whom, in trouble, will *ye* call ?
When God hath changed your countenance,
And sends you feeble, fainting, hence ? ”

Then that gentle Face grew stern ;
Sun-blazing eyes confront and burn
All the Temple-shadowed lies,
The marble-tomb proprieties
Of our later Pharisees,
Pious, proud, decórous, hard ;
He blasted base content, and marred.
They shrinking wither up, nor linger—
Even as when, writing with His finger,
In the old Syrian garden, He
Shamed with a God-word quietly
Phylacteried fathers of the men
Whose race hath the hard heart, as then.
“ My birthday bells chime merrily !
Come, dear child, more close to me !
My best is evermore the prize
Of souls who nobly agonise ! ”

No feeble glimmer in the room,
Heaven’s own effulgence doth illume
Her spirit ; the poor sempstress died,
And Love immortal claimed a bride.

Hark ! the Christmas bells ring round !
Many light hearts with joy abound ;
They come and go upon the wind :
“ Peace and goodwill to all mankind ! ”

RODEN NOEL.

Ruskiniana.

IN this number we give various letters on Politics, and, in particular, on the Irish Question.

CEASING TO BE ENGLISH.

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 17th, 1888.]

To the Editor of “ *The Daily Telegraph*.”

SANDGATE, Jan. 9th.

SIR,

You are writing at present some of the most valuable and most candid articles I have ever seen in an English journal ; but is it really

in earnest that you defend the form of "Pax Romana" now kept in the streets of London, against the magistrate's (Mr. Bridge's) question, "Are we ceasing to be English?" We are not ceasing, because for the last thirty years, at the least, we have ceased to be English. Swindling was not formerly the method of English trade, nor advertising its necessity. Luxury was not anciently the glory of English life, nor darkness and filth its inevitable conditions. Once we imported from America neither meat nor manners; from France neither art nor religion. Our British Navy did not use to fight with torpedoes under water, nor our British Army with rifles from behind a hedge. And to keep to the case before the magistrate—neither Roman nor English peace consists in allowing our police to be shot by burglars or forgers (unless perchance the revolver miss fire); but primarily in forbidding the sale of revolvers to any private person whatsoever.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

MR. RUSKIN ON THE SITUATION.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 20th, 1885.]

To the Editor of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*."

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, Feb. 19.

SIR,

Would you please tell an innocent outsider, whom you are often kind to, what on earth Mr. Punch means by talking about a "last rally" * and the like? or what folks in general mean by going about begging for help from everybody, because we have lost a few good men and officers in Africa, and, after dawdling for six months, been too late to save one very perfectly good officer, whom, as far as I can make it out, Ministers must have wanted to get rid of? As far as I have any opinion on the matter myself, I entirely agree with the enclosed of M. de Lesseps, which I found quoted in a country paper. Bah! † last rally! Good gracious! did all our colonies come offering to help us after the retreat to Corunna?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. RUSKIN.

M. DE LESSEPS ON THE SOUDAN.

M. de Lesseps in the course of an interview related by the Paris *Matin* said:—"I have repeatedly warned the English that to send an expedition to the Soudan was to send soldiers to certain death. As for ancient Nubia, or Ethiopia, it is a country in which, as if in a sea, whole armies of conquerors have been engulfed. Cambyse left 100,000 men on the deserts, and he was only too glad to return home with a handful of followers. The son of Mehemet Ali was burned in his camp, with his army. To attempt to conquer the Soudan by force is a dream. It is quite possible to give laws to and to govern these intelligent, heroically brave races. In order to reach Kartoum, whatever the route taken, one must cross deserts in which there is absolutely no water. An army, whether going or returning, will always be an easy prey to the warlike populations of Nubia. These can turn on the enemy as

* The cartoon in the *Punch* of the week represented Mr. Gladstone as a warrior on horseback, and surrounded by his colleagues, and was entitled "The Last Rally," in reference to the general election then imminent.

† Misprint for "But"—see next letter.

many as 100,000 fighting men, for whom death is only a secondary consideration, and who would be scoffed at by the women if they returned to their villages without having avenged the deaths of their companions. The longer the struggle is continued against the Soudan the more difficult will be the effecting of a settlement. Two years ago it would have been easy to negotiate; now it is difficult, the animosity of these fanatical soldiers having been roused."

GORDON AND CARLYLE.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 25th, 1885.]

To the Editor of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*."

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, February 24.

SIR,

Will you kindly correct the misprint of "Bah!" for "but" in my recent letter? I never have used this modern interjection, nor ever shall. I should have written with less haste and more indignation had I conceived the vileness possible in Englishmen of making the death of Gordon an occasion of party contest. Censure, and alas! praise, are alike too late. The Opposition will not redeem the Government's errors by encumbering its hands, and the Master of Balliol's sermon* should have been preached in the enthusiasm of sympathy with the living, not in encomium of the dead. I am edified also by the burst of funeral music from the lips of England in praise of Gordon's honour and faith, while she received for thirty years, with rage and hissing, the words of the one man, now at rest among his native hills, who told her that her merchants should be honest and her statesmen sincere.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

MR. RUSKIN ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 5th, 1886.]

To the Editor of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*."

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, Jan. 4.

SIR,

In your recent articles on the Irish question you have taken no notice of certain peculiarities of the Irish race which I imagine you know as well as I do, and yet, by unlucky chance, you hitherto ignore them! Would it not be well to take some account of these following ineradicable virtues of theirs in our schemes for their management? First: they are an artistic people, and can design beautiful things and execute them with indefatigable industry. Secondly: they are a witty people, and can by no means be governed by witless ones. Thirdly: they are an affectionate people, and can by no means be governed on scientific principles, by heartless persons.

Permit me to observe further, that as Scott is the authority for Scotch character, Maria Edgeworth is the authority for Irish; and that her three stories of "Ormond," "Ennui," and "The Absentee" contain more

* Mr. Jowett's sermon on Gordon had been partly reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

essential truths about Ireland that can be learned from any other sources whatsoever.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

NATIONAL PENANCE.*

[From the *Times*, June 1st, 1886.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 29th May.

DEAR SIR,

Nothing that any Parliament could do would be of the least use at present. England and Ireland must suffer for their past sins. How long, and to what issue, Heaven only knows.

Your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

A POLITICAL IDEAL.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 2nd, 1886.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, June 26, 1886.

—, ESQ.,

In reply to your inquiry of the 25th† I can only tell you that I have other things to do than to watch how my words are used, whether at Pollokshields or elsewhere, so long as they are quoted accurately. Which in this instance they are, to a syllable. But if in connection with them you will favour me by circulating, also quoted accurately to a syllable, the passage closing Part III. of my book called "A Knight's Faith," from A, p. 248, to the end,‡ in the book forwarded to you by this post, any careful reader of that passage need not afterwards either misunderstand or misapply any other words of mine which may chance to get abroad at this political juncture.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
(Signed) JOHN RUSKIN.

"THE IRISH GREEN BOOK."§

[From the *St. James's Gazette*, Jan. 18th, 1888.]

SANDGATE, January 13, 1888.

SIR,

I am extremely obliged by your having sent me the Green Book, as it informs me of things which I am unable, in the time at my disposal, to ascertain; and cannot venture, until some evidence like this comes of their being matter of common notoriety, to imagine. The caricatures are

* Addressed to a North Wales correspondent with reference to Mr. Gladstone's proposed Irish measures, and published in the *Times* under an article on the Political Situation.

† The inquiry was that of a gentleman from Pollokshields as to whether Mr. Ruskin approved of the use made by political parties of his comments on Mr. Gladstone in "Fors Clavigera," 1875, p. 248 (first edition), and "Arrows of the Chace," ii. 284.

‡ From "You have seen a course of actions" to "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

§ A small book of political caricatures, ridiculing the Parnell-Gladstone alliance. Published by William Blackwood & Sons.

far more powerful and less gross than those of the old English school, and I suppose art of this kind to be the only means of making a vivid impression on some orders of the populace. But it assuredly, at the same time, depraves their tastes and destroys their respect, not only for the persons held up to their reprobation, but for all governments and for all human speech or face or form; while the work itself, though, as I said, in its kind powerful, is without essential value or any skill which, after it has answered its momentary purpose, would render it deserving of preservation. I deeply regret, in this and all like instances, the tone given to political statement and debate, by making an ugly jest of falsehood or a light one of crime, which should be punished by the nation's sorrow in its anger—not by its satire, still less left unpunished by its contempt.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

MR. RUSKIN ON HOME RULE.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 17th, 1887.]

To the Editor of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*."

BRANTWOOD, Jan. 16.

SIR,

It was ever so nice of you to print my Tory letter last week.* Will you now let me explain more seriously how much of it is really on your side; though, perhaps, more on your side than you will quite like? For I am with Ireland altogether in these present matters, as I am with Scotland, with India, with Afghanistan, and with Natal. I should like to see Home Rule (in *my* sense of Ruling—not yours) everywhere. I should like to see Ireland under a King of Ireland; Scotland under a Douglas, tender and true; India under a Rajah; and England under her Queen, and by no manner of means under Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Also I wish, when you are writing about what you call the British Constitution, that you would bring the great article of Magna Charta oftener into the British freeman's head that "Law shall not be sold." But chiefly to-day I pray you to print the following character of Grattan, by Sydney Smith, which should be of some use in showing the Irish members at Westminster under what conception of them Ireland should "expect" every man to do his duty.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

"Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Grattan? Who has not turned to him for comfort, from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? Who did not remember him in the days of its burnings, wastings, and murders? No government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland: lived for no other object, dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendours of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born, so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he kept for fifty years, without one side-look, one yielding thought, one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God or man."—From an article by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* on "Ireland."

* See the following letter on Leadership.

LEADERSHIP.*

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 10th, 1887.]*To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."*

BRANTWOOD, January 7.

SIR,

You have already given more space to your kind notices of "Præterita"† than I can understand your sparing; yet I trust your still finding a corner in which I may correct a formality about which I am sensitive, as to the position of the partners of the Xeres house (Xerez I believe I should have spelled the word all through) called in your Wednesday's notice "Domecq, Ruskin & Co." There was no Co., and the title on the Billiter Street plate was "Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq." It would seem to a practical person that it should have been Domecq—Telford—and Ruskin; for Mr. Domecq brought the land into the business, Mr. Telford the money, and my father only his good, and extremely strong, will.

You, Sir, being, as I have only begun lately to get well into my head, a Republican, are of course by nature incapable of conceiving the idea of authority. But, I assure you, my father, though not only a poor man, but "worth," in the City sense, much less than nothing, at the time of the firm's incorporation, was yet—then and always—as much the head of the firm as the Caliph Omar was Father of the Faithful.

Incidentally, may I also be permitted to represent to you that in your recent articles on the decomposition of the gaseous materials of the British Parliament you do not appear in the least to understand the difference between the head of a firm and the leader of a party. And, further, that in your comments on the position taken up by Lord Randolph Churchill with respect to economies, you do not appear to see more clearly than other members of the wise Press Confraternity that the war expenditure of all nations is now directed—not to their good or safety, but much, and even infinitely—to their harm and peril, in paying their ironmongers for the manufacture of ironclads and stink-pots, and in maintaining the younger members of their governing bodies in the graceful, amusing, and certainly—I speak as an artist—decorative and dramatic profession of Arms.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

MR. RUSKIN ON TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 9th, 1887.]*To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."*

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, Dec. 7, 1887.

SIR,

I have not been able to read the papers lately, but coming up on some business of my own find this old Square, and the new triangles and crescents of London, in a state of bewilderment and panic extremely curious to me. There are surely honest people enough in England to

* Printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the heading "Mr. Ruskin on Lord Randolph."

† See "Præterita," vol. i., pp. 27, 226.

keep the average of rogues in quiet ; and that they don't know how is the fault, not of the speakers in Trafalgar Square, but of the chatterers and babblers in the Houses of Parliament for the last twenty years.

As for right, any British citizen has a right to stand on the parapet of the terrace—if he can—and talk to any one who will listen to him, but he has no right whatever to use his paternal wealth to buy himself leave to talk nonsense in the House of Commons.

The shopkeepers have no business to ask the police to help them to swindle the public with cheap things or tempt them with showy ones. Let them shut their shops up—not on Sunday merely, to please God, but all the other days of the week, to give their shopboys and girls a good long Christmas holiday ; and if the boys and girls like to talk to each other from the backs of the lions or the pillars of the lamp-posts, don't let the Life Guards interfere, nor the police listen to what they are saying.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

The Real and the Ideal in Literature.

PAINTING is the most realistic of all the arts, for in a picture we have a presentment of the artist's idea clear and distinct before us. It may be a landscape, or it may be a human figure ; but, whatever it is, it is there on the canvas, and as a general rule there can be no discussion as to what it is intended to present to the eye of the observer. There, is the utmost expression of its creator's thought as far as the creation is concerned with its author. It expresses just what its painter required it to express, and any further interpretation that may be put upon it is above and beyond the picture—an independent exercise of the spectator's imagination.

As painting is the most realistic of the arts, music is the most idealistic ; for whatever image a musical composition may call up must necessarily be an independent exercise of the listener's will. Any train of thought suggested by music is more or less indefinite, particularly if the music is heard for the first time and is devoid of associations. Music in this way, therefore, affords more food for the imagination than a picture ; and in doing this it directs attention to the ideal and distracts it from the real. When a composition is heard for the first time, the listener is taken out of himself and lives among the creations of his own fancy ; his surroundings lose their sense of nearness ; and as he is taken out of himself, so is he withdrawn within himself.

Midway between painting and music comes literature, which may be either real or ideal according to its purpose and its author. The imagination may be stimulated by it almost as much as by

music, or it may be satisfied almost as completely as it is satisfied by a picture. Poetry may leave all to the fancy or it may leave nothing, and in this respect it is unlike either music or painting.

In English literature we find examples of both these extremes. In the Arthurian legends we see the idealistic side strongly developed. The actors in the drama of "The Quest of the Holy Grail" are ideal and romantic, and the Quest is itself the essence of ideality and romance. Romance is an attribute of the ideal, and a romantic story is very often concerned with something other than the actual. A type of the romantic spirit we find in Sir Galahad, whose life, acts and deeds were in all ways ideal. The death of King Arthur is in itself one of the most ideal incidents in any literature, leaving, as it does, not only Sir Bedivere in uncertainty concerning it, but every one else who reads the legend. The circumstances attending his last appearance are essentially ideal, and as Sir Bedivere craved to be either taken away with the King or left with the Queens, so must be the longing of all who read the romantic episode.

In Chaucer's poetry we find the real, for he described things with such knowledge and understanding that there can be no mistake about their reality. Nature and humanity were known to him. He had studied both, and understood both before he began to write about them and describe them. Chaucer took account of the men and things he saw around him.

With Spenser it is wholly different. In his poetry we are transported into an ideal world of fairy forms of richest fancy. Belphebe and Sir Guyon are not beings of flesh and blood, but fair creatures of the poet's glowing mind. We know that, in point of fact, both of these characters had prototypes in real life; but so ardent was the poet's imagination, that all purely human attributes are overshadowed, and they become the mere creations of his brain.

Turning from poetry and its ideal qualities to the proseman once more, we may find ideality of a different kind and degree, but still ideality in all its essentials. There are three books in our tongue depicting fanciful states of society, which must be reckoned among the most ideal of all English prose works: Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis," and Thomas Harrington's "Oceana." Each of these works deals with an imaginary state of society. "Utopia" is still as ideal as when written, as is also "The New Atlantis," Bacon's great waking dream, of which he at last unburdened himself. No soul was so crushed by its environment as was Bacon's, and no one tried more earnestly to rise superior to circumstances. Circumstances, however, prevailed; and his life was wretched, though

his ideal life, as we have it set forth in "The New Atlantis" and elsewhere, was a beautiful and a noble one. "Oceana" is like the two preceding books in this, that its author depicted therein a scheme for founding, on philosophical principles, a true commonwealth. The work written in the century in which Bacon, Hobbes and Jeremy Bentham lived embodied ideas which no more accorded with the times in which they were written than did those advanced in "Utopia." These three works, of a philosophical nature, are yet examples of one class of ideal literature, in that they each express the longing felt by their authors for something more in life than they could obtain from that which they were living. Their ideality, however, consists most of all in the impossibility, made apparent in the subsequent years, of ever realising the ideals which their authors advanced. To embody the teachings of these three works in an actual reality would be a grand and a noble thing. To convert the real into the ideal should be the aim of every thinking individual. But in this process it should be the care of all that the idealism should be freed of all that was objectionable in the reality, or the idealised reality retain all the essential characteristics of the first ideal. If this is impossible, then let us be content to live in the real and leave the ideal to dream of, rather than lose the ideal in our efforts to realise it.

In Shakspeare we do this thing: live in the reality of the times with which the play is concerned; and we seem to be able to breathe the very air which is the breath of life to his characters. In this is Shakspeare realistic; but at the same time his realism has an ideal character, for Hamlet is ideal in that he is the personification of all the qualities with which his creator has chosen to endow him, and not the mere exponent of the various passions and moods to which he gives expression. Lady Macbeth is not only an ambitious woman—she is ambition personified; Portia is not only a courageous girl, but the type of feminine bravery born of love; while Adam, in his allegiance to Orlando, is typical of devotion. In this is Shakspeare idealistic; and in no writer have the two qualities been so united and so blended into one.

Milton's genius resembles Shakspeare's in one respect,—that his characters are types; but these types are ideal only, and have no living reality. Satan is necessarily ideal; but as a type of majestic wickedness, of unbending revenge, "unconquerable will" and "immortal hate," he has, in literature or in life, never been surpassed. It is impossible that all the attributes of Milton's Satan could be together found in one person; and it is impossible that the forms of any one of his characteristics should be so highly

developed in reality. His hate, his revenge, his courage, his ambition,—all are sublime in the conception which Milton has given of them, and in their sublimity are wholly ideal. As with Satan, so with the other personages in the great epic—all are ideal, none are real.

From Milton to Burns and Scott is a far cry, and yet in the interval—from the death of Milton to the time when Scott began to write—there was no very considerable body of great poetry produced in England, and of that a still smaller proportion only was of an ideal character. The works of Dryden and Pope were almost entirely devoid of ideality; while at the same time there was also absent the healthy realism that would have saved them from the artificiality which is the most prominent characteristic of their verses. When, however, we arrive at Scott and those other poets of the Romantic school, who so efficiently demonstrated the heartless character of their immediate predecessors of the Classical school, we find a new ideal; and Scott gave expression both in his poems and in his novels to this feeling, and it was taken up by the writers next succeeding,—by Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats. The poetry of Coleridge was wholly ideal; while Byron struggled, though he failed to struggle sufficiently, to crush the hollow and hypocritical, and to live up to the ideal. Sadly enough, his temperament, his surroundings, and his education all tended to undo the work which he strove to accomplish; and in the end they conquered the fighting spirit. Shelley conquered all things; and, despite the obstacles which filled his path, his face was always set determinedly towards the ideal he saw before and above him. He allowed nothing to interfere with his pursuit; and although he was sometimes disappointed, he was never discouraged, and to the last his sublime faith in the power of the ideal was unimpaired and his bright eyes undimmed by the realities of the world. All Shelley's poetry, with the exception of "*The Cenci*," is essentially ideal. "*The Revolt of Islam*" is an ideal state of society; "*Rosalind and Helen*" is an ideal relation between the sexes; "*Alastor*" depicts an ideal poet; "*Prometheus*" typifies ideal fortitude; and "*The Witch of Atlas*" is a fairy song of the ideal. It is only in "*The Cenci*" that we find trace of realism in Shelley, and then it as terrible in its intensity as his idealism is beautiful.

Taking into account the various considerations which in turn make idealism or realism attractive, we are somewhat at a loss to account for the general feeling which assumes that idealism is always the better. There is, perhaps, in idealism much more that is romantic than in realism; for the essence of romance is ideality, and to many minds the two words romantic and ideal are

interchangeable. This, however, is not wholly true, for there is no reason whatever why the real should be unromantic ; and, while in some notable modern instances realism has been reduced to bestiality, poetry, in a vain endeavour to be ideal and to treat of the ideal, has brought down ridicule on its author, and failed entirely in its object. Montgomery assays to write upon "The Omnipresence of the Deity,"—a subject which needs the power of a great ideal poet in all its fulness to treat of,—and in so doing makes himself and his subject ridiculous, or worse. Even Macaulay, speaking of it, is constrained to remark that he "should be sorry to stake his faith in a higher power on Mr. Montgomery's logic." So that it is not always to the poet that we must go for true conceptions of the ideal or the real. To poetry has been arrogated in some directions the sole charge and care of all that is romantic and out of the common in our lives ; but no greater mistake could be made. Our lives are romantic and poetical intrinsically, and quite apart from any additional romance with which a poet in writing of them might endow them. Neither is it within the province of poetry alone to write romantically concerning life and art. Prose has just as great a mission, and in "Wilhelm Meister" we have condensed into a life which was not phenomenally adventurous or incidental, such a mass of romance, and such a longing for and searching after the ideal, as is only equalled perhaps by "Sartor Resartus." In all poetry we cannot find more romance distilled from so small an amount of material as we find in either of these books ; and no poet could have spun out of so mundane a subject as "Sartor Resartus" a more ideal story. The book is in itself a gospel of romanticism and ideality.

It is a cause for wonderment, when reading certain verses, that their authors could ever have earned the title of poet, so lacking are they even in a small degree of a touch of idealism or romance. Wordsworth himself confessed to a lack of it at times, and at times, too, when he was writing very extensively. In the preface to the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," he says : "With a feeling congenial to this"—the passing from earth to heaven without death—"I was often unable to think of external existence, and I communed with all I saw not apart from, but inherent in, my own material nature. Many times in going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. At later periods of life I have deplored, as we all have reason to, a subjugation of an opposite character." While Wordsworth was thus at times afraid of the ideal, and then disconsolate because he was oppressed with the real, Emerson was in continual contem-

plation of the ideal, and had a lofty optimism and a contempt for mean views of life that are exceedingly refreshing. In Emerson's ideal view there is nothing that is unpractical or devoid of romance, and his earnest desire for the truth is equalled by his serene faith in ultimate good. He says that all men know that they are of Divine origin, and awake to the knowledge of the hidden ideal in their own soul; but this was said in the faith of his optimism, for if men would but realise this, and awake to the fact that they possess not only a soul, but a soul with an ideal, then many a commonplace existence would be changed to a poetic dream filled with noble thoughts and realised aspirations. Ideality, as opposed to reality, is not the extraordinary, or the fanciful, or the unreal; neither is it incomplete. On the contrary, it is redundant with attributes, and is founded firmly on the basis of the real, though its development has led it on to higher realms of thought. There are aspirations divinely engendered in the human soul that are unsatisfied with the real. Faust exclaims:—

“Reality—is torturing me :
I'm wearied with this scene of wonder.
The ground—it *seems* the ground to be—
Gives way my tottering feet from under.”

And previously he has also exclaimed:—

“I have, alas ! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labour studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.”

In the unconscious ideal that at one time has been the possession of every one is the greatest happiness; and Schopenhauer has said with much truth that “consciousness is the mistake and malady of Nature”; and it is when realism usurps the place of the ideal without itself realising the ideal, when consciousness robs unconsciousness of its security, that the sum of happiness is lessened and our lives become less worth the living. There must always be something in a life to idealise, something which will prevent the spirit from wandering aimlessly in Inferno, that will make the tortures cease; and, unless there is this something, the life will be wasted and lost in a vain and profitless journey from birth to death. While there is an ideal, there is a goal towards which the spirit may strive, and to which it may attain. Byron in his life attempted it. Shelley succeeded in attaining many ideals, and from one to the other he passed until at the

end he perished, and vanished into an unknown ideal which had engaged his thoughts while living as no other subject had engaged them.

Idealism is not perhaps a distinguishing characteristic of the literature of the present day; but, at all events, this literature is not shallow or artificial, and the realism which characterises it is a healthy realism, the foundations of which are built in the joys and sorrows and the pleasures and cares of humanity; and in this is it justified, in this is it made glorious. Its materials are the world and the inhabitants thereof, and in the fashioning of these it finds its Ideal.

KINETON PARKES.

Marie Bashkirtseff's Studio.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF'S Journal is now familiar to every one interested in art, and many to whom art is of minor importance must have read with interest the life of this wayward genius.

We have just returned from a visit to her studio. It is a large room, luxuriously furnished with plenty of soft lounges and comfortable corners.

The walls are covered from floor to ceiling with pictures and sketches. Marie's first painting was the portrait of her cousin Dina, a young girl of very fair complexion, dressed in blue satin. It was an ambitious beginning, and seemed to us hardly a success. Far more interesting is Marie's portrait of herself. She stands before you, palette in hand, just as she must have looked a hundred times in her plain studio dress. We noticed, in reading her life, that her vanity declined as her devotion to art increased. She records as an important fact that at the studio she wore shoes without heels. Her face must have been capable of infinite variations, for this painting has nothing of the dreamy look of the photographs. Her lips are firmly closed, and the eyes have an earnest, hungry expression. One understands better the passionate laments of the Journal, for these eyes have all the strong yearnings of unsatisfied power.

Two very charming pictures are studies of child-life: "Jean and Jacques" strolling along with saucy indifference, and a little dark-eyed girl looking out from under a dilapidated umbrella. At the farther end of the room, close to her little oratory, are two panel pictures of flowers, and between them a window with an old

man looking out—one might almost say looking in, for it is more like a glimpse through the wall than a picture.

To those who know anything of art-life in Paris her picture of the life-class at the Julian Academy will be very interesting. The model is a boy, posing evidently as St. John the Baptist. The group of girls who surround him were Marie's contemporaries, and the place to the extreme right of the picture is the one she generally occupied.

We asked for Breslau; but she was not there. She is now a painter of acknowledged merit, and passes her time between Paris and Switzerland. We learnt from a friend who had known her that neither she nor any of the students had a very happy life during the career of the imperious Marie.

There are several landscapes, most of them representing the newer parts of Paris, perhaps the Batignolles, which she found so full of interest. They are chiefly studies in street perspective, or effects of mist and twilight.

Remembering how she was impressed with the story of Ophelia, we were delighted to find a little pencil-sketch which represented the unfortunate maiden lying among the water-plants in the bend of a stream thickly shadowed with overhanging trees. We thought the well-worn subject had been seldom more poetically treated. It was a hint of what she might have done, for there is a strange absence of ideal beauty in most of her work. The truthful rendering of every-day life has evidently been her great aim, and no doubt she was influenced in her choice of subjects by her admiration for Bastien Lepage.

In some of her studies she goes farther than the commonplace. One little sketch was absolutely repulsive. A nude model is sitting close to a skeleton; she is smoking a cigarette, and a pipe is placed between his grinning teeth. This is to "hob and nob" with "brother Death" in frightful earnest.

Her academy work has all been carefully preserved. There are rows of studies from the life, heads and figures, legs and arms, in all possible positions. Some were evidently done during a short pose, but in others the shading is fine and delicate, and all are full of energy and action.

Her six years' work had filled this large room to overflowing; and yet the picture which made her famous is in the Luxembourg, another has gone to St. Petersburg, and two more are in provincial *musées*.

We saw four small sketches for the great picture of the "Holy Women," and one or two models in clay of the principal figure, while outside on the staircase hung the large canvas itself,

just begun. It would have been a most powerful picture, though the wild, mad stare of one of the Maries struck us as a little discordant. It seems more like the fierce, unreasoning grief of some wild animal.

We saw her violins, her palettes and brushes, and the embroideries she bought in Spain; but her books are no longer shown. Several framed letters stood about the room; there were the criticisms from many newspapers on "The Meeting" when it appeared in the Salon; and we also noticed the beautiful handwriting of François Coppée, whose impressions of the artist are printed at the end of the Journal.

Her grave at Passy is marked by a monumental chapel in white stone. The roof, shaped like a cupola, is ornamented with gold crosses; and in front, above the door, are two urns with golden butterflies bearing the dates of her birth and death, 1860 and 1884. On each side of the door are the names of her works, and over it this inscription:—

"O Marie ! ô lys blanc, radieuse beauté,
Ton être entier n'a point sombré dans la nuit noire,
Ton esprit est vivant ! vibrant est ta mémoire
Et l'immortel parfum de la fleur est resté."

The chapel is entered by another door, surmounted by the lines of E. Ducros:—

"Son nom est immortel et luit comme un flambeau,
Dans les siècles j'entends sa mémoire bénie,
Car il a tant produit son précieuse génie
Que tous les arts en deuil pleurent sur son tombeau !"

In the interior there is a marble bust standing out proudly from the flowers and palm-branches which surround it. Beneath is a table, with candles and sacred pictures; and the whole room is full of flowers and funeral trophies. It is fitting that this last tribute to her memory should be the work of "the architect,"
Emile Bastien Lepage.

MARGARET ROBINSON.

Studies in Contemporary Poetry.

Emily Hickey.

"Build humbly a high music from within
With pain and pleasure, righteousness and sin."

RODEN NOEL.

WE need not tell the readers of *IGDRASIL* one of the self-evident truths of the present day,—that we live in the age of woman. For, whatever theories have been advanced about the intellectual inequality of the sexes, the grasp considered

peculiar to the masculine mind, and the superior originality of men, we must nevertheless take into account the world of facts before us. Woman's work, proverbially endless, has now extended to the laboratory and the dissecting room, the law court and the university, the platform and the press. Facts underlie facts.

All the world is looking for some property in woman, hitherto unobserved, to account for these new phenomena ;—may it not be found in an unconquerable patience, a ready facility, and an exquisite delicacy of touch, which enable her to compete successfully, in many instances, with those whose grasp may be firmer and their originality more robust than her own? These qualifications go far towards the making of the true poet; for though they are not all that is needed, they are all necessary, they are the points, roughly speaking, in which the worker is suited to the work: one remains, if we may use the expression, in which the work is suited to the worker. Other arts require a long and arduous course of training in early life, for which a girl has not in most cases the opportunities which are a matter of course for a gifted boy; but the only school in which a poet can be trained is the school of life, through which woman, as well as man, must inevitably pass. This qualification present, a woman's delicate sensitiveness will give her in most cases a passable technique, like the light touch on a musical instrument which generally comes to her almost by nature. We should thus expect to find women poets at any era; *a fortiori* in the present day there should be many, and, among the many, some of a high rank.

In reviewing the various schools of English poetesses, Mrs. Browning's is of course the name which first occurs to us. The work of this authoress is largely moulded by her classical training, while in Miss Hickey's poetry one strong point of interest is, that the literary influence upon it has been purely English, more particularly early English. She neither reflects, as Mrs. Browning does in so many passages, the spirit of the classical world, nor has her technique been affected, like Charlotte Brontë's, by the genius of a brilliantly gifted foreign race of to-day. The impression given by her poems is rather that they are the work of a cultivated and careful student of the whole range of our own literature,—as she is, being indeed a teacher of English literature in one of the best girls' high schools. The productions of early English writers form an excellent school in which to learn brevity and simplicity of style, just because they are early; and we see in Miss Hickey's pathetic little "Sea Story" how a word here and a word there can be made, if the workman understands his

tools, to do the work which must otherwise be done by a page of explanation. Notice, for instance, the following lines :—

“ A chance for one of two :
 Young, strong, are he and he,
 Just in the manhood prime,
 The comelier, verily,
 For the wrestle with wind and weather and wave,
 For the life upon the sea.

 ‘ Wife and kids and home ! ’
 Wife, kids nor home has he !
 ‘ Give us a chance, Bill ! ’ Then,
 ‘ All right, Jem ! ’ Quietly
 A man gives up his life for a man
 This day upon the sea.”

On the power exercised by the poets of later centuries over any one who has read and understood their works we need not here enlarge, nor in particular on the influence of our greatest dramatist, whose works, when put into Miss Hickey's hands for the first time, at a somewhat later stage in her literary training, were to her a revelation, and had their share in forming her artistic taste. So strong has been the influence of the English element that, though she belongs to one of those Anglo-Irish good families often “*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*,” we see few traces of the Celt in her literary style or material, except a couple of poems in dialect.

Her own aim seems, in the writer's opinion, that her work should be, not that mere expression of personal feeling for which lyric poetry is the usual medium, but something distinctly dramatic in essence, though lyric in form. Many will be surprised to learn that this is not at any rate a direct result of the influence of Browning, much of whose work might be described in the same words. It is a common mistake to think of him as her master, but as a matter of fact the strongest early literary influence upon her was his wife's. Later on she recognised him as the greatest modern English poet, and was co-founder of the Browning Society. In girlhood she read and imitated Mrs. Browning, and in her first volume, “*A Sculptor and Other Poems*,” published in 1881, the influence of this is plainly to be seen. Look, for instance, at “*A Dead Worker*” :—

“ Silence kept without the pain
 Speech denied brings bitterly :
 Silence kept without the gain
 Of a larger speech thereby :

Silence always :—was there nought
She could tell us of her thought ?

“ Did God hold her just as dear
(Hard, if so, to realise)
As our saint whose soul shone clear
Through her pure, pathetic eyes ;
Whom we gaz'd on dead, as though
Love itself lay still and low ? ”

Again :—

“ Ay, and if she missed indeed
Blessings which the life receives
In the sowing of the seed,
In the binding of the sheaves,
Greater lessons God can teach
In some other kind of speech.

“ When her life shall take the grace
Of His life that nought can dim,
And the light is on her face,
Caught from looking up at Him,
Shall we meet as equals then ?
Sister, child of His, Amen.”

Some of the poems in this volume appeared much earlier than this date in the pages of various magazines, and their promise was recognised by Matthew Arnold and other critics. “A Sculptor” itself, with its pathetic story of failure, and the little “Song of the Unsung,” are of the poetry of art life. Perhaps one of the most powerful poems in the book is the tale of “Margaret a Martyr.” From the days of Parrhasius downwards the story is no unheard-of thing, but, as reproduced by our author, it contains the new element of willing martyrdom. The main motive, after all, is different, and far more human, in the version before us. The old story is that of the man, swayed utterly by his genius, the human element trampled under foot by the artistic, till justice and pity are forgotten in the one overpowering impulse, and the cries of the racked slave who serves as model are scarcely heard by the artist who reproduces his agony on canvas. But here the interest lies in the passions of love and jealousy ; the confession of the dying artist has not much to do with his art life. The tale is of two brothers—Hugh, the architect, and Evan, the painter, and of Maggie, the girl whom both love. We hear it from the dying Evan himself. The two brothers, left orphans, had been true friends until one woman became all in all to both. But afterwards, at least on one side, their friendship is embittered by jealousy and disappointed love :—

“ Hugh came to me one day, and said,
 ‘ Evan, Maggie has promised to be
 The nearest of all the world to me.’
 And I lookt up with a sick white smile—
 ‘ Joy to you, my brother ! ’ while
 My heart for a moment felt like dead.
 But life came back with the horrible feel
 Of a million little pricks of steel ;
 And then one awful grip of pain
 Caught me, and made me mad, mad, mad—
 That is the thing they called me when
 I stood in the dock before those men.”

Then comes the bridal day, a cruel day for Evan ; and then the miserable story of his revenge. He takes her down to the sea, and binds her to a stake, as model, so he says, of a martyred Scottish girl, a heroine of old time. But vengeance and art go hand in hand :—

“ I said, ‘ You are mine now, Death’s or mine,
 Love and wife.’ And she lookt at me
 To understand ; and I told her all,
 Saying, ‘ Take your choice, my heart or the sea.
 Choose, and quickly ; no use to call,
 For none will hear. Is it I, or the brine,
 The bitter, deadly glaucous brine ? ’

“ Brevity is the soul of wit,
 Why should I make my story long ?
 I know the tide came swift and strong ;
 I know no man could fight with it,
 And what could a fetter’d woman do ?
 Lie and say, ‘ I promise you
 All you wish if you set me free ’ ?
 Or lie to Hugh and God for me ?
 That ? She lie ? Do martyrs so ?
 Just one exceeding bitter cry
 Went from her lips, and then she grew
 Quite still, and settled herself to die.”

So the scene ends, as he watches the rising tide from the hill above :—

“ What is it some one somewhere saith
 About being faithful unto death ?
 Well, well, the native savagery
 Of the sea—I told you here the sea
 Was wild and strong—awoke at last.”

At the end of the volume we have several valuable translations ; we use the word advisedly, for translation, especially from verse into verse, is not a thing that everybody can do. Many people

have accurate scholarship without poetic feeling. Many, again, have poetic feeling without accurate scholarship; and this is apt to fall wide of the mark. We owe much gratitude to those who, like our author, have made it their business to know and to turn with scrupulous accuracy those points of style which after all can be appreciated only by one of the same craft. We speak of such poems as "The Wanderer," from the English of Cynewulf, and others. To pass to the second volume—"Verse-Tales, Lyrics, and Translations"—surely such a poem as "The Dream of the Holy Rood" should be common property of all, instead of being sealed except to the few who can read old English with ease? It is well that such a ballad as "The Battle of Maldon" should be part and parcel of our literature, just as the period to which it belongs should be regarded and is coming to be regarded as part and parcel of our history.

Of a large section of the poems in this volume we may say that their author sings the songs of modern life. It is a truth often taught, and seldom fully understood, that human nature is much the same now as in primæval days—in the sense at least in which the man is much the same as the child. Material for art, therefore, should be sought in the first instance in the life of our time. In a painting this may be difficult. In poetry there is more material now than there ever was. This our author sees and acts upon. "Father Damien of Molokai" tells us of an heroic and saintly life in this age of unbelief:—

"We are selfish, hard, and cold! Oh! many, seeming such,
Have sprung to the stature of men when they only felt the touch,
The needed touch on the quick that goaded and guided too;
And they waited not to think, but they sprang to dare and do.
But I know not when we felt the hearts of us deeper thrilled,
I know not when our souls with an awfuller joy were filled,
Than when we heard of his deed who, years back, went his way
Down into the Valley of Death, and walks in its shade to-day.

He will love and work to the end, as surely the martyrs can
Who follow the bleeding feet of the martyr Son of Man,
With souls whose ardour of love doth flame and burn and glow;
As red as the ruby's heart, and as pure as the Alpine snow."

"Creeping Jenny" is a voice from the world of pathos under our very eyes, and "Margery Daw" has in it a truth which is the keynote of that great modern movement—Socialism.

We must notice one more pressing need which Miss Hickey can evidently do something to supply. We have abundant proof that religious poetry is not an easy thing to write and, in spite

of the great beauty of some work of this kind which we all know, there are few people who can produce a hymn or religious poem of any sort which shall be simple and natural, as well as dignified and true. But the author of "*Per Te ad Lucem*," and other lyrics of the same nature, has something to say, and, which is much rarer, knows how to say it. They form the best work in the two volumes. It is a faculty, however, which is not often accompanied by humour; and, in our opinion, her humorous poems are hardly successful. There are few women, after all, who can even appreciate humour, and still fewer who can originate it. One poem of this class, however, "*Church Mice*," is made charming by our author's grace and lightness of touch:—

"Two little church mice!
 Some good folk they laught—
 'Going to be married!
 Why, they must be daft!
 .
 .
 .
 'Two little church mice
 Tempting Providence!
 Won't they have a time of it
 Learning common-sense!'
 .
 .
 .
 But these little church mice,—
 Very bad of them,—
 Gaed their ain gait quietly,
 And let who would condemn.
 .
 .
 .
 And the two little church mice
 Find, whate'er befall,
 What poets call the cruel world
 Is not so bad at all."

Besides these, various poems have been published by Miss Hickey in magazines, and will probably, in course of time, appear in a third book. In one of these, "*Her Dream*," the author has perhaps been more successful in producing dramatic effect under a lyric form than in any other. "*A Lay of London Town*" touches one of the most characteristic themes of modern life. The strange magnetic attraction of the great city; the ceaseless current of life along its streets; the weird, mysterious sense that when you look over London you have at your feet some living thing,—these are all ideas to which we wake up when we find out that a great capital is something more than a wilderness of bricks and mortar, things which will bear saying often, and have not been said often enough. Two sonnets have appeared in the pages of *IGDRASIL*, "*Hedonist*" and "*Ascetic*," which are some of the author's best

work. Generally she seems to care little for elaborate verse forms, and her metres are loose and simple, with few rhymes. The sonnet, however, is an exception, perhaps because it is so English. These two sonnets express, and in this they are aided by the simplicity of their language, two opposite modern ideals, and their respective inadequacy compared with the One Ideal.

A good example of the characteristic excellencies of Miss Hickey's poetry, especially in her later writings, are the following lines, which are not a mere negation of passion, but an expression of it in its purity and strength :—

“What matters what I may do or what I may give,
You know I would die for you, as for you I live;
Then let me breathe with your breath, to your need respond,
Till we come to the gates of Death, and the strange Beyond.”

Most interesting to the readers of *IGDRASIL* will be the poem of “Utopia.” We have each a different ideal of this undiscovered country, and our author conceives it as a place where the wrongs of life are righted, not by the hot-house legislative method, or by the placid recipe of *laissez-faire*, but by the principles of truth and uprightness working from within. Two quotations will be sufficient to give an idea of the poem :—

“Where the love of men for their fellows is deep and strong,
Where the trust of men in their fellows is broad and long,
Where the voices of Man and Nature make one great song.”

But the poem does not breathe of mere idealism :—

“They sometimes go wrong in Utopia, and err likewise,
But the light of a loyal purpose is in their eyes,
And if they stumble in going, again they rise.”

Poets, like painters, may be placed in schools. Were it necessary to classify our author among women poets, we should perhaps say she belonged to the school of Mrs. Browning, although much of her work cannot well be classified. Indeed, one of our great English poets said that her work was eminently original. Her poetry has escaped one great fault, very common to women's work in all departments of art, because very common to women—that of morbid sentiment, and false, because strained, morality. We find in Miss Hickey's work nothing unhealthy, nothing unreal, nothing which is evolved simply and solely from the brain of the mystic; and we are grateful to the author who has escaped so common a defect, particularly noticeable in the works of Christina Rossetti and Adelaide Proctor. This we especially feel in her religious poetry, which has no trace of such blemishes as the strained conceits of

George Herbert, who, though one of our sweetest singers at his best, was a man of a narrow school. So much is this the case, that his poems can scarcely be read with pleasure, except by those in close sympathy with the High Church party. Frances Ridley Havergal, on the other hand, imbued as she is with Evangelical ideas, warns off all readers who have not strong Evangelical tendencies. Miss Hickey has the rare merit of working from first principles, and the fundamental truths she presents can offend no one; for they are not party shibboleths, but eternal laws. From whatever seet we come, we can all surely find help and comfort in such words as these :—

“ Bid the weary silence break because of symphony and song,
And the weary darkness pass because of glory white and strong,
For the love that kills all coldness, and the right that slays all wrong.”

Or again :—

“ That dread angel with the veil upon his face,
That dread angel Pain, with bared sword as to slay,
If he meet us when we go upon our way,—
Underneath his veil there is Thy smile of grace.”

There is no need to point out again how much good can be done by any one who can give us sacred poetry as fresh and simple as our author's. It is a very real need of the present day. It may be a deplorable truth, but it is none the less true, that hymns, though they may be written with a sincerity and earnestness which their critics would do well to copy, are apt, if written without poetic feeling, to provoke criticism by degenerating into the grotesque. Few things so militate against Christianity as the mistakes by which Christians lay themselves open to ridicule, and few antidotes to that ridicule are so effective as the putting forth of the dignified in place of the ridiculous. We are in great need of writers with our author's peculiar qualifications to counteract, as only they can do, an evil which is not the least among the serious evils of the day. Another reason for dwelling on this point is that nowadays, when there is so much literary work, it is by doing what others cannot do at all, rather than by attaining to excellence in general, that an author must hope to be remembered. Would Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for example, have obtained so brilliant a success had he not possessed the advantage of a wholly new field, and a new method of treatment, in addition to his own remarkable powers? Miss Hickey's gift for writing sacred poetry, being an unusual gift, and therefore the less likely to be lost in the crowd, will probably determine her ultimate place among English contemporary poets.

SARA A. BURSTALL.

The Last Laird of Monkbarns and his Bequests to the Nation.

The late Patrick Allan-Fraser of Hospitalfield, Arbroath, A.B.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott visited Arbroath and Auchmithie, whilst preparing his notes for "The Antiquary," he spent some time at Hospitalfield. As it is easy to recognise Arbroath as Fairport (*pace* Mr. Ruskin, who in "Fiction Fair and Foul" incidentally refers to Fairport as "Montrose, really"), and Auchmithie as Musselcrag, so it is not difficult to identify Monkbarns with Hospitalfield. The very name bestowed upon it in the novel records an actual incident in the history of the mansion, as we shall shortly see. To the reader of romantic literature, the mansion of Hospitalfield is hallowed by Sir Walter Scott's immortal creation of the Laird of Monkbarns; and to the student of history it will recall a portion of the vanished glory that once surrounded the Abbey of Arbroath, with which it was associated.

We quote the following from "The Historic Castles and Mansions of Scotland," by A. H. Millar, F.S.A. Scot.* :—

The Abbey of Arbroath was founded by William the Lion in 1178, and completed fifty-five years afterwards. It was one of the largest foundations of its kind in Scotland, and included amongst its buildings several offices which are rarely to be met with in other Scottish abbeys. There was an Infirmary for sick inmates of the monastery, and a Hospitium where pilgrims and strangers were lodged, in the immediate neighbourhood of the abbey; but the devotees who flocked to the altar, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, increased so rapidly, that it soon became necessary to provide extra accommodation for them. Several considerations made it advisable that the new buildings should be erected at some distance from the abbey. The appearance of obscure contagious diseases, prevalent in mediæval times, induced the rulers to prepare a separate hospice for strangers from distant parts of the country; and a convenient site was chosen about a mile distant from the abbey, on the lands which now form a portion of the estate at Hospitalfield. No precise date can be given for the erection of the first hospice on this spot, nor are there any traces remaining of this structure. It is likely that the earliest building would consist merely of a *cenaculum*, or eating-room, and a few dormitories; but it seems to have been soon enlarged to such an extent that it became necessary to provide a special place of worship for the inmates. We find, accordingly, that a chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist formed a portion of the Hospitium at an early period, and probably occupied the position of the present mansion of Hospitalfield.

An important change in the history of the hospital took place during the rule of Bernard de Linton, fifteenth abbot of Arbroath. This famous ecclesiastic was Chancellor of Scotland for many years, and was the chosen friend and adviser of King Robert the Bruce. Under his care the

* Alexander Gardner: Paisley and London, 1890.

revenues of the Abbey were greatly increased, and he found himself in need of granaries, wherein he might store the produce of the lands which had been so liberally bestowed upon the monastery. To supply this want he let the lands connected with the hospital to two tenants. The tack was dated 1325, and the tenants were bound to build, during the first of a five-years' lease, a barn and a byre, each forty feet long, and to leave them in good order at the expiry of their term. Portions of the walls of these buildings may still be seen included within the present structure, and there can be no doubt that this incident suggested to Sir Walter Scott the appropriate name of *Monkbarns* for the residence of the Antiquary.

In course of time, as the power of the abbots increased, they adopted a more magnificent style of entertaining their visitors. The hospital ceased to be used as a pest-house, and became one of the favourite suburban retreats of the leading ecclesiastics. For this purpose its situation was admirably adapted. Placed in the midst of a fertile glebe, and surrounded by cultivated fields which yielded rich harvests of grain, it was still sufficiently near the coast to enable its owners to claim their moiety of the spoils of the sea; and the perennial spring which supplied the monks of olden times with pure water flows with undiminished volume in our own day. As years rolled on the insignificant building of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist was extended into an important mansion-house, embowered amid fruitful orchards and smiling flowers, though named by the irony of fate after one whose chosen home was in the barren wilderness.

The present mansion owes its importance as a structure to the architectural taste of Patrick Allan-Fraser. Even Sir Walter Scott would fail to recognise the prototype of *Monkbarns* that he saw, in the imposing Scottish baronial edifice which occupies the place of the unpretentious country house that preceded it. An arched gateway, with porter's lodge, gives access to a winding avenue that leads to the main doorway beneath a double row of ancient trees. The door is placed near the orchard wall, and is guarded by two iron talbots, relics of former days. Our sketch will show the arrangement of the buildings more readily than any verbal description could. The projecting wing on the left of the picture is erected upon the site of the old barns to which allusion has been made, and the lower portion of this structure consists of the actual stonework which was put in that position in 1325. The place of the old doorway, by which access was obtained to the barns, has been skilfully altered to an alcove, with double stone bench. The superstructure reared above these walls proved so heavy that the masonry showed signs of yielding, and had to be supported with buttresses. The massive towers are bracketed in the style usually adopted for the termination of small turrets, and could not have been maintained in their present position if the stones forming the circle had not been made so as to extend into the side walls. The wing is occupied principally as a picture-gallery and drawing-room, and is finished at one end with a large oriel window.

The central tower follows the form of some of the Scoto-French mansions erected during the sixteenth century in this country, and presents a very imposing appearance. It is raised at the point of intersection between the two great wings, and commands an extensive view both seaward and inland. The courtyard, which it overlooks on one side, and which cannot be seen in our sketch, is ornamented with a clock-tower and belfry, similar to those found in fifteenth-century chapels.

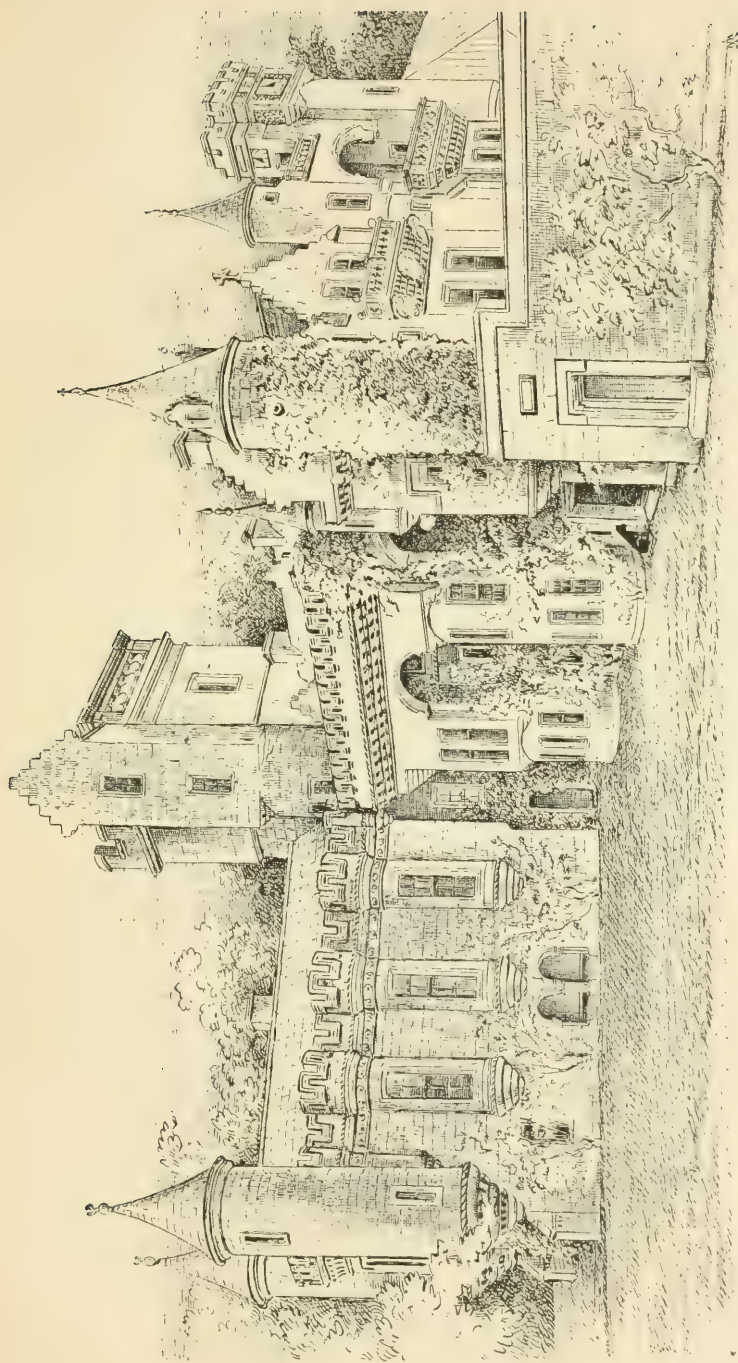
The front elevation is formed of two massive rounds pierced with numerous windows, the recess between them being covered by an open arch, not unlike that which appears in the façade of Fyvie Castle. The heavy projecting cornice is crenellated continuously in both central building and wing, and one of the lower members of this cornice is profusely decorated with rich stone carvings of flowers, symbols, and human faces. The ivy which grows luxuriantly over these portions of the building gives already an old-world look to the whole structure.

The door in the wall to the right leads into the garden, and that part of the mansion which faces it presents quite a different appearance from the rest. The square terminal tower has accurately adjusted sun-dials upon its south and west sides, and is finished at the summit with practicable battlements. From the circular turret west of this tower, access is obtained to a spacious covered stone balcony, embellished with rich carving in the Florid Gothic style, which gives quite a Continental appearance to this portion. A similar balcony projects from the outer wall of the corbelled gable of the main building beside the turret, and is supported by carefully carved figures of angels and heavy stone bracketing. The frontage on this side is finished by the conservatory, which contains many rare exotics, and by the fernery, where several Australian tree-ferns have been successfully reared. The pleasance is ornamented with statuettes, principally of Scottish characters.

From whatever point of view the mansion of Hospitalfield is examined, it presents a striking and picturesque appearance. The prevailing style is that known as the Scottish Baronial, but the separate portions follow more nearly the original Continental models, from which that style was evolved, than the imperfect copy which our forefathers introduced. Much taste has been displayed in the grouping of different parts of the building, and in making apparently incongruous elements of design to aid the general effect. To the eye of the understanding artist Hospitalfield, as it now appears, is worthy of the description once bestowed upon Abbotsford of being "a romance in stone and lime."

The old doorway of the hospitium of monkish times forms the main entrance to the modern mansion. Immediately within the glazed oaken door, which closes its aperture, there is a paved corridor, with wainscot panelling on the walls, which is terminated by the principal staircase. The first flight of steps leads to the gallery, from which the dining-room, drawing-room, and saloon are reached; whilst the second terminates in balconied alcoves, enclosed by portières, and giving access to the library and suite of bedrooms. As the staircase is lighted from the roof, it is specially suitable for showing pictures, and many interesting works of art decorate its walls.

The post of honour on the first landing is accorded to a large painting of "The Trial of Effie Deans," by the late Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A. The picture at Hospitalfield is reckoned one of his most important works. The trial of Effie Deans has reached its climax; Jeanie has made her fatal declaration in the witness-box, and the unhappy father is plunged into the depths of despair. The influence of this master upon his pupil is shown in an early sketch of a scene from one of the Waverley novels by Mr. Allan-Fraser, which is hung near the picture just described. The style adopted afterwards by the latter artist is shown in an interesting picture representing a group of monkish architects and builders gathered around a table discussing the plans of some extensive cathedral. His



HOSPITALFIELD, ARBROATH.
FROM MILLER'S "HISTORICAL CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF SCOTLAND."
(By permission of John Leng, Esq., M.P.)

power as a portrait-painter is shown in the "Kit-cat" of his friend, the late Andrew Jervise, F.S.A. Scot., whose historical works upon Forfarshire are now accepted as authoritative.

Nearly all the works of art at Hospitalfield are by modern artists, and most of them have been executed by fellow-students and acquaintances of the proprietor. The collection in the staircase and corridor includes pictures by Arthur Perigal, R.S.A. (1816-84); James Cassie, R.S.A. (1819-79); D. O. Hill, R.S.A. (1802-70); George Hay, F.S.A.; John Pettie, R.A.; C. Poingdestre, J. B. Abercromby, and other well-known artists. The principal "Old Master" is a portrait by Morone (1528-78), which was acquired by Mr. Allan-Fraser whilst residing at Rome.

The drawing-room occupies the part of the building immediately over the entrance door, and the windows face one of the principal avenues. It is in one of the older portions of the mansion, but has undergone considerable alteration recently. The roof is lined with cedar wood, unpolished, and divided into panels by heavy mouldings of the same material, each panel having a decorative group of flowers, carved in high relief, placed in its centre. The walls are hung with Italian tapestry of the seventeenth century, illustrating the story of Diana and Endymion, in which the figures are nearly life size.

The dining-room is at right angles to the drawing-room, the windows looking out on the garden and pleasance. The walls are panelled in wainscot, the upper panels containing medallion portraits in oil of former possessors of Hospitalfield and their relatives. A triple frame over the sideboard is filled with life-size portraits of the late proprietor, of his wife, and of his mother-in-law, all painted by Mr. Allan-Fraser himself in 1849. Apart from the fine artistic workmanship displayed in it, the last-named portrait is especially interesting as forming a link between the present and the past. The widow of the late Major Fraser of Hospitalfield was a daughter of Francis Parrot, M.D., of Birmingham, and could claim descent from the De Perrots, one of the oldest families in the kingdom.

The saloon occupies the wing with corner turrets, which was built upon the old walls of Monkbarns, and is over fifty feet long, one end terminating in a spacious oriel window. The lofty roof is composed entirely of cedar wood, panelled so as to present symmetrical designs, and resting upon heavy hammer-beam rafters, which are left entirely unhidden. These beams are supported on corbel brackets, and are embellished with carved wood busts of winged figures holding shields, on which the arms of the families of Perrot and Fraser are emblazoned heraldically. The spandrels are filled in with carved medallion-portraits of eminent artists of ancient and modern times.

The fireplace is built entirely of stone, decorated with symbolic carving, designed, like the rest of the saloon, by the proprietor. The lower portion rests upon double pillars, the capitals of which are wrought into the shapes of parrots and pears, the former being the device of the Perrot family, and the latter one of the items on their coat-of-arms. Above the mantelsheff are well-proportioned figures of Peace, Contentment and Plenty; while the arms of the Frasers of Hospitalfield, with the motto "*Nosce Teipsum*," are carved on a central shield.

The walls are hung with one of the most unique collections of modern pictures to be found in Scotland. Whilst studying art in Edinburgh, London, Paris and Rome, Mr. Allan-Fraser became acquainted with many of the foremost artists of our time, some of whom have won high

renown in the realms of art. From several of them he has received pictures containing portraits of the artists painted by themselves. W. P. Frith has sketched his own portrait, standing in a London street, in walking costume, whilst a flower-girl offers him a bouquet. John Philip, R.A. (1817-67), who was one of Mr. Allan-Fraser's most intimate companions, is represented in a Seville market-place, surrounded by a group of those Spanish figures that he knew so well how to paint. R. Scott Lauder, R.S.A. has also furnished his portrait; and E. M. Ward, R.A. (1816-79), the eminent painter of eight historical frescoes in the corridor of the House of Commons, has contributed his "counterfeit presentment" to this very interesting gallery. Alexander Fraser, one of Sir David Wilkie's friends, is shown at his easel, and one of his own pictures—"The Caller"—is now hung near it; and Henry O'Neil, T. Brookes, and W. B. Johnstone are represented at work in their studios.

The other pictures in the collection which merit notice are: "The Fair Maid of Perth," by R. Scott Lauder, R.S.A.; "Louis XI.," by W. B. Johnstone; "The Artist's Studio," by Le Jeune (sen.); "Benvenuto Cellini," by Sir W. Fettes Douglas," P.R.S.A.; "Portrait of T. Crawford," the sculptor of the Washington monument, U.S.A., by James Lauder; "The School," by John Marshall; "Portrait of John Philip, R.A.," by Patrick Allan-Fraser; and "Kit-cat portrait of Rev. W. Bell, of Carmyllie," the inventor of the reaping machine, by the same artist. There are also portraits of "Thomas Watson," an Arbroath poet of some repute, and of "George Gilfillan" (dated 1860), by Bell Middleton. Besides the pictures thus indicated, there are several pieces of sculpture of much value by J. Hutchison, R.S.A., and W. Calder Marshall, R.S.A., including busts of John Philip, R.A., and of the late Mrs. Allan-Fraser, and also a finely modelled group of statuary called "The Well." Some exquisite examples of wood-carving are shown both in the decoration of the walls and in separate pieces of furniture throughout the room.

The ante-room of the saloon is known as the Cedar Chamber, from the fact that the walls and roof are entirely composed of panels of that odoriferous wood, enclosed by rich mouldings of the same fragrant material. As the wood is left unpolished, its perfume is at once perceptible on entering the apartment. The principal object of interest in this room is an old-fashioned spinet, which has been an heirloom in the family for many years. The library contains a well-selected array of works of antiquarian interest, amongst which is a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare in good preservation. As might be expected, there are also many volumes in the Italian language devoted to the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture, which had specially engaged Mr. Allan-Fraser's attention from his early youth. Several old charters and historical documents are contained within this repository, one of the deeds bearing the autograph signature of Cardinal Beaton.

THE LATE PATRICK ALLAN-FRASER OF HOSPITALFIELD,

BY GEORGE HAY, F.S.A. SCOT., AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF ARBROATH," ETC.

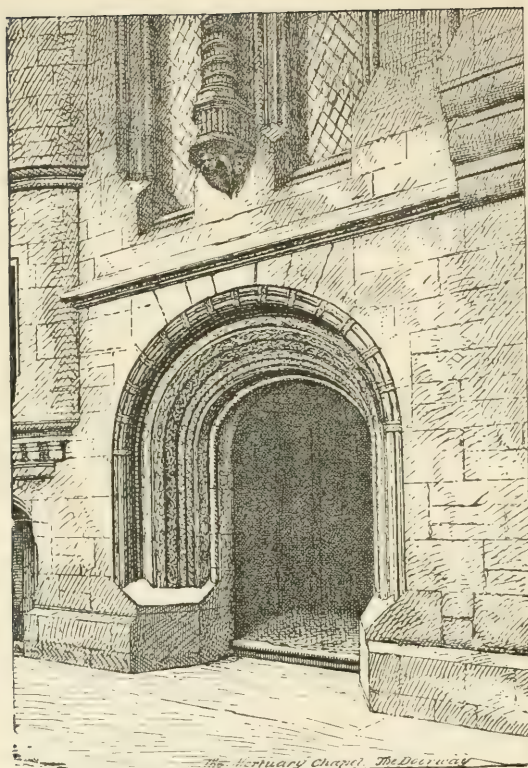
Patrick Allan was born in Arbroath in the year 1813, and was the youngest of the three sons of the late Mr. Robert Allan, merchant in Arbroath. He had a sister, younger than himself, who died in infancy. His eldest brother, the late Mr. Alexander Allan, a man of remarkable ability, was connected with the railway service from the opening of the

Arbroath and Forfar Railway, latterly filling the office of manager of the Aberdeen Railway. He died in 1862. The second of the three brothers, Mr. James Allan, Keptie Street, still survives. Patrick received his early education at Arbroath Academy, now the High School. He was still very young when he showed a predilection for art, particularly painting. His father, who was desirous that he should take to the legal profession, did not encourage his tendencies towards art as a means of earning a livelihood; but Patrick persisted, and as a way of gratifying his liking for painting he was apprenticed as a house-painter to his grandfather and uncles, Messrs. Alex. Macdonald & Sons. The story was told the writer by Mr. Patrick Allan-Fraser himself, and the view of his friends seems to have been that his experience of house-painting would destroy his partiality for an art career. It did not; and afterwards, when it was seen that he was thoroughly in earnest, it was proposed to him that his apprenticeship should be broken, and that he should at once proceed to art schools to study. But with characteristic independence he declined this offer. Seeing that he had been apprenticed, he insisted on completing his apprenticeship. He did so, therefore, going through all the drudgery incident to the life of an apprentice painter; but, as he told us, he made up his mind that when he had fulfilled his bond he would not work at the trade a day longer, but would carry out his purpose of being an artist. With that object, the house-painter period of his life being closed, he began study in Edinburgh, where he had as his chief master Robert Scott Lauder, R.A., for whom and his memory he entertained a lifelong affection. Among his fellow-students and companions in art were Sir William Fettes Douglas, the present President of the Royal Scottish Academy; the late John Phillip, R.A.; Calder Marshall, R.A.; W. P. Frith, R.A.; E. M. Ward, R.A.; and others of distinction. From Edinburgh Mr. Allan proceeded to Rome and other Continental schools of art. He acquired a good position as a portrait painter and a painter of interiors, and had he continued to practise his art as a profession, especially in portrait painting, there can be little doubt that he would have achieved by it both fame and fortune. There are excellent examples of his power in portraiture in the portraits of the late Mr. Lindsay-Carnegie of Boysack, and the late Provost Mann, both of which are hung in our Town Hall, and are not unworthy to be in the same room there with the great picture of his early master, Robert Scott Lauder, "Christ teaching Humility." Even as a young artist he had made a name for himself,—so much so that Cadell, the Edinburgh publisher, commissioned him to supply illustrations for an edition of the Waverley Novels. Mr. Allan was given his choice of the novels for illustration, and naturally he chose "The Antiquary," with its picturesque scenes and scenery in and about Arbroath. He did several of the illustrations for the novel, but ceased this work of book illustration after his marriage.

It was in September 1843 that Mr. Allan married Elizabeth, the only child of Major John Fraser of Hospitalfield and his wife Elizabeth Parrot, daughter of Francis Parrot of Hawkesbury Hall. Some time after his marriage he, by royal licence, added to his own name that of Fraser, and assumed the arms of the Frasers of Hospitalfield. The Frasers had been in possession of Hospitalfield and Kirkton for about two centuries, and up to the time when Mr. Patrick Allan-Fraser's wife succeeded to her father, who was a well-known man in his day, the succession in the male line had been without a break. The first of the line was the Rev. James

Fraser, minister of Arbroath, inducted to the ministerial charge in 1653, and who was a cadet of the family of Philorth. After his marriage Mr. Allan-Fraser no longer followed art as a profession. Much of his time was taken up with the management of his property, which he closely superintended himself, doing so until failing health compelled him to allow that duty to be undertaken actively by his agent. His property was extensive. He added Berryfauld to the Hospitalfield and Kirkton estate. The original boundary of Hospitalfield was Geordie's Burn—or a little to the west of it—which in its course to the sea flows through the grounds of the mansion-house; but in 1862 he acquired from the Earl of Dalhousie the land on Peasihill between Hospitalfield and the road leading from the Dundee road to the farmhouse of Peasihill, thereby securing the amenity of his property. About a dozen years afterwards he acquired property at Timbergreens, which enabled him to build the fine north lodge of Hospitalfield. On the death, in 1851, of his mother-in-law, who resided at Hospitalfield, his wife succeeded to the valuable Hawkesbury Hall property in Warwickshire; and in other parts of England also he had property. One of his estates, which he acquired himself, is Blackcraig, near Kirkmichael, in the Blairgowrie district of Perthshire. On this property Mr. Fraser built a fine castellated mansion, together with a bridge over the water there—the bridge, after the style of many ancient bridges, having a house upon it. Mansion and bridge are prominent objects in a fine Highland glen. Their owner was the architect and master-builder of both.

While Mr. Fraser did not paint so much after his marriage as he would have done had he continued a professional artist, he was very far from either abandoning the practice of his art or losing his interest in artists. He was a thorough artist, and his artistic feeling and interest continued with him to the end, or as long as he was capable of taking much interest in anything. He was an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and was President of the British Academy of Arts in Rome—an institution which he was instrumental in establishing, and over whose meetings he presided on the occasion of his visits to Rome. He had built a studio within his grounds at Hospitalfield, and the pictures which emanated from it, chiefly figure pictures and interiors, were occasionally exhibited at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the Royal Scottish Academy. He was always invited to the annual dinners of both Academies; and, because of the opportunity which he thus had of meeting with old artist friends, some of whom had fought their way to the front rank of their profession, he frequently accepted those invitations. He was not only an artist himself, but a liberal patron of art. There are many artistic treasures of rare value, both in painting and sculpture, in the gallery at Hospitalfield. They include portraits of artist friends, painted by themselves, such as one of John Phillip, represented as sketching in Spain, and Frith as buying a flower from a Neapolitan girl on the shores of the Bay of Naples. A number of Mr. Fraser's own pictures are in the gallery. Among these there is a portrait of his wife, who died in 1873, and portraits of the late Rev. Dr. Bell of Carmyllie, the inventor of the reaping machine, the late Thomas Watson, the Arbroath poet, and the late Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee. About ten or twelve years ago, or perhaps more, Mr. Fraser purchased in England, where it had long been, Robert Scott Lauder's well-known picture of 'The Trial of Effie Deans,' and it is now at Hospitalfield. Mr. Fraser generously allowed it to be exhibited at the International



The Herquary Chapel. McDermid.



Hospitersfield.

FROM "ABERBROTHOCK ILLUSTRATED." Arbroath: T. Bunele, 1886.

(By permission of the Publisher.)

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Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1886. While it was on view in the Meadows there were always crowds about it, and it specially attracted the attention of Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of her visit to the Exhibition. To go over the art treasures at Hospitalfield, and not in painting and sculpture only, but also in the antiquities of our own and the classical nations, would be well nigh endless. Mr. Fraser took considerable interest in antiquities, and he was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

The house of Hospitalfield itself is about as interesting as anything which it contains. Compared to what it is now, it was not much of a place at the time of its late owner's marriage. After his marriage Mr. Allan-Fraser was led into giving quite as much attention to architecture as he had ever given to painting. Mention has been made of his architectural work on his estate in Perthshire; his two great works in our own neighbourhood are the house in which he lived and the house in which his remains have now been interred. The latter, the mortuary chapel in the cemetery, is the one with which the public are more familiar; but Hospitalfield, with its fine surroundings of parks and gardens, is a veritable poem in stone and lime. In the old house Mr. Allan-Fraser had a good foundation to work upon. Believed to have been the original of the home of the Monkbarns of 'The Antiquary,' its historical interest reaches back to the time when it was a possession of the Abbey of Arbroath. There are parts of it as old as that old time; and these, together with a still well-bearing pear tree, growing its fruit every summer about the dining-room windows, and believed to have been planted by the monks, were in the course of his reconstructions preserved with pious care by Mr. Fraser. Otherwise, the house—although, in its style of architecture, a mixture of old Scottish and French, it has the appearance of an old building—is a very different sort of structure from the old Hospitalfield,—more extensive and more stately. On one of the towers there is a sun-dial, which was calculated by Dr. Alexander Brown. It may be remarked, as an illustration of Mr. Allan-Fraser's love for science as well as art, that for a good many years he had an observatory on the summit of one of the towers of his house (it is now removed); and we believe we are correct in saying that this observatory was primarily intended for Dr. Brown's use. The fernery is an interesting feature of the gardens. It contains some fine tree ferns which were brought from New Zealand by the late Captain Logan, and presented by him to his friend Mr. Fraser.

The mortuary chapel in the cemetery is a work which may almost be said to be unique in architecture; at any rate, there is not in Scotland any other building with such a wealth of carving in stone about it. Prior to 1874 Mr. Fraser had for some time been contemplating the erection of a building in memory of his wife and his wife's father and mother. We understand that he at first thought of building at Arbirlot, in which parish he had acquired an interest when he purchased part of the lands of Peasiehill. Ultimately deciding, however, in favour of the new cemetery at Arbroath, he in 1874, Mr. Muir of Abbey Bank being then provost, bought from the town council a part of the ground, situated about the centre, and obtained from the council liberty to erect a mortuary chapel on the site, and to make accesses to it. The work of erecting the chapel was begun in June 1875, and it was not completed until May 1884. In modern times this is a long period for the erection of any building to occupy; but Mr. Allan-Fraser was his own architect, his own master-

mason, his own designer of the carvings, and the building grew slowly under his watchful care. Nothing was done save under his superintendence. One winter when he was in Rome part of the building had been gone on with in a manner which he did not approve of, and, finding it so on his return, he caused the whole of that portion of the work to be pulled down. Mr. Fraser believed in usefulness in architecture; and, even up to the stone benches at the top of the towers, there is no feature of the chapel, whether it be an interior or exterior one, which has not a use, either of pure utility or ornament. The building has many fine and impressive parts, and it is impressive as a whole. It is becoming more and more so every year, as the beauty of its surroundings in tree and shrub increases; because it has to be kept in view that for such surroundings, to be embowered as it were among trees, it was planned.

The chapel is also strikingly remarkable for its thoroughly good workmanship. Not only was every detail carefully thought out, to the enclosing iron railing of peculiar design, but no material except the very best was used; the timber of the roof, and of the furniture on the floor, for example, being of cedar. Money was not considered at all in the erection of this work; and Mr. Allan-Fraser, who indeed disliked any such form of estimating the value of his work, was never heard to say how much the chapel cost him in money, but it is generally understood that he expended upon it little short of £20,000. There are two family vaults, one on the right side of the chancel or apse, and the other on the left. They are not exposed to public view, but the graves which they inclose are covered each with a stone about six feet long, and those stones are masses of exquisitely beautiful floral carving. The chapel, since its erection, has been one of the attractions of Arbroath. Mr. Allen-Fraser was careful indeed that it should not be a mere show place, and it is not generally opened except on the occasion of funerals; but a stranger in Arbroath would almost as soon think of leaving the town without seeing the Abbey as without seeing something of the mortuary chapel. The chapel, with funds for its maintenance, has been conveyed to the town council in trust for the community for the purpose for which it has been destined, and it is freely opened for any religious burial service, irrespective of denomination.

Mr. Allan-Fraser was an author as well as an artist. In 1860 he published a bulky volume entitled "*An Unpopular View of our Times*." It was a large extension of a smaller treatise on the same subject which he had previously published. In the "*Unpopular View*" he handled many social problems with great freedom and with marked ability. We are not sure, however, that the book itself was ever popular. At one time, about a dozen years ago or more, he thought of bringing out a new edition of it, but he never carried his intention into effect. About that time he brought out another literary work, entitled "*Christianity and Churchism*." In this case also the larger work sprang out of a smaller one, the first being merely a pamphlet. In "*Christianity and Churchism*" Mr. Allan-Fraser placed the two in antagonism to each other. He took up the position of being a Christian, but not a Churchman—though, by the way, he was for many a year a regular worshipper in St. Mary's. The clergy, though he was on terms of personal friendship with many of them of all Churches, may be said as a class to have been his pet aversion, and in "*Christianity and Churchism*" he treats the Church and its doctrines pretty much as an institution of clericalism.

On 13th October, 1886, shortly after the completion of the mortuary chapel, and after it had been formally handed over to the town council as representing the community, Mr. Allan-Fraser was presented with the freedom of the burgh. He was at the time in infirm health, and the presentation took place at Hospitalfield. The members of the council assembled there for the purpose, and the presentation was made by Provost Thornton. The burgess ticket, enclosed in a handsome and appropriately designed silver-gilt casket, bore to be presented by the magistrates and town council "in testimony of their appreciation of the gift to them of the mortuary chapel recently erected by him in the New Cemetery, and in acknowledgment of other services rendered by him to the community, and of the interest he takes in its welfare." Prominent among those other services were his having directed the attention of the local authorities, through letters in the *Guide*, to the likelihood of their obtaining a good supply of water for the town by sinking a well or wells somewhere about the Nolt Loan. A man of more than ordinary powers of observation, and with at least a smattering of the science of geology, his attention had been turned to the large quantity of good potable water which flows out from the land on to the beach opposite his own property at Hospitalfield. In erecting the bulwark which protects part of the land there from encroachments of the sea he had to make provision for the outflow of this water. He came to the conclusion that there were constantly flowing underground streams, finding their way from the high lands in the north to the sea. With the object of supplying his own house he had a well dug, and had pumps going night and day without in any way exhausting the supply. With this experience he proceeded to put up hydraulic apparatus for the supply of his house, and he recommended the local authorities to make the same experiment. This recommendation was acted upon. A well was sunk in Nolt Loan, the precise locality being determined simply by the accident that the ground there belongs to the town; a good supply of water was obtained, works were erected, and since 25th September, 1871, when the water was first turned on, this has been the public water supply of Arbroath. His directing attention to this source of supply was undoubtedly a considerable service rendered by Mr. Allan-Fraser to the community. He may almost be said to have had a liking for sinking wells. Long ago he sank at his own expense a well for the Infirmary, now superseded by the Nolt Loan supply. Later on he built an ice-house for the Infirmary—an institution of which he was for many years a director, and in which he took an active interest so long as he was able.

The deceased gentleman was in warm sympathy with all the charitable and also with the educational institutions of the district. He was a director of the Subscription Library, and when that institution was popularised, a good many years ago, he gave a donation of £150 to enable the Directors to increase its stores and to bring them within reach of all for a merely nominal payment. He for many years gave an annual contribution to the Mechanics' Institute to enable apprentices to frequent the reading-room at a reduced rate. When popular lectures were really popular he was the means of bringing many lecturers to Arbroath. One of the best series of lectures ever delivered in the town—an interesting course on Chemistry by Dr. Stevenson Macadam—was arranged for by him, and it was he who defrayed the expense. He attached great importance to sound education, particularly in the sciences; and many a

young lad owed to his unobtrusive helpfulness the good start which he got in life. In this connection mention cannot but be made here of the substantial aid which he gave in the development of budding artistic talent, in painting, sculpture, and music. Such good deeds of his are about the last thing which he would have wished to be mentioned in his lifetime, but there is more than one name famous in the artist world which without his discernment and wise helpfulness might never have been heard of.

The Frasers of Hospitalfield and Kirkton, who also at one time possessed Balmadies, have held a good position in the county of Forfar ever since, in 1656, the first of the line, the Rev. James Fraser, bought the estate for himself and his wife Isabel Philp. That position came to Mr. Allan-Fraser on his marriage, and he was not long in showing that it was in good keeping in his hands. He took up the position of a country gentleman as easily as if he had been born to it, and as a commissioner of supply and justice of the peace took an active interest in the government of the county. As a country gentleman he was naturally led to give much attention to agriculture. We believe he was a good landlord and an enlightened agriculturist, and he conferred a substantial boon on the farmers of this district by establishing the Analytical Association, of which he was President. It may also be mentioned that on the occasion of the visits of the Angus Agricultural Association to the district it was his land on which the shows were held. It was generally land in the vicinity of his own house, and the house of Hospitalfield was always hospitably opened for the day. One of the finest entertainments we have seen there was given, some years ago, to the members of the Dundee Association of Architects, who had been visiting the district. It was a beautiful summer day, and dinner was spread in the garden, Mr. Allan-Fraser presiding at the table, and welcoming his large company with a cordiality which was unmistakable, and which called forth from Mr. T. S. Ross, of Dundee, who was of the company, a speech in which, thanking Mr. Fraser for his kindness, he said they had been entertained with the generosity of a Highland chieftain.

While Mr. Allan-Fraser filled well the position of a country gentleman, he never forgot that he was a native of the town of Arbroath. Enough has been said to show the interest which he took in Arbroath. Having plenty of other duties, he did not seek to take any part in the government of the town; but, as a county representative, he was a member of the Harbour Trust, and always showed an intelligent interest in harbour affairs. He liked Arbroath, and valued the honorary freedom of the burgh as one of the chief honours which had come to him.

It need hardly be added, seeing that he greatly improved his estate, that Mr. Allan-Fraser was an excellent man of business, and in all the relations of life he was a sterling, upright, honourable man—with peculiarities of his own, doubtless, but peculiarities which never adversely affected the point of honour or integrity. In private life, among his friends, and at his own table, he was geniality itself. Even his little egotisms were far from unpleasant. They were not boastful—far from it—and were never purposely directed towards the relating of any good deed he had done. They were simply the indication of a quiet confidence in himself—a confidence which his numerous friends in the arts, literature, and general society, felt was not misplaced. We believe that he honestly sought through life to make the rule of duty his rule. Without being

great or highly distinguished, he was a man of much strength and independence of character, of marked ability, of many attainments, and one who, in his own way—it had to be a way which approved itself to his judgment—did real good to not a few who were less fortunate in this world than himself. He was, we believe, sincerely liked in Arbroath; for years his once familiar form had been missed from our streets; and he will be long remembered as one of the most outstanding of the sons of Arbroath.

MR. ALLAN-FRASER'S WILL.

By his deed, dated August 2nd, 1873, dealing with his Scotch estates, the whole of Mr. Allan-Fraser's estates in Scotland, which comprise Hospitalfield, Drummyellan, and Lawton, in Forfarshire, and Blackcraig and Glenkilrie, etc., in Perthshire, are conveyed to Messrs. William Calder Marshall, R.A., London; John Hutchison, R.S.A., Edinburgh; William Blair-Imrie, of Lunan; John Guthrie Smith, Sheriff of Aberdeen and Kincardine; William Kidd Macdonald, Town Clerk, Arbroath; and Robert Whyte, solicitor, Forfar, as trustees for the purposes after mentioned. Provision is made for trustees in succession, failing those named by the truster; and, failing the trustees second named, for trustees who are to be appointed by the Lord-Advocate of Scotland. In the event of any failure from any cause of trustees to carry on the trust, power is given to apply to Parliament for legislative powers to carry it on. The purposes of the trust, after payment of the deceased's debts, are to apply the whole free income from the whole of his Scotch estates and Scotch movable property permanently and in all time coming as follows:—(1) For the assistance and encouragement of young men, not having sufficient means of their own, who shall be desirous of following out one or more of the professions of painting, sculpture, carving in wood, architecture, and engraving; and (2) to provide for the comfortable maintenance and support of aged or infirm professional men, and those who from physical defects are incapable of supporting themselves in comfortable circumstances, being painters, sculptors, and literary men (that is, men who have devoted the greater part of their lives to literature as a profession), and all who, when engaged in their respective professions, were men held in esteem for their moral conduct, as well as for their artistic or literary talents, and who from unavoidable causes have been unable to provide or lay up for themselves sufficient means wherewith to secure comforts and requirements in their declining years or infirmities.

For the carrying out of the first purpose of the trust, the deed provides that thirty young men shall be comfortably lodged, boarded, and clothed in the house of Hospitalfield, under the conditions of the trust, which are specified in great detail in regard to almost every matter of house management. The age of the applicants for admission is to be not less than sixteen and not more than eighteen, and there is a test specified in order to satisfy the trustees of every applicant's fitness for the profession he desires to follow. The students admitted are to be indentured for a period of four years, and bound to conform to the rules of the house. A thoroughly qualified certificated teacher in the South Kensington Art Department, or otherwise qualified in painting or sculpture, is to be

appointed governor of the house, and is to reside in a separate wing to be built to Hospitalfield House. A matron is also to be appointed, and an assistant governor to reside in the house and exercise supervision over the students. A sum of £150 is directed to be paid to the directors or managers of the Infirmary in Arbroath towards the salary of a resident medical attendant if the directors have appointed such an officer; and this gentleman is to medically examine each applicant for admission, and to give weekly attendance and medical advice to all the students and others resident at Hospitalfield. Provision is made for an annual expenditure to permit of students visiting objects of nature at a distance and exhibitions of science and art at Edinburgh or elsewhere. The students are also to be provided with summer quarters at Blackcraig or Glenkilrie, in Perthshire. The students may also be sent by the trustees to classes in Arbroath for the improvement of their general education, and the trustees are to engage carvers and engravers to teach the students the use of tools; also to engage lecturers on subjects of science and art or natural history. Power is also given to send students who have completed their indentures at Hospitalfield to the Continent for the completion of their education as artists, and an allowance is provided to each student for this purpose. Lastly, young people resident in Arbroath, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, may also be received and taught along with the students in Hospitalfield House, and allowed to lunch with the students free of charge.

For the carrying out of the second object of the trust, viz., the assisting of aged or infirm professional men, the following are the provisions:—(1) That the number of recipients shall be ten—to consist of four painters, three sculptors, and three literary men to be selected by the trustees; (2) the annuitants selected shall each receive £50 per annum during their lifetime, or so long as the trustees shall think proper.

The following additional bequests are made by the deed:—(1) Should revenue permit after the fulfilment of the two first objects of the trust, a donation of £50 per annum is directed to be given to the Artists' Benevolent Institution, London, for the education of orphan children in connection with that Institution; (2) should revenue permit, after providing for the first and second objects of the trust, and the above donation to the Artists' Benevolent Fund, a sum of £200 per annum at least is directed to be paid to the magistrates and town council of Arbroath as a contribution towards maintaining and extending their present system of water supply for the burgh, but this only so long as the present water supply scheme is continued in operation; (3) should surplus revenue still remain after providing for the purposes before enumerated, the trustees are directed to extend the benefits under the first and second main objects of the trust in the proportion of receiving three additional students into the Hospitalfield House for one additional annuity granted. Mr. Allan-Fraser further empowers his trustees to make subscriptions from the trust funds, in periods of extraordinary distress, local or national, to an amount not exceeding £100 per annum. He appoints the Lord-Advocate of Scotland, or any nominee of his, as sole referee to determine all disputes arising in the course of the administration of the trust. He appoints Mr. Whyte, solicitor, Forfar, to be factor and agent in the trust, and Mr. William Lyall, overseer, Glenkilrie, to be overseer of Glenkilrie and Blackcraig. All the property in England, except the furnishings of Hawkesbury Hall, which are to be sent to Scotland, to be under the management of his

trustees there, are to be devoted to paying legacies and annuities to Mr. Allan-Fraser's relatives and friends; and certain parts of these estates are to be conveyed, after the expiration of a certain number of years, to persons mentioned in the English deed.

According to the provisions of Mr. Allan-Fraser's will, given above, Hospitalfield, or Monkbarns, will become the home of what may be termed a monastic brotherhood of painters, sculptors and literary men—a retreat for those who have deserved well of their country, but who have not received that reward which patient merit sometimes has not the option of taking from a country unworthy of its noblest or its most deserving sons. For the youth of the nation Mr. Allan-Fraser's bequest will provide the Trial Schools for which Mr. Ruskin pleaded long ago in "The Political Economy of Art" ("A Joy for Ever"). Indeed, the will may be regarded as a practical carrying out of Mr. Ruskin's ideas; and every one who believes in the "Gospel according to Ruskin" will rejoice that the last laird of Monkbarns has made such a noble bequest to the nation.



Notes.

RUSKIN SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The opening address for this Session will be delivered at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, on Friday, 10th October, at 8 p.m., by Dr. Peter Bayne, author of "Lessons from my Master," etc., etc.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE.—On Monday, October 20th, at the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W., William Morris, author of "Earthly Paradise," etc., will lecture on "Art for the People." Doors will be open at 8 o'clock; Pianoforte Recitals till 8.25; Lecture at 8.30; Trains at 11 p.m. Admission by Ticket—Sixpence. Tickets can be had from Wm. Blundell, secretary, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE READING GUILD HANDBOOK (price 3*d.*, post free), containing Rules, Programme, and information about Branches of the Guild, Home-Reading Circles and Essay Club, etc., in connection with it, may be had from the general secretary, W. Marwick, Hillside House, Arbroath, N.B., or from the publisher, or through booksellers.

RUSKIN BIBLIOGRAPHY Part VI. This instalment of Mr. Smart's Bibliography is very largely devoted to "Fors Clavigera," of which a full and painstaking account is given. The thoroughness with which the work is being done, and the punctuality with which each part appears, reflect great credit on the compilers and editor.

STUDIES IN RUSKIN: SOME ASPECTS OF THE WORK AND TEACHING OF JOHN RUSKIN. By EDWARD T. COOK, M.A. *G. Allen: Orpington and London.*

Mr. Cook has produced a most interesting and instructive work in his "Studies in Ruskin." The first part is simply expository, and deals with "The Gospel according to Ruskin," which is described as "an old Gospel with new applications"—"one of glad tidings, but not of 'news.'" "Every age," says Mr. Cook, "requires the old story to be applied to its new interests and its new temptations. The greatness of Mr. Ruskin depends on the degree in which he met this twofold need. He took the Gospel of Truth, Sincerity, and Nobleness, as he had learned it from Carlyle, and applied it to a new sphere untouched by Carlyle and of increasing importance in this time. And secondly, founding his Gospel of Art upon Principles of Life, he re-applied that Gospel in its turn to counteract the besetting materialism and commercialism of his age." In Chapter I. is "set out, as far as possible in the preacher's own words, the Ruskinian Gospel of Art"; while in Chapter II. some of its leading applications to political and social questions are considered. In the second part of the book "Some Aspects of Mr. Ruskin's Work" are dealt with, seven chapters being devoted to giving some account of Mr. Ruskin's acts. The object is "to show such aspects of Mr. Ruskin's public work as are in themselves of public interest, and incidentally throw light on his teaching. The best claim, indeed, to honour consists, in Mr. Ruskin's case, as in that of all great teachers, not so much in what he has himself done, as in what he has enabled others to think and feel and do. The highest tribute to Mr. Ruskin's Gospel is to be found in the thoughts he has inspired and in the characters he has helped to mould. Nevertheless, many of Mr. Ruskin's own schemes have in themselves a positive value in their generation. They may serve as signposts, pointing the way to social progress," and they have shown how practical realisation may be given to what the late Prince Leopold truly and eloquently described as the last and greatest precept in Mr. Ruskin's Gospel—the precept, namely, "that the highest wisdom and the highest treasure need not be costly or exclusive." Not the least interesting part of the volume is the section devoted to "Notes on Mr. Ruskin's (1887 and 1884) Oxford Lectures," to which we shall refer again. There are thirteen admirably executed illustrations. We have no hesitation in saying that this is *the* book about Ruskin, and we have to thank Mr. Cook for the real service he has done the reading public, and the members of those Ruskin Societies and Ruskin Reading Guilds to which he incidentally refers in his preface, in setting forth in so attractive a form the main and essential drift of Mr. Ruskin's teaching. The ardent but indiscriminating reader and the captious and usually superficial critic will get some authentic "news" of the Ruskinian Gospel by reading this volume of "Studies in Ruskin." It is needless to add that the printing and get-up of the volume are up to the Ruskinian standard.

All articles, letters, and books for review should be addressed to the Editor, Hillside House, Arbroath, N.B.

IGDRASIL.

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NO. II.

In King Arthur's Capital.

"Oh the old time's divine and fresh romance!
When o'er the lone yet ever-haunted ways
Went frank-eyed Knighthood with the lifted lance,
And life with wonder charm'd adventurous days!
When light more rich, through prisms that dimm'd it, shone;
And Nature loom'd more large through the Unknown."

LYTTON.

"OLD Caerleon-upon-Usk" is the enchanted capital of the kingdom called Romance. Its domes of fretted gold, its countless pinnacles, its seventy churches, its gorgeous palace, and its giant tower—

"From whose high crest, they say,
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
And white sails flying on the yellow sea,"

by the wonder-working art of poets and time-old chroniclers have a reality for us to-day, though they have long ceased to be visible. But the city of the Hero-King is a city seen through a veil. The glittering spires prick through the mists of time; in a half-shadow we discern the lofty turrets, and mark the lanceolate windows with their shining diamond-panes; a dreamy brightness reveals the gilded roofs and the "magic casements" where Guinevere and her maidens have stood and watched the tourneying knights, and glanced their loves and hopes upon the combatants. The name of Arthur conjures up the scene, and fancy releases the city from its spell of slumber and ruin, and fashions it again in splendour. It is said that this City of Legions was once the rival of Rome in its grandeur. When the all-conquering King had subdued thirty kingdoms, he could find no more suitable place than Caerleon for "holding a magnificent court to place the crown upon his head, and to invite the kings and dukes under his subjection to the ceremony. When he had communicated his designs to his familiar friends he pitched upon Caerleon as a proper place for his purpose; for, besides its great wealth above the other cities, its situation was most pleasant and fit for so great a solemnity. For on one side it was washed by that noble river [the Usk], so that the kings and princes from the countries beyond the seas might have the

convenience of sailing up to it. On the other side was the beauty of meadows and groves, and the magnificence of the royal palaces. Besides, there was a college of two hundred philosophers, who, being learned in astronomy and the other arts, were diligent in observing the courses of the stars, and gave King Arthur the predictions of the events that would happen at that time." Giraldus Cambrensis recorded in the twelfth century that at Caerleon might be seen many vestiges of its former glory—"immense palaces ornamented with gilded roofs, in imitation of Roman magnificence, a tower of prodigious size, and relics of temples." Three centuries before Cæsar's invasion Belin Mawr laid the city's foundations; and in the sixth century

"Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's hold
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold."

In the Mabinogion we get a casual glimpse of King Arthur's royal state at Caerleon:—"Arthur was accustomed to hold his Court at Caerleon-upon-Usk. And there he held it seven Easters and five Christmases. And once upon a time he held his Court there at Whitsuntide. For Caerleon was the place most easy of access in his dominions, both by sea and land. And there were assembled nine crowned Kings, who were his tributaries, and likewise earls and barons. For they were his invited guests at all the high festivals, unless they were prevented by any great hindrance. And when he was at Caerleon, holding his Court, thirteen churches were set apart for mass." But the scene at the coronation of Arthur was never excelled; and if Geoffrey of Monmouth may be believed, such a noble assembly, such a display of magnificence, such prodigality of sport and hospitality, were never before or afterward seen in Britain; and the historian adds that at that time King Arthur's country had arrived at "such a pitch of grandeur that in abundance of riches, luxury, ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants, it far surpassed all other kingdoms."

But what is Caerleon now? I reached the ancient seat of power late on an August afternoon, when the sky was stricken with the first shadowy pallor of evening. A white, sandy, deserted lane led me past a few scattered houses and a small church to the river-side. The tide was out and the waters had shrunk almost into silence. An old tower, thickly overgrown with trailing weeds, stands on the bank, and tells of other times. The fields stretching away from the right bank of the Usk are irregularly divided by the remnant of an old Roman wall, rising about twelve feet, and supposed to have been originally four miles long, connecting Caerleon with the outposts. Antiquaries differ in opinion as to

whence the stone was obtained : those marvel-working Romans who came over with Julius Frontinus in the first century, and made Caerleon the headquarters of the second Augustan Legion, left the secret buried in the monument they reared. The wall passes by, and beyond, the Priory and the "Round Table Field," where a deep indentation probably marks the site of a Roman amphitheatre. This supposition derives circumstantial confirmation from the fact that a contiguous field has borne from time out of record the name of the "Bearhouse Field." But legend floats about the scene, and fantastically shapes itself into a marvellous tale that here King Arthur with his knights sits entranced in a subterranean chamber, and there will remain until Britain, in her hour of peril, calls him forth to new and greater conquests :—

"Merlin . . .

Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
Though men may wound him that he will not die,
But pass, again to come ; and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king."

It is a thought worthily in keeping with the imperishable memory of the greatest of kings. Strange were the emotions stirred as I stood on one of the green hillocks which compose that mysterious circle, for the mind loves to sport with the phantoms of the unreal world, even while it seeks after the substance of truth. It is nothing, for the moment, whether there were ever a King Arthur, a *tabula rotunda*, and a noble knighthood,—

"Sworn to vows

Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King."

It is enough that here is a place haunted by living legends, and bearing names whose lasting luminance shines visibly behind the fallen veil of the centuries past. Such a scene is an inspiration ; one feels the touch of other times, and hears the echo of stilled voices. The long-ago steals upon the inner perception, and bursts into a vision, not of sleep. The flame of romance kindles a thousand images. Half the present fades away, and in its place appears what has vanished or what has never been. The long procession of the dead troops by, and the tale of bygone days is told again with living presences for words. Here, once, were the sounds of tumult ; the King's pavilion was set, and the tourney was "let cry." Then were heard the clatter of the steeds, the rush to arms, the clang of spears, the shattering of hauberk and shield ; then through the streets resounded the trumpet-call to arms and the proclamation

of the King ; then gathered and dispersed the noble order of knights and the flower of chivalry, setting forth upon noble quests or returning to relate their deeds to Arthur and to lay their spoils at the feet of Guinevere. Along these lanes rode Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad, Sir Percival, Sir Gawain, and Sir Kaye. Here, "every Prince of consideration on this side of Spain" came to do homage to Arthur. Here,

"Among the myriad-room'd
And many-corridor'd perplexities
Of Arthur's palace,"

the drama of pain and shame was acted by the Queen and "Arthur's greatest knight, a man Not after Arthur's heart." Here, where the bee hums and the moth alights, were knightly jousts and stubborn contests. Steel grappled with steel, and the hard ground trembled under the shock of mounted warriors. Here, where the grass grows long and the daisy and primrose brighten out among the green, were mailed men and mirthful maidens ; here they feasted and sang and dedicated their days to love and chivalry. But the wind roves over the open plain ; and scarcely a stone, a tottering arch, or a fallen tower, has escaped the iconoclasm of Time's remorseless hand. The massive walls which defied the siege of the all-conquering Roman have been thrown down, and the regal palaces which never yielded to the pagan have sunk and disappeared in the dust. Their very foundations cannot be traced. But beneath the ruins sleeps romance, and in the pervading silence is closed the last song of ancient chivalry. The dust of the heroes is scattered, and

"The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays."

Everything is past but the names of men and places—names that we have and ideals that we make. A ford with Arthur's name, a stone associated with his deeds, a city where his temples were reared ! Tranquilly flows the river and washes the unfrequented banks ; and Caerleon-upon-Usk, like a wave that has been spent and dies upon the shore, has ebbed into the quietude of tideless time and been lost. Yet, to him who goes with open mind and simple faith, Caerleon is even now a wonder-land, and fragments of its marvellous old story are scattered on the roadside, in the undulating meadows, and along the banks of the wide brown river. Everywhere we find remnants of a remarkable past ; and though the city has dwindled to a hamlet and is sequestered from the busy toiling world, it seemed to me like the city of fable which slept until the promised prince came and released it from the fetters of enchantment. So may Caerleon one day be awakened.

Over thirty years ago a stranger came to Caerleon, and without giving his name or stating his errand, took up his abode at the Hanbury Arms, one of the oldest hostelries in the kingdom. The Hanbury Arms is a white, quaintly-built house, facing the Usk, and originally stood at a point in the road commanding three approaches to the city. But the change of time has given a new entrance to Caerleon, and travellers will now find the Hanbury Arms on the remote side. Its low-browed windows, with the stone mullions of unusual thickness, and the square hooded drip-stones above, indicate that the house dates from the fourteenth or fifteenth century. To this place the stranger made his way, his advent being almost unnoticed and his purpose unknown. A local chronicler says: "Quiet and unobtrusive to a degree, he soon attracted attention from his very reserved and seclusive habits. Day after day passed, and his figure was seldom seen. Frequently he would leave the house early in the morning, and go no one knew whither, and on his return partake of slight refreshment and retire to his room until next morning. It was soon recognised that the stranger was fond of long walks, and there was not a hill in the neighbourhood up whose sides he did not climb. For a time no companion or friend seemed to notice him, but occasionally a letter arriving at the post office was delivered to him. At first the name attracted no attention, but at length 'Alfred Tennyson, Esq.,' inscribed on successive missives, seemed to have a special interest for the local postmaster. He repeated the name until its familiarity led him to suspect that the stranger was no other than the Poet Laureate, and this ultimately proved correct. On the fact becoming generally known that Tennyson was staying at Caerleon, visitors frequently called upon him, but he endeavoured to maintain his seclusion to the last. . . . In 1859 the result of Tennyson's sojourn at 'Caerwysg' was seen, when he produced to the world his 'Idyls of the King.' Some few of the inhabitants still remember the poet residing there, and at the Hanbury Arms the chair which he chiefly occupied in his apartment overlooking the Usk is still pointed to with some pride." It was with some amount of personal satisfaction that I found the "Tennyson room" allotted to myself, and the Laureate's chair and table placed at my disposal. Tennyson's visit to Caerleon is unrecorded by his biographers, and I am gratified to have an opportunity of again holding the lamp towards another hitherto obscure part of the poet's public life. The fact is important inasmuch as it offers a further exemplification of the poet's scrupulous care in studying details; and it adds to the interest of reading the Arthurian poems to know that he obtained from the *genius loci* both inspiration and

enlightenment. I trust I shall not expose myself to too severe a censure if I venture to point to one instance, of many, of the poet's careful observation of the locality. In "Geraint and Enid" an incident with which every reader is perfectly familiar leads the poet to use as a symbol the rapidity of the turn of the tidal waters of the Usk :—

" Scarce longer time
Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,
Before he turn to fall seaward again,
Pauses."

There is much history to write of Caerleon : of the King who reigned, and of the Queen ; of the knights and all the order of the Table Round, " the fair beginners of a nobler time " ; of the bishops, the learned men, and the bards who made its fame imperishable. Siluria was last to come under the Roman yoke, and the defiant spirit of the men of old has prompted the tradition that Arthur himself

" Swept the dust of ruin'd Rome
From off the threshold of the realm, and crush'd
The Idolaters, and made the people free."

Of Merlin, of Dubritius the archbishop, of Taliesin the chief of bards, and of Talhairan the father of poetry—all men of Caerleon—only this mention of their names need now be made. What Arthur and his knighthood did, working out their will to cleanse the world, may be read in the Triads, in the Mabinogion, in the bardic chronicles, and in the records of Nennius and Geoffrey. And a little of the history may be read at Caerleon-upon-Usk itself—the Isca Silurum of the Romans, where Caractacus held his court, where the Prætor deposited the eagles, where justice was dealt out in the name of Cæsar, and where the dragon of the Cymri ultimately prevailed, and Arthur Pendragon rose and had his name set

" High on all hills and in the signs of heaven."

Less than a mile from Caerleon stands a church on a hill. From the height one may obtain a glorious view of the Vale of Usk. To this spot I came at evening. All around there was so deep a silence that even the twitter of some stray bird seemed shrill. But the quiet churchyard in which I stood seemed not more at peace than the city below, with its huddled group of houses, white and red, sheltered among the darkening hills. Far and far away I could trace the dusk lines of mountain-ridges, with here and there a black beacon-point jutting out weirdly ; and down in the valley the river wound its way to the sea, a far-off sparkle of

which I could see as the day died. Here, on the lonely height, I lingered until the distant hills drew all the gloom more closely round them, and the trees, like vapour, mixed with the darkness that descended. And it seemed, almost, as if the air were filled with expectation, and as if the little old-world half-forgotten city were waiting,—waiting for the trumpet-call to arouse those sleeping heroes,—waiting until the time draw nigh when Arthur shall come again and

“Make a realm, and reign.”

J. CUMING WALTERS.

Waiting.

(Heart and Head converse together.)

“IT is too late! He will not come!”
 “Prithee be still, vexed heart! To thee
 Is silence then so burdensome,
 That, like a leaf, when winds are free,
 Suspense and petulant thou must
 Quiver at every wanton gust?”—

“Nay, list! His step is on the stair:
 His voice I hear. Quick, ope the door!”—
 “Hail, Patience; let dry-eyed Despair
 Become thy tranquil counsellor:
 Three days of tremulous unrest
 Are flown already, foolish breast!”

“Is out of sight, then, out of mind
 With him?” “Well, be it so, alas!
 Wert thou in all things true and kind?
 Have none for thee watched long hours pass,
 And strained their sense and pined and yearned,
 Because thy careless eyes were turned?”

“Be it enough, tired heart, to know
 That he befriends thee,”—“Prithee, stay!
 Nor let that frosty comfort flow!
 To-day hath gone like yesterday;
 And still he comes not, still I fret:
 I cannot use me to forget.”

"Take, then, thy books : take Calamus ;
Read Shakespeare, Goethe ; breathe the fire
That flames from godlike Æschylus :
Write poems that shall live ; admire
The strength of heroes calm in stone,
Whose beauty is thy spirit's own."

"Nay, preacher, preach no more ! He said
That he would come."—"I loathe and scorn
This folly. Have the heavens like lead
So weighed on heart and soul forlorn,
That one who thinks no more of thee
Hath force to make thy misery ?"

"Peace, peace ! Oh, cruel that I was :
I might have said such words of power
As would have made his spirit pass
Immediate, eager, ere one hour
Had waned across the wasteful sky,
To greet my own with ecstasy !"—

"Why, then, did silence seal thy lip ?
Proud wert thou ?"—"Surely 'tis most sweet
To let the laughing minutes slip,
Trusting that passion-sprighted feet
Would carry him with eagle's strength
Spontaneous to my side at length !"—

"I scorn thee. Lo, the day hath run
From morn to noon, from noon to night ;
But thou hast less than nothing won :
Within thine eyes the weary light
Of restless hope, of vain desire,
Trembles, a still consuming fire.

"Fool, fool ! Thank God, this cannot last !"—
"Nay, rather this than blank despair,
Than broodings on a buried past,
Forth-stretchings to the vacant air !
Far rather would I grieve than be
Debarred from grief's grim luxury."—

"What say'st thou ?"—"Yea, when he is gone,
When I am left at last alone,
The hope my fancy feeds upon
Will turn to cold and lifeless stone :
I shall not even sit and say,
'He comes, he comes not,' night and day :

"But day and night will stretch, oh God,
Like one perpetual desert land,
Which no angelic feet have trod;
Nor any blossom on the sand,
However barren, bitter, dry,
Will spring to cheer my craving eye."—

"Ah me! 'tis even so. Perchance,
'Twere better thus to wait and weep
Than fix a stony countenance,
For ever in a dreamless sleep;
To slay with fierce desire the years,
Than die to love that yearns and fears."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Ruskiniana.

IN this part we give a number of letters relating to books and their writers.

THE BIBLE.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 27th, 1886.]

To the Editor of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*."

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

ST. MARK'S DAY, 1886 (*Easter Sunday*).

SIR,—

Will you allow me, rather from Venice, in thought, than from poor little Brantwood, in body, to send you one quite serious word, for the close of my part in your book discussion? *

I see, in your columns, as in other literary journals, more and more buzzing and fussing about what M. Renan has found the Bible to be, or Mr. Huxley not to be, or the Bishops that it might be, or the School Board that it mustn't be, etc., etc., etc.

Let me tell your readers who care to know, in the fewest possible words, what it *is*. It is the grandest group of writings existent in the rational world, put into the grandest language of the rational world in the first strength of the Christian faith, by an entirely wise and kind saint, St. Jerome; translated afterwards with beauty and felicity into every language of the Christian world; and the guide, since so translated, of all the arts and acts of that world which have been noble, fortunate and happy.

And by consultation of it honestly—on any serious business, you may always learn—a long while before your Parliament finds out—what you

* Upon the "Best Hundred Books." Mr. Ruskin had contributed to it three letters—printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Jan. 19, Feb. 18 and 23, 1886, and reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette's* "Best Hundred Books" Extra. As this pamphlet is still obtainable, these letters are not reprinted here.

should do in such business, and be directed perhaps besides to work more serious than you had thought of.

For instance, I meant this morning only to have written some autobiography; but as it was St. Mark's Day, reading his first chapter, it struck me, if perchance anybody in this pious nation—proposing this year to effect sundry changes in its hitherto all-vaunted Constitution, wished in their Easter holidays to baptize themselves, confessing their sins, and abjuring them in a cheerful and hopeful manner—what sort of streams could they find to baptize themselves in, near most country towns?

I observe, Sir, you have complimented our—for the time reposing—Parliament on its hitherto devotion to business. I have not myself noticed much that it has done to any purpose, except virtually abolishing the Act against pollution of rivers. Which repentance of theirs virtually signifies that the management of the millennium we have presently to look to is to be put in the hands of the sort of British patriot who is ready to poison the air, and the wells, for his neighbours, a hundred miles round, and to sit himself all his life up to his throat in a jakes, so only that he may lick up lucre from the bottom of it.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From the *British Weekly Extras*, No. I. (London, 27, Paternoster Row),
pp. 43-45, 1887.]

BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME.

I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 14th May.

The books that have *most* influenced me are inaccessible to the general reader,—Horace, Pindar, and Dante, for instance,—but these following are good for everybody:—

Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" (the "Lady" first for *me*, though not for Scott).

Pope's Homer's Iliad.

Byron, all; but most "Corsair," "Bride of Abydos," and the "Two Foscari."

Coleridge and Keats, in my youth.

Burns, as I grew older and wiser.

Molière, always.

All good and modern French comedies.

All fine French divinity and science. I never read English sermons or scientific books, and only Humboldt (translated) of German.

Good French sensation novels, chiefly "Les Mystères de Paris," the "Comte de Monte Christo," and Gaboriau's "Monsieur le Coq" and "L'Argent des Autres."

II.

CONISTON, June 3.

SIR,

Your note of farther question, what books have most influenced my style, and which are my favourites, has lain these seven days in my desk, becoming less answerable the more I thought of it. Every book that I like influences my style, and fifty years of constant reading have carried me through more pleasant books than I can remember. But what I

suppose to be best in my own manner of writing has been learned chiefly from Byron and Scott.

Of favourite books I have—none; every book on my library shelves is a favourite in its own way and time. Some are the guides of life, others its solaces, others its food and strength; nor can I say whether I like best to be taught or amused. The book oftenest in my hand of late years is certainly Carlyle's "Frederick." It is one of the griefs of my old age that I know Scott by heart; but still, if I take up a volume of him, it is not laid down again for the next hour; and I am always extremely grateful to any friend who will tell me of a cheerful French novel or pretty French play.

There is little difference, as far as I can see, between me and any other well-trained scholar, in the liking of books of high caste and cheerful tone. But I imagine few people suffer as I do from any chance entanglement in a foolish or dismal fiction.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

[From "John Ruskin," an article by W. J. Stillman, published in the *Century Magazine*, 1887, pp. 357-66.*]

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

I did not indeed understand the length to which your views were carried when I saw you here, or I should have asked you much more about them than I did; and your present letter leaves me still thus far in the dark that I do not know whether you only have a strong conviction that there is such a message to be received from all things, or whether in any sort you think you have understood and can interpret it,—for how otherwise should your persuasion of the fact be so strong? I never thought of such a thing being possible before, and now that you have suggested it to me, I can only imagine that, by rightly understanding as much of the nature of everything as ordinary watchfulness will enable any man to perceive, we might, if we looked for it, find in everything some special moral lesson or type of particular truth, and that then one might find a language in the whole world before unfelt, like that which is for ever given to the ravens or to the lilies of the field by Christ's speaking of them. This I think you might very easily accomplish so far as to give the first idea and example; then it seems to me that any thoughtful man who succeeded you would be able to add some types and words to the new language, but all this quite independently of any Mystery in the Thing or Inspiration in the Person, any more than there is Mystery in the cleaning of a Room covered with dust, of which you remember Bunyan makes so beautiful a spiritual application, so that one can never more see the thing done without being interested. If there be mystery in things requiring Revelation, I cannot tell on what terms it might be vouchsafed us, nor in any way help you to greater certainty of conviction; but my advice to you would be on no account to agitate nor

* Of this letter Mr. Stillman says: "I quote part of one of his first letters to me (about 1851). I had been involved in mystical speculations, partly growing out of the second volume of 'Modern Painters,' and had written to him for counsel." Some mention of Mr. Stillman by Mr. Ruskin will be found in the original newspaper edition of "Time and Tide," Letter XXII. (*Manchester Examiner and Times*, April 30th, 1867).

grieve yourself, nor look for inspirations—for assuredly many of our noblest English minds have been entirely overthrown by doing so—but go on doing what you are sure is quite right—that is, striving for constant purity of thought, purpose, and word,—not on any account overworking yourself, especially in headwork; but accustoming yourself to look for the spiritual meaning of things just as easily to be seen as their natural meaning; and fortifying yourself against the hardening effect of your society by good literature. You should read much, and generally old books; but above all avoid *German* books, and all Germanists except Carlyle, whom read as much as you can or like. Read George Herbert and Spenser and Wordsworth and Homer, all constantly; Young's "Night Thoughts," Crabbe, and of course Shakespeare; Bacon and Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan: do not smile if I mention also "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights" for standard places on your shelves. I say read Homer; I do not know if you can read Greek, but I think it would be healthy work for you to teach it to yourself if you cannot, and then I would add to my list Plato,—but I cannot conceive a good translation of Plato. I had nearly forgotten one of the chief of all—Dante. But, in doing this, do not strive to keep yourself in an elevated state of spirituality. No man who earnestly believed in God and the next world was ever petrified or materialised in heart, whatever society he kept. Do whatever you can, however simple or commonplace, in your art; do not force your spirituality on your American friends. Try to do what they admire as well as they would have it, unless it costs you too much—but do not despise it because commonplace. Do not strive to do what you feel to be above your strength. God requires that of no man. Do what you feel happy in doing; mingle some physical science with your imaginative studies; and be sure that God will take care to lead you into the fulfilment of whatever tasks He has ready for you, and will show you what they are in His own time.

Thank you for your sketch of American art. I do hope that your countrymen will look upon it, in time, as all other great nations have looked upon it at their greatest times, as an object for their united aim and strongest efforts. I apprehend that their deficiency in landscape has a deep root—the want of historical associations. Every year of your national existence will give more power to your landscape painting. Then, do you not want architecture? Our children's taste is fed with Ruins of Abbeys. I believe the first thing you have to do is to build a few Arabic palaces by way of novelty—one brick of jacinth and one of jasper. . . .

Write to me whenever you are at leisure and think I can be of use to you—with sympathy or in any way; and believe me always interested in your welfare, and very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 6th, 1888.]

CHARLES DICKENS.

To the Editor of the "*Daily Telegraph*."

SANDGATE, Jan. 4.

SIR,

May I ask you to correct a false impression which any of your readers who still care to know my opinions would receive from the reference to Dickens in your kind notice of my letters to Miss Beever, in your

article in the "Book Market" of Dec. 30? I have not the letters here, and forget what I said about my "Pickwick's" not amusing me when I was ill; but it always does, to this hour, when I am well*; though I have known it by heart, pretty nearly all, since it came out: and I love Dickens with every bit of my heart, and sympathise in everything he thought or tried to do, except in his effort to make more money by readings, which killed him.†

And would you also let me ask your North Shields correspondent what is wrong in the scientist's theory of waves? I have found fault with some scientific notions about them myself; but I see nothing in your correspondent's statement of the alternations between rough and smooth at variance with any principle hitherto stated about waves by men either of theoretical power or artistic knowledge. And, with what watching of waves I have had time for myself—and it is not a little—I have never been able to count the big waves into three or four, any more than Burns could the horns of the moon.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 17th, 1888.]

NOVELS AND THEIR ENDINGS.

To the Editor of the "*Daily Telegraph*."

SANDGATE, Jan. 15, 1888.

SIR,

In the notice with which you honoured my short letter last week, you justly said that I had left the idea of English character, to which I appealed, without definition; while the tenor of your article implied that the manliness which was our birthright consisted chiefly in love of athletic exercise, and the courage which of late has, perhaps, taken too much the aspect of a scorn of life. My own first idea of British manhood would be trustworthiness of word and work; the second, independence of other people's opinions, in not living for display, but for comfort—as, for instance, Sidney Smith at Foston; the third, respect for old rather than flexibility by new fashions; the last, and the chief, such honour for women as would prevent their being driven from home to get their living how they could, or provoked to insist upon rights of which that home had bereaved them.

I will not trespass on your indulgence by any attempt to expand these now discarded conceptions of our insular strength or felicity; but with respect to the subject of my previous letter—the way we lost Dickens, by the overstrain of modern conditions of popularity—may I be allowed to express one of the increasing discomforts of my old age, in never being allowed by novelists to stay long enough with people I like, after I once get acquainted with them. It has always seemed to me that tales of interesting persons should not end with their marriage; and that, for the general good of society, the varied energies and expanding peace of wedded life would be better subjects of interest than the narrow aims, vain distresses, or passing joys of youth.

* See "Hortus Inclusus," p. 49.

† See "Arrows of the Chace," ii. 180.

I felt this acutely the other day, when the author* to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier, answered my quite tearful supplication to her, that Mignon and Lucy might not vanish in an instant into the regions of Præterita and leave me desolate, by saying that she was herself as sorry to part with Mignon as I could be, but that the public of to-day would never permit insistence on one conception beyond the conventionally established limits. To which distrust I would answer—and ask you, as the interpreter of widest public opinion, to confirm me in answering—that for readers even of our own impatient time, the most beautiful surprises of novelty and the highest praises of invention are in the recognised and natural growth of one living creation; and neither in shifting the scenes of fate as if they were lantern slides, nor in tearing down the trellises of our affections that we may train the branches elsewhere.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

[From the *Times*, June 3rd, 1887.]

SCOTT AND SCOTSMEN.†

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, *Whit Tuesday*, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,

You hear a great deal nowadays of the worst nonsense ever uttered since men were born on earth. Best hundred of books! Have you ever read yet one good book well? For a Scotsman, next to his Bible, there is but one book—his native land; but one language—his native tongue—the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe. Study your Burns, Scott, and Carlyle. Scott in his Scottish novels only, and of those only the cheerful ones, with the “Heart of Midlothian,” but not the “Bride of Lammermoor,” nor the “Legend of Montrose,” nor “The Pirate.” Here is a right list: “Waverley,” “Guy Mannering,” “The Antiquary,” “Rob Roy,” “Old Mortality,” “The Monastery,” “The Abbot,” “Red Gauntlet,” “Heart of Midlothian.” Get any of them you can in the old large-print edition when you have a chance, and study every sentence in them. They are models of every virtue in their order of literature, and exhaustive codes of Christian wisdom and ethics. I have written this note with care. I should be glad that you sent a copy of it to any paper read generally by the students of the University of Edinburgh, and remain always

Faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

[From Messrs. Sotheby's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* sold by them on
21st May, 1890.]

BLAKE'S POEMS.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *8th May*, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR,

Putting my books in order after a long interval, I find to-day your gift of Aug. 6th, 1874, never before seen by me. It came when I was in

* Mrs. Arthur Stannard, who, under the *nom de plume* of “John Strange Winter,” has written “Bootle's Baby,” “Mignon's Secret,” and other popular tales. In one of these, “Mignon's Children,” she has expressly complied with Mr. Ruskin's request, and given some account of her heroine's married life.

† Addressed to an Edinburgh Student.

Italy, and I have never got my books sifted since ! I am very sorry, for I would fain have thanked you at once for the precious little book, of which you must have thought me so careless. But, as I now glance through it, I am a little pained by what, I suppose, is its truth of text, but is nevertheless not satisfactory after Rossetti's emendations. You do not, I think, make clear enough in your preface the authority for your readings. In the tiger, for instance, Rossetti's "What dread hand made thy dread feet?" is far more striking (to me) than your "What dread hand and what," etc., which is forced and unintelligible.

Will you kindly tell me more clearly the relations of your text to Rossetti's in such particulars? and believe me already, very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

R. H. SHEPHERD, ESQ., Editor of Blake's Poems,
Care of Mr. Pickering, 196, Piccadilly, London.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 5th, 1886.]

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

To the Editor of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*."

BRANTWOOD, *April 2.*

SIR,

My Irish servant, to whom I owe my life many times over, for the care he has taken of me in most dangerous illness, read to me last night your complaint that there was no good history of St. Patrick.

Taking no notice at the time (for we were both tired), I asked him this morning what he himself knew of St. Patrick. To my surprise he gave me a quite clear abstract of what is usefully to be remembered by everybody—Irish, Scotch, or French, concerning the first great preacher to the Celtic race. Cross-examining him, I found he was so glib about it because he had just read the account of St. Patrick given by Mr. Thomas Sherlock in the March number of the *Catholic Fireside*. It is an absurd account, illustrated by a still more absurd picture, in which St. Patrick's power over the hagworm (if he had it) is confused with St. Michael's victory over the Devil. And the article is full of weak sentiment and reckless exaggeration;—but the material facts in it are true, and may be thence learnt, much to his advantage, by any ordinary English reader hitherto unaware of them.

For those who can read French, and care to get a good scholar's view of the matter, Montalembert's chapters on St. Columba, St. Columban, and St. Patrick are altogether the best reading, out of whatever hundred books they like, which they could possibly set themselves to,—in the present entirely beautiful, but somewhat critical, condition of the British Parliamentary mind.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

SHORT WORDS AND LONG.*

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *1st July*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thanks for your book and letter. I am too old to read anything but first-rate work now. I have no time for my Plato or Pindar—how much

* Contributed by a correspondent to IGDRASIL

less for new books!—but I can tell from your letter that you have good and tender feeling; only, once for all, never say “potentiality” for “power,” nor any other word of six syllables for one of two—and don’t mind my “lofty” teachings, but obey the simple and lowly ones—mine or anybody’s.

Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN

“THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.” *

20th November, 1866.

MY DEAR MISS T—,

I hope you will get the “Crown of Olive” soon after this note. When you have looked at the passages I told you of, write again to say if you are still puzzled.

Truly yours,

(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, S., 15th December, 1866.

MY DEAR MISS T—,

I fear I must have expressed myself very imperfectly in those books to lead you thus in difficulties. Of course our duties are continually painful to us, and can only be done through perpetual pain; but in exact proportion as the character becomes perfect the duty becomes first painless, then delightful; and an angel’s duties are certainly not painful to him, nor the duties of the servants of God, who “see His face continually.” The lesson which you practically have to draw is not that you are to give up your duties because they are painful, but to practise them till they are pleasant. Of course, suffering inflicted on us by others must be borne patiently; but it is no more a part of our duty to seek for it than to seek martyrdom. The great mistake I wished to guard you and my other girl-readers against was that of thinking that mere self-denial—as such—was necessarily a virtue. It is a virtue only when you desire what you should not. It is a virtue in a malicious person to deny themselves, and not speak maliciously. But it is not a virtue in a loving person not to speak lovingly. I hope this will become clearer to you in time. But do not puzzle about it. If you always do what you feel to be right, you will soon see clearly what is right.

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 19th, 1884.]

MR. RUSKIN’S LECTURES.†

To the Editor of the “*Pall Mall Gazette*.”

OXFORD, Nov. 14th.

SIR,

I have seldom had occasion to pay either compliments or thanks to the British reporter; but I must very seriously acknowledge the help now

* Sent to the editor of *IGDRASIL* for publication by Mr. Henry Beaumont, of Upcote, Shepherd’s Hill, Highgate. A young lady, then at school, had written asking Mr. Ruskin to explain some passages in his writing. In reply he sent her the “Crown of Wild Olive” and the first of these letters.

† On “The Pleasures of England,” admirably reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 20, 27, and November 3, 10, 17. The first four lectures were afterwards published by Mr. Ruskin; the fifth and a sixth (and final) one being also announced as in preparation, but never issued.

afforded me by the digested plans of my Oxford lectures drawn up for the *Pall Mall Gazette*—very wonderful pieces of work, it seems to me, not only in summarizing, *without any help from me whatever*, a line of thought not always by me enough expressed; but in completing and illustrating it from other parts of my books—often more fully than, against time, I could do myself. Hitherto, there have been only two errata worth correction: in last Monday's (November 10), 2nd page, 32 lines up, for "Barbara" read "Athena"; and in report of former lecture (November 3, 2nd page, 33 lines up), for "Athena Regina" read "Athena of Ægina." This erratum should have caught the reporter's eye; for he ought to have known by his evident familiarity with my books that I never use a Latin adjunct to a Greek noun; but, as it happens, the mistake exactly illustrates the confused Damascus signature of the Saxon language. Edgar of England writes, as before noted, his own name in Saxon, his kingdom's in Latin, and his authority's in Greek: "Ego Edgar, totius Alibonis—BASILEUS," and his queen would have written "Basilissa." And herein is to be observed the advantage of a mixed language in conveying complete definition. The Roman word "imperator" expressed only the extending of Roman moral law, or *imperium*, over subject States. But "Basileus" means the extension of Christ's inevitable and irresistible law over them, in an entirely despotic manner.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 26th, 1884.]

A LECTURE ON BIRDS.*

To the Editor of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*."

84, WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, Nov. 25th, 1884.

SIR,

Again thanking you for the general care and fulness of your reports, permit me to correct the sentence referring to the head of the zoological department in the British Museum as it is given in your account of my lecture on Saturday. I said that in "Love's Meinie" I had for the first time explained to my Oxford pupils how birds flew; and that now Dr. Günther had beautifully *shown* the birds of England to us all in the perfect action of flying. But I never said I had "told Dr. Günther" anything. Everything he has so beautifully done has been his own bettering of what had been begun by Mr. Gould; it fulfils, or supersedes, much of what I meant to attempt at Sheffield, and leaves me, I am thankful to say, more free to my proper work here. Dr. Günther continually tells *me* things, in all sorts of kind ways, but I never told or *could* have told him anything.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

[From the "*Daily Telegraph*," February 9th, 1888.]

MR. RUSKIN AND HIS TRANSLATORS.

SANDGATE, 25th Jan., 1888.

SIR,

I am obliged to refer all requests to translate my books to my publisher, as I do not know what arrangements may already have been

* This lecture was reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 24th, 1884. The reference to Dr. Günther (Keeper of Zoology in the British Museum) explains itself. In the *Pall Mall* the letter was headed "Mr. Ruskin and Dr. Günther."

made with him. I am myself, however, entirely opposed to translations. There are good books enough for every nation in its own language; if it wants to study the writers of other races—it should be in their own tongues.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE PERFECTION OF PRINTING.

[From the "*Printers' International Specimen Exchange Annual*,"* Vol. i. (1880).]

I assure you again how gladly I hear of an association of printers who will sometimes issue work in a form worthy of their own craft, and showing to the uttermost the best of which it is capable. It seems to me that a lovely field of design is open in the treatment of decorative type—not in the mere big initials, in which one cannot find the letters, but in delicate and variably fantastic ornamentation of capitals, and filling of blank spaces or musically-divided periods of sentences and breadths of margin. Paper that won't break or won't mildew would be literally a "godsend" to me. I scarcely care to design an engraving to go on modern paper. I have the most entire sympathy with your objects, but believe that people *will* have bad paper nowadays, bad printing nowadays, and bad painting nowadays, and nothing else.

TRUE NEWS OF GOOD.

[From Messrs. Sotheby's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* sold by them
21st May, 1890.

Oct. 26, 1890.]

MY DEAR SIR,—

Nothing can be begun well on borrowed money. And I am the last person to promote any manner of Journalism. But if any one of you will buy a hand press, and the rest of you will cut out the true news of any *good* thing done anywhere, out of other newspapers, and set up type and pull them with your own arms on *good paper*, and pay a newsboy to call—if it be but fifty copies, once a month—"True news of Good," and you can sell your fifty copies for a penny each, and put the odd 2d. of the 4 and 2d. aside for future capital, you may get on and be of use. Or if you will hold your tongue and work till you have some money, and then set workmen to print as aforesaid. But don't borrow, nor hope for gain, or you are lost like the rest."

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I never got any of your letters till to-day, 26th Oct., at Amiens.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 8th, 1887.]

THE FUNCTION OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

BRANTWOOD, June 6th.

SIR,

Permit me, in anxious courtesy, to advise you that the function of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is neither to teach theology nor criticise art.

* The full title of this volume is "The Printers' International Specimen Exchange." With an introduction by the editor of the *Paper and Printing Trades Journal*. Vol. i., 1880. London: Office of the *Paper and Printing Trades Journal* (Field & Tuer, Y^e Leadenhall Presse, E.C.). The above extract from a letter of Mr. Ruskin to the editor (Mr. A. Tuer) will be found at p. 5 of the introduction.

You have taken an honest and powerful position in modern politics—and ethics: you have nothing whatever to do with traditions of eternal punishment; but only to bring, so far as you may, immediate malefactors to immediate punishment.

It is quite immaterial to the great interests of the British nation whether a popular music-master be knighted—or left in his simple dignity of troubadour; but it is of infinite importance that the already belted knights of England should speak truth, and do justice; and that the ancient lords of England should hold their power in England, and of Ireland in Ireland, and of Scotland in Scotland,—and not gamble and race their estates away—nor live in London clubhouses at the cost of their poor tenants.

These things you have to teach, Sir, and to plead for; and permit me farther to tell you as your constant, but often grieved reader, that as you make your columns in part useless with irrelevant religious debate and art gossip, so you make them too often horrible with records of crime which should be given only in the Police News.

Use your now splendidly organized body of correspondents to find out what is well done by good and wise men, under the advancing conditions of our civilization—expose, once for all, the fallacies of dishonest or ignorant politicians—and name them no more—(how much type have you spent, do you suppose, in printing the names of members of the present scratch Parliament, who know no more of policy than their parish beadle?)

Press home whatever wise and gentle and practical truth you find spoken, whether in Parliament or out of it, by men who are seeking for truth and for peace.

And believe me always your faithful and grateful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

I have not written this letter with my usual care, for I am at present tired and sad; but you will enough gather my meaning in it; and may I pray of your kindness, in any notice you grant the continuation of "*Præterita*," to contradict the partly idle, partly malicious rumours which I find have got into other journals, respecting my state of health this spring. Whenever I write a word that my friends don't like, they say I am crazy; and never consider what a cruel and wicked form of libel they thus provoke against the work of an old age in all its convictions antagonistic to the changes of the times, and in all its comfort oppressed by them.

[From Messrs. Sotheby's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* sold by them,
May 21st, 1890.]

THE VALUE OF LAZINESS.

DENMARK HILL, 25th June, 1865.

DEAR MR. MACKAY,—

I have written you a cheque for £105, since I would have given that for the Walpole book, if you had asked it, without a moment's hesitation: it is of course worth much more, but I should have paused beyond that; but for a hundred guineas I look upon it as a prize for which I very heartily am grateful to you. What a divine thing is laziness! I owe whatever remains of health I have to it in myself, and the getting hold of these things which I have so long been in search of to the same blessed virtue in you. What I suffer on the other hand from the "industries" of human beings, there's no talking of. What a busy place Hell must be! we get the look of it every now and then so closely in our activist places,—what political

economy there, and "Devil take the hindmost" in general! etc. You know you owe me one more copy of the Fawkes photo. yet.

Always yours truly and obliged,

J. RUSKIN.

My favourite archer with the sitting woman is much spotted: could anything be done with it?

[From the "*Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*," by her son, C E. Stowe.
London: Sampson Low & Co., 1889.]*

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

Well, I have read the book† now, and I think nothing can be nobler than the noble parts of it (Mary's great speech to Colonel Burr, for instance), nothing wiser than the wise parts of it (the author's parenthetical and under-breath remarks), nothing more delightful than the delightful parts (all that Virginie says and does), nothing more edged than the edged parts (Candace's sayings and doings, to wit); but I do not like the plan of the whole, because the simplicity of the minister seems to diminish the probability of Mary's reverence for him. I cannot fancy even so good a girl who would not have laughed at him. Nor can I fancy a man of real intellect reaching such a period of life without understanding his own feelings better or penetrating those of another more quickly.

Then I am provoked at nothing happening to Mrs. Scudder, whom I think as entirely unendurable a creature as ever defied poetical justice at the end of a novel meant to irritate people. And finally, I think you are too disdainful of what ordinary readers seek in a novel, under the name of "interest,"—that gradually-developing wonder, expectation, and curiosity, which makes people who have no self-command sit up till three in the morning to get to the crisis, and people who have self-command lay the book down with a resolute sigh, and think of it all the next day through till the time comes for taking it up again. Still, I know well that in many respects it was impossible for you to treat this story merely as a work of literary art. There must have been many facts which you could not dwell upon, and which no one may judge by common rules.

It is also true, as you say once or twice in the course of the work, that we have not among us here the peculiar religious earnestness you have mainly to describe.

We have little earnest formalism, and our formalists are, for the most part, hollow, feeble, uninteresting, mere stumbling-blocks. We have the Simeon Brown species, indeed; and among readers, even of his kind, the book may do some good, and more among the weaker, truer people, whom it will shake like mattresses—making the dust fly, and perhaps with it some of the sticks and quill-ends, which often make that kind of person an objectionable mattress. I write too lightly of the book—far too lightly—

* This letter is given at pp. 336-38 of the above book. It was probably written about 1859. The following passage (p. 313) from a letter (June 1857) by Mrs. Stowe to her daughter, will also be found of interest:—"Mr. Ruskin lives with his father at a place called Denmark Hill, Camberwell. He has told me that the gallery of Turner pictures there is open to me or my friends at any time of the day or night. Both young and old Mr. Ruskin are fine fellows—sociable and hearty—and will cordially welcome any of my friends who desire to look at their pictures."

† "The Minister's Wooing."

but your letter made me gay, and I have been lighter-hearted ever since ; only I kept this after beginning it, because I was ashamed to send it without a line to Mrs. Browning as well. I do not understand why you should apprehend (or rather, anticipate without apprehension) any absurd criticism on it. It is sure to be a popular book—not as “Uncle Tom” was, for that owed part of its popularity to its dramatic effect (the flight on the ice, etc.), which I did not like ; but as a true picture of human life is always popular. Nor, I should think, would any critics venture at all to carp at it.

The Candace and Virginie bits appear to me, as far as I have yet seen, the best. I am very glad there is this nice French lady in it : the French are the least appreciated, in general, of all nations by other nations. . . . My father says the book is worth its weight in gold, and he knows good work.

TO MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.*

GENEVA, June 18, 1860.

DEAR MRS. STOWE,

It takes a great deal, when I am at Geneva, to make me wish myself anywhere else, and, of all places else, in London ; nevertheless, I very heartily wish at this moment that I were looking out on the Norwood Hills, and were expecting you and the children to breakfast to-morrow.

I had very serious thoughts, when I received your note, of running home ; but I expected that very day an American friend, Mr. S., who, I thought, would miss me more here than you would in London ; so I stayed.

What a dreadful thing it is that people should have to go to America again, after coming to Europe ! It seems to me an inversion of the order of nature. I think America is a sort of “United” States of Probation, out of which all wise people, being once delivered, and having obtained entrance into this better world, should never be expected to return (sentence irremediably ungrammatical), particularly when they have been making themselves cruelly pleasant to friends here. My friend Norton, whom I met first on this very blue lake water, had no business to go back to Boston again, any more than you.

I was waiting for S. at the railroad station on Thursday, and thinking of you, naturally enough—it seemed so short a while since we were there together. I managed to get hold of Georgie as she was crossing the rails, and packed her in opposite my mother and beside me, and was thinking myself so clever, when you sent that rascally courier for her ! I never forgave him any of his behaviour after his imperativeness on that occasion.

And so she is getting nice and strong ? Ask her, please, when you write, with my love, whether, when she stands now behind the great stick, one can see much of her on each side ?

So you have been seeing the Pope and all his Easter performances ! I congratulate you, for I suppose it is something like “Positively the last appearance on any stage.” What was the use of thinking about *him* ? You should have had your own thoughts about what was to come after him. I don’t mean that Roman Catholicism will die out so quickly. It

* Printed at pp. 353-55 of Mrs. Stowe’s Life. For other mention of Mrs. Stowe and her daughter by Mr. Ruskin see *Time and Tide*, pp. 152-53, § 140 (original newspaper edition).

will last pretty nearly as long as Protestantism, which keeps it up; but I wonder what is to come next. That is the main question just now for everybody.

So you are coming round to Venice, after all? We shall all have to come to it, depend upon it, some way or another. There never has been anything in any other part of the world like Venetian strength well developed.

I've no heart to write about anything in Europe to you now. When are you coming back again? Please send me a line as soon as you get safe over to say you are all—wrong, but not lost in the Atlantic.

I don't know if you will ever get this letter, but I hope you will think it worth while to glance again at the Denmark Hill pictures; so I send this to my father, who, I hope, will be able to give it you.

I really am very sorry you are going—you and yours; and that is absolute fact, and I shall not enjoy my Swiss journey at all so much as I might. It was a shame of you not to give me warning before. I could have stopped at Paris so easily for you! All good be with you! Remember me devotedly to the young ladies, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The Moral Law in Industry.

"We grow less worthy as the years go by;
Our common life is an incarnate wrong,
We fight where victory is to the strong,
Ill is our good, and low alone is high.
Gold is our god, and whoso hath can buy
The land, the lives, the honour of the throng;
No ancient pride doth to our age belong;
Aimless we live, and therefore hopeless die.

Come, rich-robed Mistress, hid so long a while!
We look for thee stern-visaged, as is meet;
For well we know thy service will be pain
Till we have much renounced. Then thou wilt smile,
And in thy smile a stately life and sweet
Will rise, and Labour bringing Beauty in its train."

HENRY NORMAN.

I.

"THERE are of the English middle-class to-day," says Mr. William Morris, "men of the highest aspirations and of the strongest will; men who are most deeply convinced of the necessity to civilisation of surrounding men's lives with beauty; and many lesser men, refined and cultivated, follow them and praise their opinions; but both the leaders and the led are incapable of saving so much as half a dozen commons from the grasp of inexorable Commerce; they are as helpless, in spite of their culture and their genius, as if they were just so many overworked shoemakers. Less lucky than King Midas, our green fields and

clear waters, nay, the very air we breathe, are turned not to gold (which might please some of us for an hour, maybe) but to dirt ; and to speak plainly, we know full well that under the present gospel of Capital not only there is no hope of bettering it, but that things grow worse year by year, day by day. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die—choked by filth."

To all who desire purity of life, and truth rather than falsity in the things which minister to the highest enjoyment of life, Mr. Morris's words will be accepted as a perfectly accurate description of the state to which we have been brought by our supposed commercial greatness. It is the old, old story,—sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. Have we not, for the last two or three generations, been boasting about our commercial supremacy,—our railroads, our manufactures, our great mercantile navy, our "empire upon which the sun never sets,"—and have we not, as a nation, made the possession of these the main business of life, irrespective, in great measure, both of moral principle in the attainment of our possessions, and of the relative moral value of the possessions themselves? And now we are pursued by the ever-fateful Nemesis,—we desire a higher and nobler life, and we are fettered to the ignoble by the bond of "inexorable commerce"; we desire purity, and our lives—even the best—are tainted with impurity; we desire truth and honesty, and the things by which we live are stamped with the seal of falsehood. And yet, despite the undertone of pessimism which runs through Mr. Morris's words,—and which, I may here say, characterises the writings of almost all our great masters in nineteenth-century literature,—there are grounds of hope, in that we are beginning to be *conscious* of our degradation. And it is on the "men of high aspirations and strong will" that our hopes are set: men of high aspiration, who will show us—who *are* showing us—the falsities and abominations of the gospel of Capital, and who will preach in its place the gospel of Fraternity; and men of strong will, who will reduce the precepts of the latter gospel to actual practice in their industrial and commercial, as well as in their social life. Nay, do we not need a union of the two—men of the type of the warrior-priests of old, carrying the gospel in one hand and a sword in the other, not, indeed, in this case, with the object of forcing the faith upon unwilling minds, but that they may, at hazard, defend it from the attacks of secret enemies and open foes. For it is not in isolation that the cause can be gained. That was the mistake of our forefathers. No, inch by inch must the ground be won, and the seed sown in that ground must bear its harvest of human life. To isolate ourselves, to cut ourselves aloof from the common life,

would be to shirk our plainest duties. Again to quote the words of Mr. Morris: "These are the days of combat: who can doubt that, as he hears all round him the sounds that betoken discontent and hope and fear in high and low, the sounds of awakening courage and awakening conscience? These, I say, are the days of combat, when there is no external peace possible to an honest man; but when for that very reason the internal peace of a good conscience founded on settled convictions is the easier to win, since action for the cause is offered us."

If, then, industry is to be founded on the gospel of Fraternity, partnership in industry must be true or false in the measure that such partnership carries into actual practice the precepts of that gospel. Hence it will be seen that there may be, and are, partnerships in industry which take advantage of the principle of association for an ignoble aim,—wealthy syndicates, whose all-absorbing motive is the passion for power and pelf; joint-stock companies, in which the loaves and fishes go to the few and the fragments to the many; so-called co-operative associations, which produce solely for profit, and which are merely extensions of the joint-stock principle.

And here it is necessary to define the place which profit-making and profit-sharing must hold in any true system of industrial partnership: that place must be last, not first. Where, in any system or society, or, indeed, in any individual life, profit, material gain, is made the ruling principle, that system, or society, or life, is based on a wrong foundation, and is certain to end in failure or death. No, the ruling principles which should guide all partnerships in industry are these: First, the principle of Fraternity, by which the selfish interests of the individual shall be subordinated to the common good, and by which, conversely, opportunity shall be given to the individual for the expression and realisation of his highest life. In the words of Mazzini, "Association is the only means of accomplishing upon earth the progress to which we all aspire; not only because it multiplies the action of the productive forces, but because, in bringing nearer all the different manifestations of the human soul, it enlarges and renders more powerful the life of the individual, by causing him to commune with and participate in the collective life."

Second, the principle of honourable work, by which each worker shall be enabled to produce things which are worth producing: that is, he shall make things which, when made, shall be not only what they profess to be, but which, in result, shall be the expression of the worker's wisest thought and noblest effort,—the true embodiment of his life-in-work, all other embodiments and

fabrics being, as Carlyle says, mere "semblances most smooth to the touch and eye ; most accursed, nevertheless, to body and soul. Semblances, be they of sham-woven cloth or of dilettante legislation, which are *not* real wool or substance, but devil's-dust, accursed of God and man ! No man has worked, or can work, except religiously—not even the poor day-labourer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men, if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you."

And lastly, the principle of the equitable division of the results of labour. Such division, it is at once evident, must be according to the degree of wisdom or unwisdom which guides the councils of the workers. In the measure of its foolishness will that division be selfish and individualistic ; in the measure of its wisdom will it be directed by a regard for the common welfare—due provision for the sick, adequate support of institutions for the moral and intellectual advancement of the community, and the securing to every individual leisure for that harmonious expansion and development of the faculties which means fuller and richer life.

We see, then, the reason why the true "Captain of Industry" must unite in himself the qualities of "high aspiration and strong will," must be, in a word, the type of the warrior-priest—that is, his work must be animated by a noble ideal, and his life must be a slow, persistent, untiring endeavour to realise that ideal in actual life. Where industry lacks that ideal, it degenerates into a soul-destroying system which, instead of producing kingly men and queenly women, brings forth a race of slaves who employ their frustrated lives in the production of "wealth" which is a sham and "riches" which are a mockery ; where it is animated by an ignoble ideal, it degenerates into a joint-stockism, which panders to the selfish instincts of the few ; where it is dominated by a commonplace ideal it degenerates into a false co-operation, which forgets the principle of fraternity and the honour of labour in the race for dividends. Amid this mass of corruption and self-seeking the man who seeks to establish a true system of industry must be endowed with "high aspiration and strong will" indeed. Spurning the devices and tricks of trade, he must front the competitive world with a determination to win a market for honest goods, a vantage-ground for honourable labour, and a recognition of the moral law which should be the ruling principle in the economic relations of all men. Such a man we find in Mr. George Thomson, of Huddersfield, and such a system of industry in the industrial partnership established by him at Woodhouse Mills.

LAON RAMSEY.

Social Problems.

Socialism and the Teaching of Mr. Ruskin.

VI.

I HAVE now spoken of the growing recognition of the gravity of the social and economic problems that are before us. I have shown that this gravity is intensified because of the want of a true science of political economy, and of the way in which many leaders in social and philanthropic movements are, metaphorically speaking, quite in the dark on these questions. I have pointed to an address of the Archbishop of York by way of illustration. I have stated that, in my opinion, light must be sought in the direction in which it was sought by the Synod, that in the central conception of Socialism—in the conception of the unity for better or worse of society—we have the true basis from which to proceed in our work. I have spoken of a teacher who, being imbued with a love of man and a philosophic and scientific perception of the homogeneity of the human family, has been able to throw much valuable light on social and economic questions, and to instruct us as to the line of evolution that must be followed. I have given indications—of necessity, mere indications—of what practical proposals this teacher makes.

Possibly you may think it an omission on my part that, whilst I have said so much from first to last about the Pan-Anglican Synod and its Committee on Socialism, I have not stated what the practical proposals of the Committee itself were. I have had the subject in mind. Probably it is here that a few very brief extracts from the Committee's report may best be introduced.


The Committee do not doubt that Government can do much to protect the class known as proletarians from the evil effects of unchecked competition. "The English Poor Law," they say, "has long provided the bare necessities of life for those who cannot otherwise obtain them. The institution of State Savings Banks has provided for the poor man a safe investment and a moderate return for his savings. Acts of Parliament have required the builders and owners of houses to have regard for the health and comfort of their tenants, while the factory legislation of this country has protected those labourers who cannot protect themselves. The Committee believe that the State may justly and safely extend this protective action in several directions. It may legalise the formation of boards of arbitration to avert the disastrous effects of strikes. It may assist in the formation and maintenance of technical schools. It may see that powers already

existing under sanitary Acts are more effectually exercised. It may facilitate the acquisition by municipalities of town lands. The State may even encourage a wider distribution of property by the abolition of entail, where it exists; and it may be questioned whether the system of taxation might not be varied in a sense more favourable to the claims of labourers than that which is now in operation."

These I may describe as the leading practical proposals of the Committee. Farther on they say,—“The clergy may enter into friendly relations with Socialists—attending, when possible, their club meetings—and try to understand their aims and methods. At the same time it will contribute no little to draw together the various classes of society if the clergy endeavour, in sermons and lectures, to set forth the true principles of society, showing how property is a trust to be administered for the good of humanity, and how much of what is good and true in Socialism is to be found in the precepts of Christ. The call to aid the weak, through works of what is ordinarily known as charity, has been at all times faithfully pressed by the Church of Christ, and has been met by a noble response. But the matter is one not merely of charity, but of social and Christian duty. It is in this light that the Church has to proclaim it in these critical days with some special boldness and earnestness. At the same time, a word of warning should not be wanting. Mutual suspicion and the imputation of selfish and unworthy motives keep apart those who have in fact a common aim. Intestine strife and doctrines of spoliation destroy confidence, arrest trade, and will but increase misery.”

I fancy that if Mr. Ruskin could have been present at the deliberations of these fathers of the Church, he would have felt himself in very sympathetic company. In their own fashion, as truly as Mr. Ruskin or any of ourselves, this Committee have gripped hold of the truth already alluded to, that the power of society to make progress is governed by the condition, good or bad, of the individual, and that the power of the individual to make progress is governed by the condition, good or bad, of society. In every way their proposals are opposed to the gospel of selfishness, which declares that the saving word for society is that each shall mind his own business—shall be free to exert his powers to the full for his own advantage, the only limit being the limit of the capacity of other men to protect their interests when assailed by him. Their report is a sign of the times.

HENRY ROSE.



A Battue.

I HEAR, and hate, the crackling sound
 Of birding pieces in the brown wood yonder,
 (To poor bird-ears such fateful thunder)
 As gold blood-dabbled plumage sinks to ground.
 Yea—hark !—for other shots fall fast,
 See—spits of fire, and blue smoke lightly curling,
 Where, 'neath bare branches, man the doom is hurling,
 And what had joy of life a moment past
 Is stark, is dead !

“And yet,” my friend said, with a curl
 Satiric, bending down his large lip corners,
 “You and the rest—such sentimental mourners,
 Love well to carve for some fastidious girl
 A tempting curd-white slice from Pheasant's breast,
 Ay, white as her shell-perfect fingers,
 And have no hatred for the friendly bringers
 Of game for thee, and for thy well-loved guest
 When wine is red.”

Alas ! this truth I know—right well.
 And *worse* the knowledge makes the fact, not better,
 We little men are bound with custom's fetter,
 This makes of earth a very mock of Hell ;
 We shrink from wrong that shows itself too plain,
 Perhaps, nor care to own blood-speckled fingers
 Have nice compunctions, round our heart still lingers
 A tweak of smart for causing others pain.
 So far so good !

Evils unseen fill up life still—
 We profit by what myriad things unwotted :
 To help our ease what unknown lives are blotted !
 Confused, we grope, and have no power—no will,
 Our eyes, not hearts, are tender, philanthropic,
 Cowards—we put aside each painful topic.
 We know not, will not know, what hovers still
 O'er death's dark wood !

J. J. BRITTON.

The Reading Guild.

THE RUSKIN READING GUILD was founded in 1887 for the purpose of promoting the study of the writings of John Ruskin and of the authors on whom he looks as his masters, such as Carlyle, Dante, etc. The Guild consisted of Branches or local societies, and of Associates, *i.e.* individual members in places where Branches could not be formed.

The organ of the Guild was at first a MS. magazine, called THE RUSKIN READING GUILD JOURNAL, of which a single copy was issued each month from November 1887 to May-June 1888, and from November to December 1888. In January 1889 the magazine appeared in printed form as a sixpenny monthly. Through its agency the number of branches and of associates increased.

In January 1890, under the name LGDRASIL, the magazine appeared in an enlarged and improved form, and by its means the Guild has been still further extended, and the old Ruskin Society of London has been revived under new and favourable auspices. In addition to being the organ of the Guild, the magazine has served in an unofficial way as the journal of the Ruskin Societies and of the Carlyle Society, etc. Nine numbers have been issued, and these complete the first volume. As the fourth session of the Guild commenced in October, it was deemed advisable to begin a new volume with the October number. The scope of the Guild has been widened, and it will henceforward be known simply as THE READING GUILD.

Though named after Mr. Ruskin, the Guild was not exclusively a Ruskin Society. In a paper on "The Idea of the Ruskin Reading Guild," the founder and general secretary explained that "the Guild was not intended to be a Ruskin Society in the strict sense, but rather a society inspired and guided by Ruskin's teaching in 'Sesame and Lilies' and 'Fors Clavigera,' etc., as to the reading of books. The members of the Guild were not to be Ruskinians any more than they were to be Carlyleans, Shakespereans, or Danteans." The motto of the Guild was taken from "St. Mark's Rest," in which Ruskin says: "No true disciple of mine will ever be a Ruskinian; he will follow, not me, but the instincts of his own soul and the guidance of its Creator." We recognise with Ruskin that "whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended what education is to lead to and literature to teach." We see with him and other teachers like-minded, "that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the

ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly*; conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men"—the only "pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not: the kingship which consists in a stronger moral state and a truer thoughtful state than that of others, enabling us therefore to guide or raise them." It is in the belief that "all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and therefore kingly power, first on ourselves, and through ourselves over all around us," that the Guild seeks to further the study of the writings of Ruskin and his masters and of noble literature generally. That the members and associates may become kingly men and queenly women instead of merely Ruskinians, Carlyleans, etc., is the aim of the Guild. The promise contained in the sixth article of the creed of St. George's Guild expresses clearly and beautifully the ideal to be aimed at by every right-minded and true-hearted human being: "I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life."

In the spirit of the true criticism, which refrains from blindly worshipping or ignorantly outraging genius, we endeavour to understand and learn to love its works. We shall give our chief attention to those works that are "classic," to which, in the almost unerring judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accomplished critics, have been adjudged in the great assize of letters the first places. These, therefore, "belong to the eternal senate." In the words of Ruskin, "The classical scriptures and pictures hitherto produced among men have been furnished mainly by five cities—viz., Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, and London—the history of which cities it is therefore necessary for all well-trained scholars to know. Hitherto, by all such scholars, it has indeed been partially known; but by help of recent discoveries we may now learn these histories with greater precision and to better practical advantage, such practical issue being our first aim in the historical classes instituted in the schools of the Society called 'St. George.'"

It is intended to study the history of these cities in connection with the life and work of their noblest sons, on the lines laid down in the preface to "The Economist of Xenophon," which will itself be used as a text-book, and in "Fors Clavigera," of which the portions bearing on these cities and their noblest sons will also be read. Home Reading Circles will be organised for this purpose—one for each city.

By naming it simply THE READING GUILD we wish to prevent misconception as to the character of the Guild, and to make clear its real scope as a society for the study of the best books of all time that are available for English-speaking people in their own tongue. Without trying to master the so-called "best hundred books," we shall attempt each session systematic study of a few great works in literature, art, and social philosophy.

The following is a list of standard and recent literature on the subject of reading :—

1. Carlyle's Inaugural Address on the Choice of Books (Miscellaneous Essays, Vol. VII.).
2. Emerson's "Society and Solitude"—"Books."
3. Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies"—"Of Kings' Treasuries."
4. Frederic Harrison's "The Choice of Books."
5. John Morley's "The Study of Literature," and "Popular Culture."
6. Sir John Lubbock's "The Pleasures of Life," Part I.
7. "The Best Hundred Books." (*Pall Mall Gazette* "Extra," No. 24).
8. Dowden's "Transcripts and Studies"—"Of Victorian Literature," and "The Interpretation of Literature."

These may all be read with advantage. The books of Mr. Frederic Harrison and Sir John Lubbock will be used as text-books this session.

The full programme of the Guild will be found in "The Guild Handbook," which contains a Select List of Works in Literature, Art, and Social Philosophy, and information concerning the Essay Club and the various Reading Circles connected with the Guild. It may be had (price 3*d.*, post free), from the General Secretary, Wm. Marwick, 1, Rustic Place, Dundee, or through any agent.

W. MARWICK.

Ancient Classical Drama.

THE noble drama of the Greeks never fails as a source of pleasure and profound interest to those who study it; but a fresh stimulus has been given, or an old enthusiasm rekindled, by the publication of Mr. R. G. Moulton's most admirable book on the subject.*

In his preface, Mr. Moulton claims to be one of those who believe a knowledge of the ancient classical literatures to be a first requisite of a liberal education. In defence of this opinion he maintains that our true literary ancestors are the Latin and Greek classics: the old English

* "The Ancient Classical Drama," by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

writers have had less influence in moulding our modern literature than have Homer and Virgil and the Greek dramatists. This is undoubtedly true; but in making a correct estimate of Greek drama as literature, it is most essential to ascertain the many ways in which it differs from stage representations at the present day; and in order to do so we must at once free our minds from all notions of modern English drama.

The next step must be a retrogressive one: we must go back to the times when even Greek drama as such was unknown, and find out what it was that ultimately developed into it. The Greeks only attended the theatre at certain festivals of the year, which occupied several days; and when we remember that they looked upon the drama as a religious rite, we shall more readily understand how Greek tragedy owes its origin to Bacchanalian worship, and may be traced from it through many and varied stages of development. Mr. Moulton speaks of it as a curious literary evolution.

The *Ballad Dance* of Ancient Greece is the original form out of which all species of literature have been developed; inasmuch as it was a combination of speech, music, and imitative gesture; and therefore the parent of poetry in its three divisions of epic, lyric, and dramatic.

The imitative gesture is, for lack of a better word, termed dancing; but the real dancing of the Greeks, as it ultimately developed, is a lost art,—an art which made use of bodily motion to convey thought. Charles Kingsley thus enthusiastically describes it in “*Hypatia*”: “A miracle of art, only possible amongst a people of the free and exquisite physical training, and the delicate æsthetic perceptions of those old Greeks even in their most fallen days. A dance in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion; in which every attitude was a fresh motive for a sculptor of the purest school; and the highest physical activity was manifested—not, as in coarse comic pantomimes, in fantastic bounds and unnatural distortions, but in perpetual delicate modulations of a stately and self-sustaining grace.”

Only one of these ballad dances was destined to develop into drama,—viz., the Dithyramb, the dance used in the festival worship of the God Dionysus, better known as Bacchus. These festivals were held four times a year, the periods corresponding with the months of December, January, February, and March. It was really a species of nature-worship, in which the growth of the grape, the vintage and other functions were commemorated; while it was consistent with the rites proper to the worship of Bacchus. From the very nature of this god it was to be expected that his worship would be distinguished by greater life, enthusiasm and passion, than that offered to any other deity; and above all, greater *action*, out of which characteristic springs the possibilities of its future dramatic destiny. We must picture the worshippers at these Bacchic festivals disguising their bodies with plaster, soot, or vermilion; and using masks and complete costumes of goatskins or deerskins—thus imitating Panes, nymphs, and other subordinate powers of nature; but especially Satyrs, the regular attendants of the god. The worship took the form of a “Comus,” or wandering dance, and the first evolutionary step was to change it into a “chorus,” wherein the worshippers would perform their ceremonies around the altar of Dionysus, chanting their litanies to wild and weird music as they danced.

The next change was the splitting up of this chorus into two semi-choruses, for the purpose of emphasizing by rapid and brief dialogue

some critical point in the ode. Then came the introduction of a foreman of the chorus—*Exarchus*—who would hold conversation with the rest to divide the ode into stages; each interruption bringing out a fresh subject for choral illustration. So far we can trace the dramatic element in scenes of dialogue, though at present it is but a subordinate function of the lyric chorus.

It remained for the epic element to be introduced, which was done in B.C. 535 by Thespis, who conceived the idea of having reciters (first one, but subsequently more) to carry on the dialogue parts, either by themselves, or with the foreman of the chorus. Such epic recitations leave their mark on the fully developed tragedy in the "Messenger's Speech," which is mainly distinguished by this characteristic. This singling out of men from the chorus to take some special part was perhaps the most important step in the development of drama, because it ere long led to the introduction of actors. Then their costumes and masks differed, and came to be imitative of the parts they assumed instead of those proper to the worship of Bacchus. This separation of episodes and odes not only meant a separation of actors from chorus, but necessitated a special place for the former, which ultimately resulted in the erection of a stage. The chorus remained in the orchestra, and always performed their strophes and antistrophes in their rhythmic movements to and from the altar, which was always erected in its centre. In time scenery was introduced; and as the costumes of actors changed, so before long the character of the chorus entirely altered; and at some point in the history of tragedy the chorus ceased to personate worshippers of Bacchus, and took a characterisation from the story they were portraying—becoming bystanders or friends of the hero, as the case might be.

The chorus in Greek drama is more difficult to understand and form a correct judgment of than any other element, as we have nothing at all equivalent to it in modern drama. The chorus held a most important place: perhaps they may be best described as "ideal spectators" both "in" and "of" the drama. Choral odes are found freely dispersed throughout the whole of a play, and an author makes use of these speeches in the mouths of the chorus to convey the impression that he would have his ideas produce in the minds of his audience. We find them at one time sharing in the woes of the ill-fated heroine, at another commenting upon evil deeds or noble actions with censure or praise, whilst at another they rejoice with the hero in the successful issue of his undertakings.

Mr. Moulton deals in one chapter with ancient tragedy in transition, and the instability of the chorus. Its ultimate disappearance, however, was not for many years after the time of Sophocles and Euripides, when Greek drama may be said to have been at its zenith.

The subject-matter of ancient tragedy was always the mythic stories; and though there was constant development going on in their treatment, yet they always remained the materials out of which the dramas were constructed—any attempt to break away from the conventional personages proving unsuccessful. It becomes, therefore, of the greatest interest to study how the different writers built upon the same foundations—as, for instance, the story of Orestes in the hands of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Each had his own mode of treatment; each specialised different particulars, events or personages.

One very marked difference between ancient and modern drama is, that there was never more than one act in Greek plays; and no change of scene except the occasional unrolling of an interior.

Plays were very often written as trilogies, but the events of one day only were given in each. Thus a writer would always select a climax as the central pivot upon which to work, and all previous events are either delivered in the messenger's speech, or told in the choral odes.

Mr. Moulton's chapters on Old Attic Comedy are also full of interest as well as instruction; and in cases of both tragedy and comedy the selections he has made use of as illustrations are always particularly apt, and of special merit. The one great subject for Greek comedy was satire, either political, social or literary; and the plays of Aristophanes are full of the subtlest humour and keenest of wit.

Another very valuable book on an allied subject, also recently published, is "The Attic Theatre," by Mr. A. E. Haigh, M.A.* This work is full of information—in fact, may be called a masterpiece of detail, so minute is it in all particulars. We are given the most vivid pictures of the noble theatre of Dionysus, the dramatic contests, the actors and the choragi; and from these two books a very complete idea may be gained of the Greek dramas, and the theatres in which they were enacted.

MARGARET HUNTER.

Plays and Poems.

THE Cambridge University Press has lately issued an excellent edition of "The *Iphigenia at Aulis* of Euripides," which is edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Mr. C. E. S. Headlam, B.A., of Trinity Hall. Mr. Headlam has divided his Introduction very conveniently into sections, in the first of which he details the story of the play. In further sections Criticisms on the Play, its Treatment in Art, and its Structure, are severally dealt with, and in each instance with learning and acumen.

We learn that the authorities on which the text of the play depends were two MSS., one in the Laurentian Library at Florence, and one in the Vatican Library at Rome. The play was first printed in 1503, at Venice, in the Aldine edition of Euripides. The Greek text as here given occupies some sixty pages, and of the careful Notes of the editor there are a hundred and forty pages, making of the edition a standard work which will serve every purpose.

In *Iphigenia in Delphi* Dr. Richard Garnett has completed the trilogy of plays dealing with the tragic episodes in the life of the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, treated by Euripides in *Iphigenia among the Tauri* and *Iphigenia at Aulis*. His play continues the story where Electra reaches the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and meets her sister Iphigenia, whom she believes to be dead. Iphigenia is awaiting the arrival of Orestes, their brother; and Electra, fearing he is dead, bewails her loss. Eurycles tells Electra that Iphigenia has murdered Orestes; and Electra, snatching the axe by which Agamemnon had been

* "The Attic Theatre," by A. E. Haigh, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

slain by Clytemnestra, and by which she in her turn was killed by Orestes, strikes Iphigenia with it. As she does so, Orestes enters the temple, and seeing Iphigenia lying on the floor he is distracted; he spurns Electra, who would throw herself into his arms with joy at his appearance. Iphigenia then calls for Electra, whom she now knows, to kiss her ere it is too late, and dies. Then Orestes tells Electra she has slain her own sister. Electra is then smitten with a terrible remorse, and when Orestes desires to forgive her she recoils from him in dread. Eventually, however, they embrace by the corpse of their sister, and depart from the temple. Dr. Garnett has proved himself a poet who possesses the Hellenic spirit in considerable strength. The play is fine reading, and the tragic episodes are written with much force. The book is published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Cameo Series," and also contains Homer's *Shield of Achilles*, and other translations from the Greek.

Turning from the "Cameo Series" to the "Mermaid Series" of Messrs. Vizetelly, we find the latest volume to be a further instalment of plays written wholly or partly by Thomas Middleton. This volume, which contains five plays, including *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Dekker, is edited by Mr. Havelock Ellis, who supplies a Preface. The Notes to the plays are added at the bottoms of the pages, and are very useful in elucidating obscure references and translating obsolete words into modern English.

One of the latest additions made by Messrs. Routledge & Sons to their "Carisbrooke Library" is "The Masques and Entertainments" of Ben Jonson, which together make a considerable volume, as there are twenty-nine masques and six entertainments included. Professor Henry Morley, the editor of this series, contributes an excellent Historical Introduction, and William Giffard's "Comment on Ben Jonson's Masques" is also included. This volume is of great use to the student of matters relating to acting.

In *Louis the Eleventh*, by Mr. John A. Coupland, the author of *Edward the Confessor*: a drama (London: Elliot Stock), we have a play dealing with a period in French history which admits of many stirring episodes and dramatic scenes. This period has been treated by Scott in "Quentin Durward," and by M. Casimir Delavigne in his drama with the same title as that chosen by Mr. Coupland. Mr. Coupland's Louis resembles more the conception of Scott than that of Delavigne, who makes him a man of detestable infamy. Scott's Louis is not altogether vile. In the present play, while we see the lying, craftiness, and baseness of the king, we also discern an occasional germ of something which is not quite evil. Although Louis is the chief study in this play, yet Quentin Durward has occupied the attention of the author to some purpose; and his conception of Durward is rather finely worked out, as is also that of the Countess Isabelle. Mr. Coupland's style is good, and the declamatory portions of the play sometimes reach a high level.

Turning from dramatic to lyric verse, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, in his volume of poems called "Blossoms and Brambles," also published by Mr. Elliot Stock, claims our first attention, and we would refer at the outset to the beautiful and unrhymed lines commencing—

"The blossoms and the brambles I bring you,"

with which the book commences.

In this volume there is no one note which implies the author's absorption

in any single pursuit, but all the poems included indicate an acquaintance with life and with literature which is not so apparent in all the early volumes of our poets. The subjects treated are wide in range and diverse in character and form. In it we find sonnets to Baudelaire and Herbert Spencer, and poems on "An Old Tea Cup" and "A Mood of Cleopatra." All are marked by a strong hand, but the sonnets, perhaps, are the least successful forms used throughout the volume. "The Meeting" is a very eerie poem, and startles one; "Barcarolle" is a daring experiment in metre, carried out with success; "With Intent to Kill" is a ghastly tragedy told in three brief vivid verses; "Sister Brenda" is a tragedy too, but told at greater length, and with more repose: the deed is of the past, and remorse speaks; "Behind History" is a story of unshamed, shameful lust and heartless murder, terrible in its cold-bloodedness; the old story of "Jael" is renewed with success, and Jael lives again for us, a woman full of love for her victim, but fuller of pride for her race; and lastly, "The Doubter" is a most powerful story told in numbers of mournful measure. The book is an important contribution to contemporary English verse.

In "Chambers Twain" we encounter much lighter material. Mr. Ernest Radford can write pleasant verses, and can apparently sympathise with suffering humanity; but this latter characteristic does not appear largely in the present volume, which is altogether of a light character. What we have is, however, very charming, and everything is written without a flaw. The book is altogether choice. Its pages are not overloaded with type, and if an occasional difficulty presents itself in finding the poem on their snowy expanses, we forgive freely, for we love these things. Mr. Radford is to be congratulated upon his exquisite versification and his taste, which is perfect, and upon securing so sweet a design for his title-page from Mr. Walter Crane. "Chambers Twain" is a gem of a book. In addition to its contents (and we ought to have referred to the translations) its fair paper, its type, its title-page and its cover, go to make an artistic whole which is very rarely met with in books of to-day. It reflects great credit on its publisher, Mr. Elkin Mathews, of Vigo Street, London.

In Mr. Gerard Bendall's volume of poems, "Ivy and Passion Flower," published by Mr. W. Heinemann, of London, we have found some fine verses. Mr. Bendall possesses a lyric gift which manifests itself in many a poem of sweet melody and charming sentiment. The first half of the book contains some very dear love lyrics, and we may mention "Spring," "To Sleep," and "At Home." "Love's House" has a trace of cynicism which jars in conjunction with the verses, its near neighbours. The tooling and colours of the binding of this book are in good taste.

In the volumes reviewed above there is much fine poetry of the lyric and dramatic kind to be found, and in the books which are now published for the first time, we see evidences of much good work in the future from the various authors.

KINETON PARKES.



The Book Gazette.

POETRY.

THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS. Vols. I. and II.
London: George Bell & Sons.

1. The Poetical Works of William Blake, Lyrical and Miscellaneous.
Edited with a Prefatory Memoir by W. M. Rossetti.
2. The Poetical Works of John Keats. Chronologically arranged and
edited, with a Memoir, by Lord Houghton. (Fifth edition.)

This new and cheaper reissue in fortnightly volumes of the Aldine Poets, printed on toned paper at the Chiswick Press, in fcap. 8vo size, and tastefully bound in cloth by Messrs. Burn & Co., far surpasses any other cheap edition of the poets, both in completeness of text, etc., and in beauty and handiness of form and size.

To the Blake volume is prefixed T. Philipps' portrait of Blake, engraved by Jeens, which Mr. W. M. Rossetti says is "less advantageous than another which is already current among readers and admirers of his work." The prefatory memoir is of course based on Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, and Swinburne's *William Blake: a Critical Essay*. The text of the Poetical Sketches follows the reprint which was published by Mr. Pickering in 1868 under the editorship of Mr. R. H. Shepherd. Mr. Rossetti thus foregoes certain emendations which were introduced by his brother into that earlier reprint which appears in Mr. Gilchrist's book, vol. ii., of some selected poems from the same series. Mr. Shepherd, it will be remembered, in his Introduction (dated 1874), protested against the dangerous precedent Mr. D. G. Rossetti had established of tampering with an author's text; and asked where was the process, once admitted as legitimate, to stop? Mr. W. M. Rossetti, although he considered the emendations were great improvements, seeing his brother felt that he could introduce them "without once in the slightest degree affecting the originality of the text," conceived that there was "a certain degree of difference between the treatment which may be legitimately applied to extracted poems printed for the first time, and serving partly to illustrate and adorn a biographical record, and the same poems when they form a portion of an edition of the author's works, simply as such." This reprint therefore contains all the poems in their original shape ("which form includes their occasional original shapelessness," adds Mr. Rossetti). This is all that students of Blake need ask for, and they have reason to thank Mr. W. M. Rossetti for his excellent edition, and the publishers for their cheap re-issue.

The Keats volume contains J. Severn's portrait and Lord Houghton's memoir. It is the edition of Keats, and its popularity is evinced by the fact that in the present re-issue it reaches its fifth edition.

THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT CARLO GOZZI. Translated by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. *London: John C. Nimmo.*

Of this book there were only seven hundred and eighty copies printed, so that the excessive rarity of the original Italian has had its value increased by the publication of these two sumptuous volumes, inasmuch as

they indicate the intrinsic value as well as the actual rarity of the original three volumes, discovered after much search. Mr. Symonds confesses, in an interesting preface, his predilection for autobiographies; and we know from his previous work in this direction that he is eminently successful in seizing hold of the character of the man whose memoirs he is handling. Count Gozzi was a soldier, a gentleman, and a playwright; and his memoirs contain so much relating to the manner of life and customs of Italians of the last century, that they form one of the most valuable founts of historical knowledge to be found. Now that they have been rendered a trifle more accessible, we are able to see with clearer vision into the inner life of the times with which they are concerned, and with this keener sight we are enabled to form a much more comprehensive conception of what life was like in those times. The Memoirs are a perfect mirror, not only of the times, but of the Count himself. They are transparently honest, and there is no doubt but that we see the man in his apparel as he lived. In addition to the translation of the Memoirs, Mr. Symonds contributes essays on "Italian Impromptu Comedy," full of interesting particulars concerning this curious phase of dramatic art; on "Gozzi's Life"; on "The Dramatic Fables," and on "Pietro Longhi," the painter of Venetian society during the period which Gozzi treats in the Memoirs. This artist's sketch-book contains as faithful a presentment of the outward and visible signs of his times as Gozzi's work does of the inner workings thereof. Mr. Symonds' masterly introduction, in three parts, occupies a hundred and eighty pages of the first volume. This work is beautifully printed and bound, and reflects the greatest credit on its publisher (Mr. Nimmo). It contains a portrait of Gozzi and six etchings by Adolphe Lalauze, and eleven subjects illustrating Italian comedy by Maurice Sand, engraved on copper by A. Manceau and coloured by hand.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By WILFRID WARD. *London: Macmillan & Co.*

The second edition of this work was issued at an opportune moment, for the death of Cardinal Newman brought to light much that had been understood but partially of the movement called variously the "Oxford" and "Tractarian," in which he had so large a responsibility. Ward was not connected so nearly with Newman as were some of the other leaders, and from the volume before us we see traits in his character, charming in themselves, but which nevertheless were a little alien to those tastes most cherished by Newman. The late Cardinal was always characterised by a staid solemnity of demeanour, both in life and in thought—which, however, never developed into melancholy; while Ward was gifted with a cheerfulness of temperament which made him a general favourite, but deprived him of the more solid influence which Newman possessed. Ward did Newman good service as regards the famous "Tract 90," the disturbances in connection with which he had partly predicted.

This volume not only contains a history of Ward's connection with the famous movement and its originators and chiefs, but it embraces a wider field, which includes the whole range of the thought of the time. Mr. Wilfrid Ward has done excellently well in producing this valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, as well as in presenting us with the biography of so charming and interesting a personality as his father's was.

THE PATERNOSTER REVIEW. No. 1. *London: C. Gilbert Ellis & Co.*

We are glad to welcome *The Paternoster Review*, the first number of which appeared last month. It is well printed, and contains eighty-eight pages, and the price is sixpence. The only evidence of cheapness is the wire sewing. We cannot too often protest against this extremely nasty custom. The contents of the *Paternoster* are excellent, and include "The Book of the Future," by Henry Blackburn, who enters a plea for neatly written MS. volumes reproduced by the photo-zinco process; "Cardinal Newman," by Fr. Lockhart, B.A., being personal reminiscences and reflections on the causes that led Newman to the Church of Rome; "1890," a sonnet by Aubrey de Vere; "Henry Parry Liddon," by C. Kegan Paul; "India of To-day," by the Marquess of Ripon, and several other interesting and useful articles and notes. The first number promises extremely well for the future of the review.

THE SUN. Vol. III. *Paisley: A. Gardner.*

The editor of the *Sun* is to be congratulated on the completion of a progressive volume, which contains much that is of interest and much that is of value, as well as a large supply of entertaining reading. Dr. George Macdonald contributes "There and Back," an interesting serial; Mr. Wm. Sharp, a set of papers on some works of ancient and modern time; and there are several other sets of serials, as well as miscellaneous papers by various well-known writers.

(A) NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES OF SIR J. E. MILLAIS. *London: W. Reeves.*

(B) NOTES ON THE PICTURES OF MR. HOLMAN HUNT (same publisher).

Mr. A. Gordon Crawford, who edits these two useful handbooks, deserves the thanks of all interested in the works of the two artists concerned; but particularly valuable will be the result of his self-imposed task to the historian of the art of our time. Both handbooks contain Mr. Ruskin's criticisms of the pictures, and the one on Millais contains a preface from Mr. Ruskin's pen.

THE SISTER ARTS. By JOHN BOND. *Liverpool: Edward Howell.*

An ingenious pamphlet showing the analogy between music, painting, poetry, sculpture and architecture. The subject is not new, but the pamphlet is readable.

HANDBOOK TO THE BOWES MUSEUM. *Liverpool: Edward Howell.*

Mr. James L. Bowes, the eminent authority and enthusiast on Japanese art, has done well to issue so complete and interesting a catalogue of the Japanese art-work in his museum at Liverpool. The handbook itself, extending to forty-eight pages as it does, is an interesting *brochure*, and it contains a few charming little illustrations.

A MANUAL FOR AUTHORS, PRINTERS, AND PUBLISHERS. By M. B. O'BRIEN. *London: Gee & Co.*

A very handy volume, dealing with all matters relating to printing and publishing, proof correcting, and the illustration of books, with specimens of the various processes employed, some of which are specialities of considerable value belonging to Messrs. Gee.

APPEAL TO CONSERVATIVES. By AUGUSTE COMTE. Translated by T. C. DONKIN and RICHARD CONGREVE. *London: Triibner & Co.*

All interested in Positivism and the writings of Comte generally will welcome this excellent translation of the "Appel aux Conservateurs," by Mr. Donkin and Dr. Congreve.

THE BRITISH BOOKMAKER. *Leicester: Raithby, Lawrence & Co.*

The August number is an excellent one. It contains a portrait of Christopher Plantin and Matthew Bell, and a design for book cover by Androuet de Cerceau, sixteenth century. The September issue contains an interesting illustrated sketch of the history of the Chiswick Press, and a good review of Mr. W. J. Linton's great work, "Masters of Wood Engraving," which is accompanied by two woodcuts and a portrait of Mr. Linton.

DE QUINCEY'S EDITORSHIP OF THE WESTMORLAND GAZETTE. *London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.*

This little book is full of interest, containing as it does selections from De Quincey's leaders, notes and articles on literature, politics and philosophy, which appeared from week to week in the *Westmorland Gazette*, and which have hitherto been unpublished. There are also letters and sonnets contributed to the same paper by William Wordsworth included in the volume and adding to its value.

THE NEW ARCADIA: BEING IDYLLS OF COUNTRY LIFE, WITH OTHER POEMS. By A. MARY F. ROBINSON (Madame James Darmesteter). New edition. *Fisher Unwin.* 1890.

As this is a second edition, we cannot give the space it deserves to this noteworthy volume. For ourselves, we think the "other poems" the better part of the book. Much as we care that our poets should feel for the wrongs and woes of the poor, we think that to write truly of them requires a deeper and wider knowledge than, as appears to us, is here shown. But for "Church-going Tim" we are grateful. It ought to be well known and much quoted. To our mind the gem of the book is "Love and Vision." Madame Darmesteter is here at her best, because absolutely natural and spontaneous. She has not set herself to do what she thinks is right to do, but sings from her heart, and so can more surely touch the hearts of others. We cannot but quote one verse from this poem, and we venture to underline what seems to us a lovely and musical expression of a thought so humanly true that triteness could not approach it:—

"Brown moors and stormy skies that kiss
At eve in rainy weather
You saw—but what the heather is
Saw I, who love the heather."

MAGAZINES.

Mr. E. L. T. Harris-Bickford, of Tuckingmill, Cornwall, has published the first number of a magazine which is named after himself, and which he describes as a serio-comic and critical monthly, of literary, dramatic and artistic interest. It contains within its twelve pages the first chapter of a short serial story, "Haunted," and a complete humorous story; No. 1 of "Prominent Personages"—Miss Mary McHardy, with portrait; poems

and notes. The "Editorial Salutation" is entitled "How D'ye Do?" which ends "Reader! our fate is with you,"—to which the reader will say "Amen."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

GEORGE ALLEN.—"Ariadne Florentina," by John Ruskin.

"BELL.—"Pasteur and Rabies," by Thomas M. Dolan, M.D.,
F.R.C.S. Ed.

"Education from the Cradle," by Princess Mary
Ouroussov.

ELKIN MATHEWS.—"Dante," six sermons, by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A.

WALTER SCOTT.—"Don Juan and Other Stories," by Balzac.

"Pericles and Aspasia," by W. S. Landor.

"Fabian Essays in Socialism," cheap edition.

PEWTRESS & CO.—"The Natural Food of Man," by Ernest Densmore,
M.D.

Notes and News.

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT.

FOR the last four years a series of lectures on botany and zoology, followed by practical work, has been given at the Granton Marine Station, Edinburgh, during the month of August. These holiday courses have been principally attended by teachers and others interested in higher education, and last year the biological courses were supplemented by an introductory course on sociology.

This year the experiment was made of completely altering the system of more or less disconnected courses customary in the University Extension movement and its associated summer meetings, and bringing all the subjects taught into close relation instead of treating them as isolated studies not connected with one another, the object aimed at being the unification of studies. The lectures were reduced to four series each of twenty lectures, as follows:—

- (1) "Introduction to Sociology," by Professor Patrick Geddes.
- (2) "Principles of Biology," by Professor Geddes and Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, Lecturer at the School of Medicine, Edinburgh.
- (3) "Zoology," by Mr. Thomson.
- (4) "Botany," by Professor Geddes, Mr. R. Turnbull, Lecturer on Botany at the School of Medicine for Women, Edinburgh, and Mr. A. J. Herbertson, Demonstrator of Botany at University College, Dundee.

The courses of sociology and general biology were arranged to illustrate each other, and the courses on botany and zoology were also kept parallel to the teaching of more general biology, so that the student might attend forty or even sixty lectures with the continuity of a single course.

Excursions were made from time to time to places combining biological with social interest—notably to the "Kingdom" of Fife.

As before, a large proportion of the male students resided at University Hall; and a new departure was made this year in reserving the recent extension of University Hall, in Riddle's Court, High Street (an old

Edinburgh mansion restored to its former state), as a temporary college home for the ladies attending the courses.

During the last week of the courses, the students who attended the sociological course arranged a series of *tableaux vivants* illustrating the principal periods in the development of civilisation:—

- (1) Pastoral life—the patriarch at the tent-door blessing the new-born child, with the other members of the primitive family round him—illustrating the early form of family-community.
- (2) Hunting life (illustrated by the solitary figure of a Red Indian bending his bow)—the most individualistic of all forms of society.
- (3) Agricultural life—the women at the mill and the men coming in with the corn.
- (4) Modern industry—exemplified by match girls at work in their cellar.
- (5) Modern contrasts—on one side a seamstress at work in her attic, on the other a modern fine lady with her pet dog and her novel.
- (6) “Coming events cast their shadows before”—a forecast.

The plan of associating courses of study dealing with the “humanities” and with natural science has been found so successful that Professor Geddes and Mr. Thomson are not only preparing a more developed scheme for the August gathering of 1891, but propose, after the additional experience thus gained, to arrange a similar course of higher instruction in Edinburgh during the following winter. This course will be arranged with special reference to the requirements of teachers, as well as to those of a larger public.

It will be seen that Professor Geddes’ method differs considerably from that adopted in the University Extension movement. Useful as this movement has been, and although its success is placed beyond doubt, it is deficient as a criticism upon modern educational methods. It aims at extending the higher education given at the Universities, and so far deserves praise; but it takes for granted the methods of teaching adopted at the Universities, whereas it is the aim of Professor Geddes, by his scheme of associated teaching, to unify all kinds of study and to bring them all into relationship with one another—in other words, to teach every thing around a single subject, that of the progress of humanity.

DR. BAYNE ON RUSKIN.

The first meeting of the Session of the Ruskin Society of London was held on Friday evening, October 17th, at the London Institution, when Dr. Peter Bayne, the author of “Lessons from My Masters,” delivered the opening address. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, the Principal of Whitelands College. Taking Mr. Ruskin as his subject, Dr. Bayne spoke of him as (*a*) an Art Critic, (*b*) a Political Economist, and (*c*) a Moral and Religious Teacher. His views on Art, as the imaginative representation of nature, were comprehensively right; and his services had not been limited to criticism and inculcation of principles, but had included that of advocating the preservation unsullied of scenes of natural beauty and the solitudes of mountain and stream. He had also rendered a grand service to the nation by his vindication of the genius of Turner, and his rescue of the Turner drawings from oblivion. Under this head Dr. Bayne suggested (*i*) That the Ruskin Society should inform and inflame the public mind on the Turner bequest, and promote the foundation of a Turner Institute, to commemorate and utilise the noblest gift

ever made by an artist to his nation. A Ruskin Society, he contended, is necessarily a Turner Society. If they accepted Mr. Ruskin's estimate of Turner they must follow up his work in relation to Turner. (2) That they should exercise an influence over the Art-schools of England. He concurred with Mr. Ruskin that the painting of the nude was outside the range of Northern art; that the dressed figure is the type; and that only so much of the figure as could be seen with decency and contemplated with reverence should be depicted. (3) He further suggested that the mural advertisements of London should have the Society's attention. There was nothing in which we Londoners stood more conspicuously disgraced than in these vulgar uglinesses which shrieked to every foreigner that we were a nation of mere petty bargain hunters. He advocated the adoption of some such measures in London, for the protection of the walls, as were resorted to in Geneva and in Paris. (δ) There was much in Mr. Ruskin's Political Economy with which the speaker did not agree; but he chiefly regretted that Mr. Ruskin had conjured up enemies where he might have found friends. That Mr. Ruskin was not so much in antagonism to Smith and Ricardo as he proclaimed might be inferred from his early and thorough-going profession of Free Trade principles. He eulogised Mr. Ruskin, too, for the completeness of his views in regard to national education, views which were promulgated long before Forster's Act was heard of, and long before the public was educated even up to that level. In this connection Dr. Bayne mentioned incidentally that juvenile crime has been reduced two-thirds since the Elementary Education Act has been in operation. (c) Mr. Ruskin's Ethical Teaching was all summed up in unswerving faith in well-applied kindness. Carlyle put his trust in "steel-whips," Ruskin in the force of self-sacrificing love. The Divine love was exemplified in the world; while love of man to man was subduing the evil that is in the world. Dr. Bayne concluded an able and interesting address by reading, from a small volume that had been given him by Mr. Ruskin's father, Mr. Ruskin's poem entitled "Charitie." Addresses followed, with votes of thanks to the chairman and the lecturer, by Mr. Peartree, Mr. S. Robjohns, Mr. Viney, and Mr. Butler (Secretary). The next meeting is to be on November 14th, when Mr. Robjohns will read a paper on Ruskin and the two first volumes of "Modern Painters."

A PICTURE BY MR. FORD MADOX BROWN.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown is now at work on a picture called "Stages of Cruelty," which was begun as long ago as 1856, and which embodies some of the earlier principles upon which the "Pre-Raphaelites" went to work. The work was commenced in the garden of Mr. Madox Brown's house at Fortress Terrace, near Highgate, while the celebrated "Work" was still in hand. The subject was designed to suit the background of lilac leaves and the garden steps. Nearly the whole of the picture, with the important exceptions of the bloodhound and child, was painted at that date. The little girl is beating the dog with a branch of "Love-lies-bleeding," while her elder sister is practising with the young man of next door. The figure of the youth was painted from a younger brother of Mr. Woolner, R.A. The little girl was begun in outline from Mr. Madox Brown's younger daughter, who became the wife of the late Francis Hueffer, the musical critic of the *Times* (whose early death was so great a blow to all who knew him and to the cause of musical art in this country),

but was finished a few weeks ago from her daughter. The bloodhound, Duke, belongs to Mr. Blofelt, of The Gables, Somerset, by whom he was lent to the artist. He is a noble animal. The picture is a most interesting one in many ways.

THE POEMS OF JOHN RUSKIN,

written between the ages of seven and twenty-six, with about twenty-five plates from drawings by the author, illustrative of some places mentioned in the text, and facsimiles of two poems and an early letter to his father. *Three Editions.* In 2 vols., each about 320 pages, edited by W. G. Collingwood, M.A. (formerly Mr. Ruskin's private secretary). An *édition de luxe* (limited), on Arnold's unbleached hand-made paper, specially made for the work, and the plates on India paper, large post 4to, 3 guineas. Ordinary edition, with all the plates, 4to, 30s.; small edition with facsimiles (but none of the plates), uniform with small editions recently published, 2 vols., 10s., small post 8vo.

POOR PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS. By the Hon. Roden Noel.—A revised edition of this poem, which appeared in the October number of *IGDRASIL*, will be published immediately in booklet form in white grained boards by Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, London, W. The poem, in this attractive form, should have a large circulation at Christmas time.

THE *Magazine of Art* commences a new volume with the November part. Mr. G. F. Watts' beautiful "Fata Morgana" has been etched by Mr. James Dobie for the issue. The promised features for the new volume are of great interest, and include "The Portraits of Professor Ruskin," written by the editor, Mr. M. H. Spielmann; and among the portraits included are those by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., Professor Herkomer, R.A., John Northcote, R.A., Geo. Richmond, R.A., and others.

THE *Art Annual* (the Christmas number of the *Art Journal*) will consist of "The Life and Work of Birket Foster," by Mr. Marcus B. Huish. It will contain an etching and two line engravings, and about forty illustrations in the text.

MR. Bernard Quaritch, of 15, Piccadilly, London, will shortly begin the publication of "The Saga Library," which will be translated and edited by William Morris, author of "The Earthly Paradise," with the assistance of Eiríkr Magnússon. It is proposed to publish under the above title a series of translations of the works of the early literature of the North, produced by the Icelanders, in their present form, mostly in the thirteenth and first part of the fourteenth centuries. The following is a list of the principal translations which it is intended to publish: "The Poetic Edda" (1 vol.); "The Prose Edda" (1 vol.); "The Volsunga Saga" (1 vol.); "Heimskringla, or Chronicles of the Kings of Norway" (3 vols.); "The Orkney Saga" (1 vol.); "The Sagas of Eric the Red and Thorfinn Karsefne," being the tale of the discovery of America in the tenth century (1 vol.); "Gunnlaug's Saga," "Frithiof's Saga," and "Saga of Viglund the Fair" (1 vol.); "Story of Grettir the Strong" (1 vol.); "Egil's Saga" (1 vol.); "Njal's Saga" (1 vol.); "Eyrbyggja Saga" (1 vol.); "Saga of the Laxdalers" (1 vol.); "Hen Thorir's Saga," "Saga of Howard the Halt," "Saga of the Banded Men" (1 vol.); and several others.

THE serial stories commencing with the October magazines are of interest and importance. In the *Fortnightly* Count Tolstoï opens "Work while ye have the Light," and Mr. George Meredith "One of our Conquerors"; in the *Contemporary* Vernon Lee writes chapters i. to v. of "A Worldly Woman"; in the *English Illustrated* Mr. F. Marion Crawford opens "The Witch of Prague"; in *Macmillan* Messrs. D. Christie Murray and H. Herman commence "He fell among Thieves," and, in the *Sun*, Mrs. Oliphant writes chapters i. to iv. of "The Railway Man and his Children."

MESSRS. Blackie & Son, publishers, of the Old Bailey, have presented a copy of the "Selections from the *Liber Studiorum*" of J. M. W. Turner to the Ruskin Museum at Meersbrook, Sheffield. The work, which is contained in a handsome portfolio, is a very valuable one for students.

Correspondence.

DEUS ET POPULUS.

DEAR SIR,—

Perhaps some of the enclosed are worthy of insertion in *IGDRASIL*.

The increased value which is now attached to Education may be judged from the character of those who have charge of it. In the Education Commission of 1885 it was brought out by Mr. P. Cumin that some men met on the street a person who was in the habit of drinking. He happened to be sober, and they said if he would keep sober for a week they would put him on the School Board. He did so, and was elected. This is the sort of man teachers are expected to give satisfaction to, and to whom My Lords 'look with confidence for aid,' etc.

Carlyle, thou shouldst be living at this hour,—and yet no one seems more living in one way. Oscar Wilde once told me he was a barbarian; but I told him to read the "Diamond Necklace" if he wanted style, and "John Sterling" if he wanted to see him as the father and friend of a youth who was passionately striving to lead a noble life. He only knew him as the stern prophet denouncing all shams like the above (and admitted that Knox was a barbarian too).

I hope the author of "What Men live by" is now better, and remain,
Faithfully yours,

JA. LORNE Mack.

June 11th, 1890.

LETTER TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

"CRATHES SCHOOL, BANCHORY, 13th December, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,—

"Miss Burton tells me that you are to preside at her Lecture on Elementary Education. Distance prevents me from attending, but I shall be drawn away in thought when two such luminaries are in conjunction.

"Lord Rosebery told the students a good thing five years ago about Dr. Norman M'Leod. He was visiting one of his parishioners who was an old Covenanter. She handed him one end of her ear trumpet and shouted 'Gang o'er the fundamentals.' You will be calling on Miss Burton to gang o'er the fundamentals. She is going to read 'A Plea for Boys' from Ruskin's 'Fors Clavigera.' I sent it to her because, at last election of School Board, she was the great advocate of Technical Instruction.

"I hope you will repeat the advice you gave long ago :—

'Now this I declare unto all,
That you'll be a fool,
If you don't go to school
With Plato, and Peter, and Paul.'

For *if a man has manual skill, good manners, and religious faith*, he will hardly miss the trash which we dignify with the name of learning.

"From the enclosed you will see that I am, dear Sir,

"Fraternally yours, JA. LORNE MACK."

Extract from a letter dated 23rd August, 1887, from Miss Burton, Member of the Edinburgh School Board, Member of the Edinburgh Parochial Board, and Life Member of the Heriot-Watt College Committee :—"I appealed to the Trades' Council here about the Truant School Bill, and I got a very nice answer from them agreeing with me. Here is an extract from a long report they have drawn up: 'The allowance of a much wider latitude to Teachers in the employment of kindlier persuasive means, in the substitution and encouragement of methods of *drawing in place of driving*, lies the strong probability of means.'"

Extract from a letter dated 3rd January, 1890, from Miss Burton, Edinburgh :—"I have been thinking much of your system of Garden teaching of late, and it has been borne in upon me that much of our teaching could be better done from natural objects than from books, and I intend bringing some such motion as the following before our Board: 'That our teachers be permitted to give from time to time, during school hours, Object Lessons from Nature, outside the School, etc.' Of course I am told this cannot be done—the Code and other things preventing; but if one were to be frightened by croakers, nothing would ever be done."

"ON HUMANITY'S SERVICE.

"PROFESSOR RUSKIN ON EDUCATION.—(See *Free Press* and *Gazette* on Saturday.) 'The education craze has gone far enough. "My Lords do not find any conclusive proof that over-pressure has prevailed"; but the first leaf of "Hard Times," by Dickens, shows how "Murdering the Innocents" is done. What is all the cramming for? Beaconsfield said reading and writing were most hurtful, and Ruskin says as much. If these be taken as representative men, it is evident that the education now given will neither fit a man for this world nor the next. The Decimal System (as well as every business firm's private system) is just a protest against our impractical arithmetic, as Pitman's Shorthand is a protest against our spelling. It was time to make education free, like vaccination or any other disagreeable thing. Children who will have to work with their hands for a living are expected to sit with their arms folded, between the ages of five and fourteen (to meet the requirements of discipline), and the intelligence of children who in after life should have nothing to say is to be judged by their readiness in answering. No wonder Tennyson says, "This old England will go down in babble yet!" (Proverbs xiv. 23). "Take care of what you are about," said Wellington: "unless you base all this education on religion you are only making so many clever devils." The magistrates of nearly all the large towns have had to appeal to the School Boards about the behaviour of the scholars. We hear of a great reformer who is closing the schools altogether.'

"JAMES MACK, Crathes School, Banchory.

“(Extracts by James Mack, Crathes School, Banchory.)—‘She answered that Inspectors of Schools now required the three R.’s imperatively, to which I again answered, with indignation at high pressure, that millions of Inspectors of Schools collected on Cader Idris should not make me teach in my schools, come to them who liked, a single thing I did not choose to.

“Secondly, I do not choose that St. George’s children, as a rule, should learn either reading or writing, because there are very few people in the world who get any good by either. Broadly and practically whatever foolish people read does them harm, and whatever they write does other people harm.

“Next, as regards arithmetic (as partly stated in the preceding “Fors,” page 233), children’s time should never be wasted nor their heads troubled about it. The importance at present attached to it is a mere filthy folly, coming out of the notion that every boy is to become, first a banker’s clerk, and then a banker, and that every woman’s principal business is in checking cook’s accounts.

“‘I heard an advanced class tormented out of its life the other day at our school to explain the difference between a numerator and a denominator. I wasn’t sure myself for a minute which was which, and supremely didn’t care.

“‘I am at total issue with most Preceptors as to the use of grammar to anybody. In a recent examination at Coniston school I observed that the thing the children did exactly best was the parsing, and the thing they did exactly worst the repetition. Could stronger proof be given that the dissection of a sentence is as bad a way to the understanding of it as the dissection of a beast to the biography of it?

“‘How many actual deaths are now annually caused by the strain and anxiety of competitive examination it would startle us all if we could know; but the mischief done to the best faculties of the brain in all cases, and the miserable confusion and absurdity involved in the system itself, which offers every place, not to the man indeed who is fitted for it, but to the one who on a given day chances to have bodily strength enough to stand the cruelest strain, are evils infinite in their consequence and more lamentable than many deaths.’”

JOWETT’S PLATO—“THE REPUBLIC.”

Book IX. 591-2, Vol. II., p. 433.

JOWETT’S TRANSLATION.

The man of understanding will concentrate himself on this as the work of life. And in the first place, he will honour studies which impress the qualities on his soul, and will disregard others?

MR. RUSKIN’S NOTES AND RETRANSLATIONS.*

Will not then the man of understanding gather all that is in him and stretch himself like a bent bow to this aim of life? And in the first place, honour studies which thus chastise and deliver his soul in perfectness, and will despise others?

* These notes are copied (*in italic*) from his copy of Jowett’s Plato, given to Whitelands College.

Clearly, he said.

In the next place, he will keep under his body, and so far will he be from yielding to brutal and irrational pleasure, that he will regard even health as quite a secondary matter; his first object will be not that he may be fair or strong or well, unless he is likely thereby to gain temperance, but he will be always desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the soul?

Certainly, he replied, that he will, if he has true music in him.

And there is a principle of order and harmony in the acquisition of wealth; this also he will observe, and will not allow himself to be dazzled by the opinion of the world and heap up riches to his own infinite harm?

I think not, he said.

He will look at *the city which is within him*, and take care to avoid any change of his own institutions, such as might arise either from abundance or from want; and he will duly regulate his acquisition and expense, in so far as he is able?

Very true.

592. And, for the same reason, he will accept such honours as he deems likely to make him a better man; but those which are likely to disorder his constitution, whether private or public honours, he will avoid?

Clearly, he said.

In the next place, he will keep under his body, and so far will he be from yielding to brutal and irrational pleasure,* that he will *not even first look to bodily health as his main object, nor desire to be* fair or strong or well, unless he is likely thereby to gain temperance, but he will be always desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the soul?

Certainly, he replied, that he will, if he is *indeed taught by the Muses*.

And *he will also keep the principle of classing and concord* in the acquisition of wealth; and will not, because the mob *beatify him, increase his endless load of wealth* to his own infinite harm?

I think not, he said.

He will look at *the city which is within him*, and take care to avoid any change of his own institutions, such as might arise either from abundance or from want; and he will duly regulate his acquisition and expense, in so far as he is able?

Very true.

592. And, for the same reason, he will accept such honours as he deems likely to make him a better man; but those which are likely to *loosen his possessed habit*, whether private or public honours, he will avoid?

* Plato does not mean here dissipation of a destructive kind (as the next sentence shows), but healthy animal stupidities—hunting, shooting, and the like.

IGDRASIL.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 12.

Ruskiniana.

IN this issue we give a number of miscellaneous letters, which either have not fallen under previous divisions, or have only recently come to our knowledge. With these we conclude, for the present, our collection of letters.

A HISTORICAL NOMENCLATURE FOR ENGLISH GOTHIC.

[From *The Builder*, Nov. 1st, 1851.]

In your number for 4th of October, there is a proposal by Mr. Garbett to introduce a historical instead of descriptive nomenclature for English Gothic.* The discussion to which it must have given rise will probably be nearly over by the time you receive this; but I should be glad if you would permit me, though thus late, to express in your columns my entire concurrence with Mr. Garbett's views, and my hope that his suggestions may be quickly and generally acted upon. I am not sure that the names he proposes are the best which could be chosen, but I am very sure that the principle is right, and that the adoption of a nomenclature of this kind would not only put an end to innumerable vain disputes and harmful obscurities of expression, but help the general public to a better understanding of the relation of art to the political circumstances of nations.

I see there is fault found, in the same paper, with my way of talking of Orders.† I will render reason for this elsewhere,‡ having at present only to fulfil a neglected duty towards another of your correspondents. Several months ago some plumber or glazier was trying, in your columns, to defend the modern practices of marbling, graining, and such other lying ornamentations, from what I had alleged against them,§ when one of the ablest of your correspondents took up the good cause and answered him so thoroughly, handling several parts of the subject far better than I had been able to do, that I have ever since had it in my mind to request you to convey to him my thanks for his defence, not of me or my sayings, but of most important truth. I have not your paper by me here, and cannot, therefore, say in what numbers the discussion appeared; but your readers will probably remember it, or, if not, will find it worth the trouble of a little search.

J. RUSKIN.

VENICE.

* Mr. E. L. Garbett proposed such terms as "Edwardian," "Lancastrian," etc., instead of the usual "Early English," "Perpendicular," etc.

† See "Stones of Venice," I. i. 17-20; vi. 5, xxvii. 40, and Appendix vii.

‡ Reason was rendered in the later volumes of the Book. II. vi. 24, 27, and III. ii. 90-91; iv. 35.

§ See "Seven Lamps," chap. I., sec. 7, afterwards enforced in "Stones of Venice," III. i. 40 *seq.*

[From "John Ruskin," an article by Mrs. R. Thackeray Ritchie, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, March 1890.]*

A LETTER TO THACKERAY.

DENMARK HILL, 21st December, 1860.

DEAR MR. THACKERAY,

I think (or should think if I did not know) that you are quite right in this general law about lecturing; though, until I knew it, I did not feel able to refuse the letter of request asked of me.

The mode in which you direct your charity puts me in mind of a matter that has lain long on my mind, though I never have had the time or face to talk to you of it.

In somebody's drawing-room ages ago you were speaking accidentally of M. de Marvy.† I expressed my great obligation to him; on which you said that I could now prove my gratitude, if I chose, to his widow,—which choice I then not accepting, have ever since remembered the circumstance as one peculiarly likely to add, so far as it went, to the general impression on your mind of the hollowness of people's sayings and hardness of their hearts.

The fact is, I give what I give almost in an opposite way to yours. I think there are many people who will relieve hopeless distress for one who will help at a hopeful pinch, and when I have choice I nearly always give where I think the money will be fruitful rather than merely helpful. I would lecture for a school when I would *not* for a distressed author; and would have helped De Marvy to perfect his invention, but not—unless I had no other object—his widow after he was gone. In a word, I like to prop the falling more than to feed the fallen. This, if you ever find out anything of my private life, you will know to be true; but I shall never feel comfortable, nevertheless, about that Marvy business unless you send to me for ten pounds for the next author, or artist, or widow of either, whom you want to help.

And with this weight at last off my mind, I pray you to believe me always faithfully, respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

All best wishes of the season to you and your daughters.

[From "Retrospect of a Long Life," by S. C. Hall (Bentley and Sons), 1883, ii. 1 n.]

LETTER TO S. C. HALL.

DENMARK HILL, December 18th, 1870.

DEAR MR. HALL,

The beautiful book‡ is in every way valuable to me, deeply interesting in itself, with interest upon interest (like Lord Overstone's

* In this article will be found, in addition to this letter, the three to Mr. G. F. Watts, that to Mr. Burne-Jones, and the two or three written from Oxford and Herne Hill, 1873-82. As, however, the number of *Harper* containing them is so recent, and still obtainable, we do not reprint them here.

† Mrs. Ritchie says of this letter: "It concerned M. Louis Marvy, who was an engraver by profession, and had, as I believe, been mixed up in some of the revolutionary episodes of 1848. He was a very charming and gentle person, in delicate health. . . . He died quite young, not long after his return to France."

‡ Mr. Hall's "Book of Memories."

income) in all being true—and interest at triple usury, in being all truth of the kind it is most helpful to know; besides all this it assures me that I am not forgotten by friends whose memory of me is one of the few things I still care for, in a very weary time of my life and heart.

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

S. C. HALL, Esq.

[From "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft," in "On and Off the Stage," Vol. i., p. 324. (Bentley, 1888).]

LETTER TO S. B. BANCROFT.

DENMARK HILL, S.E., *March 16, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. BANCROFT,

I cannot refuse myself the indulgence of thanking you for the great pleasure we had at the play* on Wednesday last. As regards myself, it is a duty no less than an indulgence to do so, for I get more help in my own work from a good play than from any other kind of thoughtful rest.

It would not indeed have been much use to me to see this one while Mrs. Bancroft could not take part in it; but much as I enjoy her acting and yours, I wish the piece, with its general popular interest, did not depend so entirely upon you two, and, when you two are resting, on the twins. I was disappointed with Mr. Hare's part—not with his doing of it, but with his having so little to do. However, that was partly my own mistake, for I had a fixed impression on my own mind that he was to wear a lovely costume of blue and silver, with ostrich feathers, and, when he was refused, to order all the company to be knouted, and send the heroine to Siberia.

In spite of his failure in not coming up to my expectations, will you please give him my kind regards? and believe me,

Yours very gratefully,

J. RUSKIN.

[From Messrs. Newcome's Catalogue of Autograph Letters, 1890.†]

"PROSERPINA."

DOMO D'OSSOLA, *30th May, '77.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

I am very glad to have your letter saying you like Proserpina. So do I; and would fain work at it, but have had more serious business lately, affecting the interests of thousands. I hope to get back to the wild flowers for some rest, and to send you some more Proserpina this summer.

Always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* "*Ours*."

† The first two sentences of this letter were printed by Messrs. Newcome & Co. (16, Kennedy Street, Manchester), in their very interesting Catalogue of Autograph Letters, published in the summer of 1890. We are indebted to their kindness for a complete copy of the letter. The Catalogue also contained the letters on "St. George's Farms," "True News of Good" (see vol. i., p. 349, and p. 66 *supra*) and the following extract from another letter, together with notes of two other letters in their possession, from which, however, no extracts were given in the Catalogue.

[From Messrs. Newcome's Catalogue of Autograph Letters.*]

THE CERTAINTY OF REVOLUTION.

[8th January, 1880.]

. . . But don't you know then that I am entirely with you in this Irish misery, and have been this thirty years?—only one can't speak plain without distinctly becoming a leader of Revolution! I know that Revolution *must come* in all the world—but I can't act with Danton or Robespierre, nor with the modern French Republican or Italian one. I *could* with you and your Irish, but you are only at the beginning of the end.

I have spoken—and plainly too—for all who have ears, and hear; but all landlords have adder's ears as well as teeth. . . .

EXCUSES FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

[From a circular reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 22nd, 1889.]

BRANTWOOD, August 14, 1881.

Mr. Ruskin never gives autographs but to his friends, and of late has scarcely, even for them, consented to add in any wise to his usual bulk of daily penmanship—irksome enough even when reduced within the narrowest possible limits.

[From a circular reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 2nd, 1886.]

Mr. Ruskin has sent out the following circular letter, dated Brantwood, March 30th, 1886:—"Mr. Ruskin trusts that his friends will pardon his declining correspondence in spring, and spending such days as may be spared to him in the fields, instead of at his desk. Had he been well, he would have been in Switzerland, and begs his correspondents to imagine that he is so; for there is no reason, because he is obliged to stop in England, that he should not be allowed to rest there."

[From the *Morning Post*, February 25th, 1882.]

JUMBO AT THE "ZOO."†

To the Editor of the "*Morning Post*."

SIR,

HERNE HILL, Feb. 23.

Permit me, as a life fellow of the Zoological Society, to contradict in the sternest and most direct manner the statement made by its secretary in your columns of to-day that "it is quite certain that the members of the council share in this regret" (at selling their old elephant to a caravan) "as much as any of the fellows." I, for one of the said fellows, am not in the habit of selling my old pets or parting with my old servants because I find them subject occasionally, perhaps even "periodically," to fits of ill temper; and I not only "regret" the proceedings of the council, but disclaim them utterly, as disgraceful to the city of London and dishonourable to common humanity. If the council want money let them beg it,—if they want a stronger elephant's house let them build it; there is brick and iron enough in London to keep a single beast safe with, I suppose, and if there

* Only this extract was printed by Messrs. Newcome; and the letter having passed from their hands, they were unable to do us the courtesy of forwarding a complete copy for publication.

† Jumbo was killed on the Grand Trunk Railway, near S. Thomas, Ontario, on September 15th, 1885, by being struck by a passing goods train as his keeper was leading him and other elephants along the track. (*Times*, September 17th, 1885.)

are not children in London brave enough to back him in his afternoon walk, let them look at him and go to their rocking-horses. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Slater's letter is quite ground enough to justify the police in preventing any further direct violence to the animal; and while the council and Mr. Barnum's agent are concocting new methods of treachery to him, there is time for the children to say their say, and pay their pence, and make Jumbo their own for ever. Then, if there are any other fellows of my mind, we'll find board and lodging for him, and peace.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

[From a facsimile circular issued by Mr. Barraud.]

LETTER TO MR. H. R. BARRAUD.*

30th April, 1882.

DEAR MR. BARRAUD,

We are all much more than pleased with these results of your extreme skill and care; they are the first photographs ever done of me that expressed what good or character there is in me for my own work; and as pure photography they seem to me to go as far as the art can at this day (and I do not believe it can ever do much better).

The portrait of Baby is also a rare success, both in your choice of action and the precision of effect: it is extremely and singularly beautiful. Mr. Severn was good—and my Lucerne drawing better than itself: only my favourite Ruth has failed; but she was put off too long, and not studied enough. However, it was as well, seeing the hitherto difficulty of getting an endurable likeness of me for the friends who care for me, that you gave your time to that immediate business.

I admit, for *once*—as you have managed to use it—the good of studio light! But some day you must please do one of me in open light, for the sake of fair play to the Day and to your own skill, which I am sure can conquer more difficulties than you have tried.

And so believe me always gratefully and faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

MR. HERBERT R. BARRAUD.

[From "John Ruskin: A Study." By the Rev. R. P. Downes, 1890.]

"A PENNYWORTH OF THOUGHTS."†

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 30th Dec., '83.

SIR,

I am very glad to hear of a minister's editing such a periodical as you propose, but I am not sanguine of its success. Do you think you

* Addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. H. R. Barraud, Photographer (263, Oxford Street), after a visit by Mr. Barraud to Mr. Arthur Severn's studio at Herne Hill. Mr. Barraud published a lithograph facsimile of the letter, portions of which he also printed upon his prospectuses. Mr. Ruskin sat to him again in the spring of 1885.

† Addressed to Mr. Downes, of Upper Norwood, editor of a periodical entitled *Great Thoughts*, and consisting largely of excerpts from great writers. Mr. Downes had evidently asked Mr. Ruskin's permission to make use of excerpts from his writings. The above letter is facsimiled at p. 25 of the above pamphlet, which was published as No. I. of the "Great Thoughts Library," by A. W. Hall, 131, Fleet Street, E.C.

really can supply a pennyworth of thoughts a week? Anyhow, if mine here and there will serve; you are very welcome to them.

Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. ROBT. P. DOWNES.

EPITAPH ON THE REV. OSBORNE GORDON *

(Student and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Rector of Easthampstead, Berks, from 1860 to 1883).

An Englishman of the Olden Time,
Humane without Weakness, Learned without Ostentation,
Witty without Malice, Wise without Pride,
Honest of Heart, Lofty of Thought,
Dear to his Fellow-men, and Dutiful to his God,
When his Friends shall also be departed,
And can no more cherish his Memory,
Be it revered by the Stranger.

JOHN RUSKIN.

EPITAPH IN ESHER CHURCH TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

To Leopold, Duke of Albany, youngest son of Queen Victoria, who, with the chosen partner of his life, passed his closing years at Claremont in culminating honour, kindly labour, and thoughtful peace. His widow and neighbours inscribe this tablet in his parish church recording the reverent affection in which they held his presence and guard his memory. Born 7th April, 1853. Died at Cannes 28th March, 1884. Buried at Windsor.

TO THE SALTAIRE SALT SCHOOLS.†

I am sincerely grateful for the honour of your letter, but my only hope of being able to fulfil the duty lately resumed at Oxford is in total refusal of other responsibilities. None could be more grave, none declined by me with more regret, than this connected with the presidency of such an institution as the Salt Schools.

[From "Bartolozzi and His Works": Leadenhall Press, 1884.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE (Postmark Dec. 16, 1884).

MY DEAR SIR,

I am obliged for your letter and engravings enclosed, but the stipple in my plates is all Mr. Roffe's doing, contrary to my reiterated request, and only permitted because Mr. Roffe facsimiles *lines* with it in a dexterous way. I *entirely* disapprove of stippled *plates*.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The Bartolozzi reached me safely, but I have no time to acknowledge books sent me out of my own line. I see it is rising in price, and when I come to it, with your good leave will return it, as it is of no use to me, and I do not wish to deprive you of the profit due to so carefully edited a work.

ANDREW W. TIER, ESQ.

* Engraved on a brass tablet beneath a memorial window in Easthampstead Church. Mr. Gordon, who died May 25th, 1883, was Mr. Ruskin's tutor at Christ Church, and afterwards an ever-valued friend. See "*Præterita*," I. 353, 365; II. 12, 17, 139, 173, 337, 379; III. 96*n*.

† Printed in the *Times*; we are unable to give the date.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 25th, 1885.]

MR. RUSKIN AND THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP.

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

BRANTWOOD, April 24.

SIR,

By mischance I have not till to-day seen your kindly meant paragraphs on my resignation of the Slade Professorship at Oxford. Yet, permit me at once to correct the impression under which they were written. Whatever may be my failure in energy or ability, the best I could yet do was wholly at the service of Oxford; nor would any other designs, or supposed duties, have interfered for a moment with the perfectly manifest duty of teaching in Oxford as much art as she gave her students time to learn. I meant to die in my harness there, and my resignation was placed in the Vice-Chancellor's hands on the Monday following the vote endowing vivisection in the University, solely in consequence of that vote, with distinct statement to the Vice-Chancellor, intended to be read in Convocation, of its being so. This statement I repeated in a letter intended for publication in the *University Gazette*, and sent to its office a fortnight since. Neither of these letters, so far as I know, has yet been made public. It is sufficient proof, however, how far it was contrary to my purpose to retire from the Slade Professorship that I applied in March of last year for a grant to build a well-lighted room for the undergraduates, apart from the obscure and inconvenient Ruskin school; and to purchase for its furniture the two Yorkshire drawings by Turner of Crook of Lune and Kirby Lonsdale—grants instantly refused on the plea of the University's being in debt.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From the *Standard*, May 3rd, 1886.]

ABSENT YET PRESENT.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, December 1st (1885).

MY DEAR STUDENTS,*—

Fellow-students, let me say, and feel, in all that it is well to seek and sweet to know. I am most thankful for your letter to-day; not that I have ever been unthankful for any letter of the kind, but I had little hope a few weeks since of ever seeing merry Christmas with you again, and I have never looked forward to a Christmas so happy as now to this that is yet granted me. You say you will never be all together again. Think, rather, that you will never be separated, but in all places and through all conditions of men extending the hopeful power of your happy sisterhood.

Ever your grateful and affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 25th, 1886.]

"WHAT MR. RUSKIN SAYS" ON DARWINISM.

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, May 24.

SIR,

If you think your readers would really care to know "what Mr. Ruskin will say" of Herr Paul von Ritter's legacy to Jena, announced in

* Addressed to the students of Whitelands College, Chelsea.

your issue of the 21st—he says that the Herr is twice a simpleton—first for his faith in Darwin—and secondly for his faith in the University of Jena, or any other, teaching anything nowadays but what the public want of it.

I take the chance you give me of adding this farther word to what I before said of Darwin's theory. It is mischievous, not only in looking to the past germ instead of the present creature,—but looking also in the creature itself—to the Growth of the Flesh instead of the Breath of the Spirit. The loss of mere happiness, in such modes of thought, is incalculable. When I see a girl dance, I thank Heaven that made her cheerful as well as graceful; and envy neither the science nor sentiment of my Darwinian friend, who sees in her only a cross between a Dodo and a Daddy-long-legs.

I am Sir, your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

[From the *Times*, Nov. 21st, 1887.]

AN EARTHQUAKE AT FLORENCE.

To the Editor of the "Times,"

SIR,

You may possibly be glad (or grieved), with some of your old-world readers, to have the following short extract from a letter I received this morning from Florence. I could not copy it for you till this evening, as it brought more immediate business with it. You may depend on its accuracy, both in what it says and does not say:—

"Di 14 Novembre, 1887.

"We had an earthquake this morning, which frightened everybody, and my door shook so that I thought somebody was trying to break in, and then there was a terrible noise, but I believe no harm done. The bells rang of themselves at the Carmine, and some say that one or two chimneys fell, but nobody seems to know."

The not saying what o'clock in the morning it was, nor what the terrible noise was like, nor whether it seemed in earth or sky, nor whether any mortal had looked whether there was a crack in the Dome, or a newly twisted shaft in Giotto's Tower, or a shifted corner-stone in the Strozzi Palace, leaves us, at the moment the letter was written, with something yet to be anxious about—doubtless, long before you print this supplied by more scientific correspondents; but I will answer, on the word of this one, for thus much.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

SANDGATE, NOV. 18.

[From the *Morning Post*, April 7th, 1887.]

(Reprint from some Glasgow paper.)

CHRISTIAN CATHOLICISM.

DEAR SIR,

I shall be entirely grateful to you if you will take the trouble to contradict any news gossip of this kind* which may be disturbing the minds of any of my Scottish friends. I was, am, and can be, only

* A rumour that Mr. Ruskin had joined the Church of Rome.

a Christian Catholic in the wide and eternal sense. I have been that these five-and-twenty years at least. Heaven keep me from being less as I grow older! but I am no more likely to become a Roman Catholic than a Quaker, Evangelical, or Turk.

Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From the *Standard*, May 28th, 1888.]

MR. RUSKIN'S CREED.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am extremely thankful for the sympathy expressed in your letter,* but I fear you have scarcely read enough of "Fors" to know the breadth of my own creed or communion. I gladly take the bread, water, wine or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of my own family or nation who obey Him, and should be equally sure it was His giving, if I were myself worthy to receive it, whether the intermediate mortal hand were the Pope's, the Queen's, or a hedge-side gipsy's. It is not time that fails me for reading, but strength. I am but yesterday back out of the grave, and can read little.

Ever yours gratefully,

J. RUSKIN.

[From *Tit-Bits*, March 31st, 1888.]

ON BICYCLES.

I not only object, but am quite prepared to spend all my best "bad language" in reprobation of the bi-, tri- and 4-5-6 or 7 cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels or dangle on ropes, and nothing in the training of the human mind with the body will ever supersede the appointed God's ways of slow walking and hard working.

Social Problems.

Socialism and the Teaching of Mr. Ruskin.

VII.—UTOPIAN IDEALS.

I SUPPOSE that I shall be told that it is the sheerest absurdity on my part, and on the part of the school whose views I have sought to represent, to write as though there was any justification for calling in question the reality of the so-called progress of the age. I do not, in the absolute sense, deny that we are making progress. We are progressing as the children of Israel progressed when they left Egypt on their long wandering to the Promised Land. We have passed from the complete bondage in which the faculties and the hopes of men were held under the teachings of the Old Economy. But in our forward march we have but entered on the desert part of the journey.

* Asking if Mr. Ruskin was a communicant.

The thunders of another Sinai have yet to sound, and a New Dispensation to be established.

I have endeavoured, with the aid of one of the best priests and prophets of our age, to foreshadow the character of those social arrangements which will prevail in the New Age; even more have I endeavoured to indicate the spirit which must of necessity prevail in society if those arrangements are to find acceptance, and to be fruitful of good results.

It is commonly urged against such arrangements that they would institute complexity, that in practice they could not possibly be workable. It is strange that men in these days should talk of new proposals as in essence objectionable because they are complex. What could be more complex than society as we know it even now! We have complexity already. The choice to-day is not between simplicity in the Individualist sense and complexity in the Socialist sense. It is simply a choice between the complexity of order and the complexity of disorder. Our duty is to advance as far as possible the complexity of order—the complexity which signifies the perfection of co-operation—the wide distribution and subdivision of duties and of labours by which a maximum of common advantage is secured.

Shall we speak of complexity as in itself an evil? What so "simple" as a sun-dial? What so "complex" as a chronometer watch? But which is the product of the higher intelligence? And which is the greater in human serviceableness? The sun-dial is so "simple" in construction that a schoolboy could make one; for the making of the chronometer watch we require the finest training of head and hand. But the sun-dial will not serve for every day in the year; it will not serve even for every hour in the day. It is of use only in fine weather. The chronometer watch, on the other hand, will at all times avail us. Be it dark or light, tempestuous or calm, it will tell the hour, the minute, and the second.

What our opponents would institute is a state of society which the sun-dial at best would typify; we strive for a social organisation which the chronometer might symbolise. Hereby we hope to develop the highest measure of human serviceableness.

The "complexity" which the New Political Economy would institute will, when morally and spiritually regarded, be seen to be the highest simplicity. In a merely natural and literal sense, there are no arrangements so "simple," so free from "complexity," as those of a savage people; in the nature of things complexity distinguishes the arrangements of civilised communities. The test of the worth of any system of civilisation is the smooth

working of the complex arrangements whereby the common good is secured.

Mr. Stead, in his powerful contribution, in "Letters from the Vatican," to the discussion of the question of the relations of the Pope to modern social progress, tells an impressive story of an incident which occurred as he was on his way to Rome. "Hurrying southward along the line that leads from Pisa to Rome, the train was suddenly drawn up with a jerk that threw us from our seats. As we rushed to the windows the bitter wail of a woman's voice rang horribly through the silent night. A moment more, and we could see her pacing backwards and forwards, wringing her hands, and crying aloud in the very frenzy of passionate despair. We were at a level crossing. Her husband, who was trying to lead his horse and cart across the line, had been run over. The horse without its master stood motionless as a statue in the shade, gazing stolidly at the train that lay across its path. It was black night; in the neighbouring houses we could see the lighted windows, and not a quarter of a mile off we could discern dimly the dark outline of a village through the trees. The only sound was that woman's cry of agony. After a pause the search commenced. The body of the unfortunate man was found under the carriages at the rear of the train. When he was extricated he was breathing. Blood was streaming from a great wound on his brow, and although but barely conscious, he did not appear to have suffered any mutilation. They were going to lay the poor wretch on the ground, when an old English resident in Italy, who happened to be in the train, interfered, and succeeded in getting him placed on a truckle bed in the wayside cabin. But there our resources seemed to disappear. The woman wailed on. A group of curious passengers gathered round the wounded man, who might at any moment breathe his last. A couple of priests hurried up, ready to administer consolation to the dying. But of intelligent, practical, helpful human service there was next to none. . . . There was a general jabbering and gesticulating. Then we all took our seats, and the train moved on, leaving the poor bleeding wretch to his fate. Whether he recovered or whether he succumbed to his injuries no one knew. As we slowly steamed away the woman was still wringing her hands and the masterless horse still stood motionless in the roadway. A moment more and they were left behind in the black and silent night."

There was amongst these passengers no lack of kindly sentimental sympathy, but they were utterly at a loss how to give it effect. There was no one to take the lead, to initiate, to direct.

Mr. Stead tells us that the more he thought of that sombre scene

the more did it appear to be a grimly faithful illustration of our present social state. "Down beneath the wheels of our industrial civilisation, bruised and bleeding, but still conscious, lies the luckless proletaire. The bitter cry of his helpless women-folk pierces the silence, but no one knows what to do, or how to help. Spiritual consolation is not wanting in case he were to die, but of intelligent effective assistance to enable him to live there is next to none. We stand and chatter and express unavailing sympathy for a time, and then we hurry on, leaving him to his fate." This, thinks Mr. Stead, is because of want of direction, the absence of intelligent understanding of what ought to be done and how to do it.

Even so. And shall we, in our effort to determine "what ought to be done and how to do it," be retarded by warnings of the danger of imparting "complexity" to our social arrangements! Shall we leave the luckless proletaire to lie bleeding whilst we maintain the sweet simplicity of arrangements which render us powerless to help? Surely not.

I have endeavoured to foreshadow the character of those social arrangements which the growing demands of the age require. But I have endeavoured even more to indicate the spirit which must of necessity prevail in society if those arrangements are to find acceptance and to be fruitful of good results. "We have made," says Mr. George, "and still are making, enormous advance on material lines. It is necessary that we commensurately advance on moral lines." But for this we must have finer motives and higher ideals. "Civilisation, as it progresses, requires a higher conscience, a keener sense of justice, a warmer brotherhood, a wider, loftier, truer, public spirit. Failing these, civilisation must pass to destruction. It cannot be maintained on the ethics of savagery. Civilisation knits men more and more closely together, and constantly tends to subordinate the individual to the whole, and to make more and more complex and important social conditions."

Requires a higher conscience, a warmer brotherhood! Of this every intelligent reader must be profoundly convinced. Happily, of the growth of this higher conscience, of this warmer brotherhood, there are not wanting cheering signs. Already this higher conscience, this warmer brotherhood, are coming into contact with orthodox and almost effete conditions of society; it may be that in due time they will cause widespread ecclesiastical, political, and economical disorganisation. I have, however, entire faith in the future. When mankind shall have become sufficiently leavened by the new Gospel of Humanity—new, and yet how old!--it will,

as Henry James declares, compel society to lift all her members out of abject and shameful want, in which so many now grovel, by ensuring to all, without distinction, a comfortable physical subsistence or a supply of absolute physical necessities, so permitting men for the first time to draw a veritably free and human breath.

We have not yet attained our true human consciousness. Individuals here and there have dimly discerned the Divine seed in them, but the mass of mankind have been sadly destitute of spiritual quickening. Amidst all God's overwhelming bounties they have nourished only the furtive courage of mice; their care has been for the things of the morrow. Under the kindling sunshine of truth they have contentedly maintained the darkened intelligence of owls and bats. Christians they may in many cases have called themselves. But little have those who have named the name of Christ reflected on what the Founder of their Faith meant when He asked, "How can man love God, whom he hath not seen, when he loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen?"

But, as I have indicated, larger views of human and societary relationships are beginning to be felt. To use Mr. James's words—"More and more will man learn to recognise all men as his brethren and equals, and grow ashamed of loving his father and mother, his neighbour and fellow-countryman, with a love superior to that which he accords to all other men. He will learn to love his kindred and neighbours no longer for their relative or negative worth, but only for their positive or human worth; no longer for *what is their own in them*, and therefore separates them from the rest of mankind, but only for *what is God's in them*, and therefore unites them with all other men—esteeming those his dearest friends and neighbours who most relate him, or bring him nighest to universal man."

Not in this our day and generation—not, it may be, for many days and generations—will the glorious consummation of which these words are the prophecy, be reached. And not to us will be the fruits of victory. On us devolves the burden of the strife.

It may for this reason be tauntingly said of us that we pursue merely imaginary objects—that we are not practical men. Views such as these, we shall be told, will be all very well in the millennium, in some Utopian age. But we shall be warned that, taking things as they are, taking the world as we find it, we had better make up our minds to accept the doctrines of the each-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost school, since otherwise we shall inevitably have to suffer from, and perhaps be extinguished by, the pressure of the brute forces around us.

For my own part, I have at no time feared that in the struggle for existence amongst the members of the human family it is with the brute forces that the triumph will lie. I believe not less than the most individualist of the Individualists or the most materialist of the Materialists in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. But in this strife of humanity intellect is already being seen to be almost universally more powerful than brute force; affection will yet be seen to be greater than all. The fittest will, indeed, survive.

Ere we speak of the law on which the Individualist and the Materialist lay such stress, as though it set up a barrier, as it were, against us, let us clearly determine what the fittest is. Brute force *may* triumph for a time. Even Christ was crucified. But whilst those who laid the r hands upon Him are to-day a by-word and a reproach amongst men, the doctrines which Christ lived to teach are an ever-growing power in the world. Though brute force seemed victorious when Christ was nailed to the cross the law of the survival of the fittest was neither suspended nor contradicted. It merely commenced to operate yet more powerfully on the higher plains of intellect and of affection.

As to the millennium—why should we be retarded from present effort because our views are said to be millennial—are said to be Utopian. What is the millennium? Or, rather what would it be? It would be a state of things in which human society would be brought into order. Is this a desirable, or an undesirable object? Clearly, it is a desirable object. Granting this, it is our duty to labour, however imperfectly, to attain it. But such labour necessarily implies human co-operation with Divine forces. And for such co-operation we need first of all clear ideas of what order in human society would be—clear ideas as to the true source and the right direction of healthful human progress. To help to disseminate such ideas is the primary mission of the New Political Economy.

This charge of trying to anticipate the millennium, of being Utopian, is a charge which the reformer has often to encounter, but there is no charge which he should more strenuously deprecate. Mr. Ruskin well declares that one of the most fatal sources of the misery and crime from which the world suffers is the assumption that because things have long been wrong it is impossible they should ever be right. "Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well, on the ground that perfection is 'Utopian,' beware of that man. Things are either possible or impossible—you can easily determine which in any given state of human science. If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble

yourself about it; if it is possible, try for it. It is Utopian to hope for the entire doing away of drunkenness, . . . but the Utopianism is not our business, the work is. It is Utopian to hope to give every child in the kingdom a knowledge of God from its youth, but the Utopianism is not our business, the work is."

Truer words than these were never penned. In showing to men the need for millennial, for Utopian effort, and in showing them how best such effort can be directed, may the apostles of the New Political Economy be ever diligent.

HENRY ROSE.

The Moral Law in Industry.

II.

OF Mr. Thomson himself it is needful to say a few words. Emancipating himself in his early manhood from the political creeds of the day, he was led by his masters—Ruskin and Carlyle—to see that the evils from which society suffers are industrial and social rather than political, and that these evils need more searching remedies than the nostrums of political parties. Seeing this, he determined to apply his principles to the management of his own manufacturing business—that of woollen cloth. It will be seen at once that this fact lifts the experiment—if it can now be called an experiment—above all ordinary profit-sharing establishments, in that it is animated and controlled by an ideal, and guided by one whose aim is not merely success in business, but the application of the moral law to industry. The fundamental principles of the partnership are those already touched upon: the principle of fraternity or association; the principle of honourable work, or the making of goods which are worth making; and the equitable division of profits. But let us describe the application of these principles in greater detail.

"Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; anarchy and competition the Laws of Death," says Mr. Ruskin. It is now four years since Mr. Thomson resolved to introduce the "Laws of Life"—government and co-operation—into his manufacturing business. After conferring with certain leaders in the co-operative movement and with representatives of the local Trades' Council, he decided to convert the business into a co-operative company, with a managing committee elected by the shareholders—many of the shareholders being, of course, the workpeople employed in the mill. The board at present consists

of three *employés*, two representatives from local co-operative societies, and two members of the Huddersfield Trades' Council, Mr. Thomson being President. This not only gives the workers an intelligent interest in the business, above that of mere wage-paid servants; it is also an education in the organisation and direction of their own industry. Instead of being a collection of "catallactic atoms," with no more interest in each other's lives than is called forth by selfish motives, each worker is converted into a duly responsible member of the community, with interests not antagonistic to, but identical with, those of his fellows. Labour is dominated by a great idea—the idea of brotherhood; and though the influence of that idea may at first be small and inappreciable, and the idea itself, in all its bearings, be but dimly perceived even by the workers themselves, its import to human life denotes a transition as great as the change from chattel slavery to serfdom, and from serfdom to wage-labour.

The application of the second principle in Mr. Thomson's Industrial Partnership—that of producing only honest goods—is carried out in its strictest integrity. Not an ounce of shoddy has been manufactured into cloth at Woodhouse Mills; and it is an article of faith with Mr. Thomson—which he enforces by continual precept and example—that the workman should make only that which he has a conscious pride in making, and which, when made, may robe a peasant equally with a king. This is, indeed, the principle which lies at the root of all honest industry. Once get the workman to say, "I will make nothing but what I have a pride in making; nothing but what I myself would wear, or use, or give to my most honoured friend,"—once get the workman to insist upon that as the guiding principle of his work, and the semblances, the shams, the mockeries of wealth which are to-day poured into our markets would vanish in a week. But before the workman can say this he must himself have control over the instruments which produce wealth: that is, the principle of association must be established ere the worker can enforce the principle of honourable work. The two are inseparably connected. Just as "government and co-operation are the Laws of Life, and anarchy and competition the Laws of Death," so—again to quote Mr. Ruskin—"nearly all labour may be shortly divided into positive and negative labour: positive, that which produces Life; negative, that which produces Death." And this is no mere figure of speech; it is stern and literal truth. Dishonest labour, labour that produces goods which are other than what they pretend to be, or which, even if they are what they pretend to be, are unfit for use—such labour, I say,

by striking at the very roots of honour, destroys the finest elements in our spiritual nature. Nay, not only does our spiritual life suffer, but the very bread we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, if the outcome of dishonest or careless labour, are so many avenues to disease and death. In this matter, perhaps more than in any other, is Mr. Thomson a devoted disciple of Mr. Ruskin; and every yard of cloth which is sent out of Woodhouse Mills is stamped with the impress of positive honourable labour—the labour which produces life. An easy matter, then, some may say, for Mr. Thomson to succeed in the work he has undertaken. On the contrary, it is one of the most difficult matters. There is the rage for “cheapness” to contend against, and the poverty which is begotten of the cheapening system, and which, in its turn, intensifies the evil. And not only this. So grossly has our competitive system perverted the healthiest instincts of our nature, that we have become the slaves of a false refinement. Having departed from moral principle in our work, and made the maxims of the devil our rule of life, our whole moral nature is bound to undergo deterioration. We suffer by the vitiation of taste; we prefer the semblance to the reality, the false to the true. And especially with regard to this product of which we are now speaking—“the Vestural Tissue, of woollen or other cloth, which man’s soul wears as its outward wrappage and over-all; wherein his whole other tissues are included and screened, his whole faculties work, his whole self lives, moves, and has its being,”—especially in regard to this product, I say, is the desire for falsity most apparent, the over-all of shoddy being but the index to the soul within!

With reference to the application of the third principle—that of the equitable division of the fruits of labour—the following arrangement is in operation at Woodhouse Mills :—(a) Dividend or interest is paid on capital at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum; (b) not less than 10 per cent. of the profits are to be carried to the Reserve Fund, until it amounts to 10 per cent. of the capital; (c) five-ninths of the net profits are to be divided among all persons who have been employed at the mills not less than six months; (d) the remaining four-ninths are applied as the committee may authorise, for the reward of special services to the society, dividend on purchases, or for promoting the progress of the business in any way which may be deemed desirable. It is obvious that by this arrangement Mr. Thomson puts what is practically a fixed limit to his own income,—a limit fixed originally by agreement with the committee,—though, of course, he shares with the *employés* in the division of the profits. Here, again, we have what the ordinary

capitalist would regard as a negation of capitalist enterprise and methods of business. The sole, or, at any rate, the greatest, incentive to the capitalist employer of labour is, not that his income shall be fixed, but that it shall continually increase—that all profit shall flow into his private pocket, though its existence may be chiefly due to the labour, the management, or the inventive faculty of others. True, it may also be due, in part, to the special ability of the manufacturing capitalist—ability in “pushing” business, making bargains, buying cheap and selling dear, designing things which catch the eye of the public, producing commodities which seem to be what they are not, and which thus sell for more than they are worth, noting and taking advantage of every change of fashion, and so pandering to the fickleness and vanity of the fashionable world,—all these are forms of special ability and skill for which the community has to pay dearly, not only in money, but in what cannot be measured by money—loss of honour, integrity, and confidence; and they are forms of ability which the community can do very well without. Where trust and confidence prevail between buyer and seller, producer and consumer—that is, where we can buy goods, knowing them to be honestly produced, and where we can pay, willingly, the price fixed, knowing that the main element which determines price (labour, productive and distributive) has been justly valued and equitably paid—there the necessity for “pushing” business, making bargains, buying cheap and selling dear, disappears, and along with it, of course, all the host of speculators, merchants, middlemen, commission agents, advertisers, and useless hangers-on of the trading and profit-making classes, who would ultimately be drafted into more useful productive employments. Hence, in such a state of society, fixed remuneration would become a necessity, and profit, in the present sense of the term, would disappear.

Here it is necessary to consider for a moment the relation which profit-sharing bears to a perfect system of industry, and its relation to our present system of wage-labour. “In exchange,” says Mr. Ruskin, “there can be no profit. Whenever material gain follows exchange, for every *plus* there is a precisely equal *minus*.” That is, as already pointed out, where every one receives the just reward of his industry no fund remains from which profit can be drawn. But, then, this implies the establishment of the principle of association, not in one industry only, but in all industries; and also, as a result of that association, the adoption of a system of *exchange* in place of the present system of *sale* of commodities. That, or something like that, may be said to be the goal towards which we are striving. But it would be folly to

wait idly for the perfect state without making any attempt to ameliorate the present condition of the labourer by such organisation of industry as at present lies within our power. Indeed, it is only by such attempts that we can hope to make the perfect state possible. Profit-sharing, then, is simply one of these tentative experiments for improving the condition of the worker. It cannot be looked upon—as some would have us look upon it—as a final settlement of industrial problems; it is merely a stepping-stone to a more perfect system of industrial organisation. Its advantages over the present system, with its numberless strikes and lock-outs, its bitter antagonisms and class hatreds, are obvious. But its greatest advantage lies in this—that it places within reach of the workers the possibilities of a higher life. And where, as in Mr. Thomson's Industrial Partnership, the principle is subordinated to larger principles,—that is, where it is adopted, not as in some business concerns, with the sole object of making increased profit, but as the outward and visible sign and guarantee of the mutual trust and confidence prevailing between those who are leagued together in industry,—it is the due and natural complement of the principle of association. It is not by any means Mr. Thomson's aim to make huge profits and large dividends; it is, in his own words, "to make real life possible to our fellow-workers." So long as our industry and commerce are conducted on the competitive principle, so long will it be necessary to make every possible attempt to modify the evil effects of that principle. And profit-sharing, by elevating the condition of the worker, has not only a direct and immediate influence in that modification; it has also a deep and far-reaching influence, in that it changes the labourer from a mere machine into a responsible and intelligent member of the industrial community, and so paves the way for the realisation of a more perfect form of society. Truly conceived, it is not an end in itself, not the final word in industrial and social organisation, not a mere device for the ingathering of greater wealth (or "illth"); it is simply a means for raising the standard of comfort amongst the workers, and for placing within their reach opportunities for the enjoyment of a higher life. To quote the now well-known words of Mr. Ruskin: "There is no wealth but Life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his position, over the lives of others."

It is perhaps needful that I should say a word or two as to

the management and progress of the business. Rule IV. of the Society provides for the issue of "such an amount of loan stock, not exceeding £20,000, for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of the said business of Messrs. William Thomson & Sons, subject to the conditions following:—(a) The stock shall carry interest at the rate of 5 per cent.; (b) the principal cannot be demanded unless the interest remain unpaid for two consecutive years." The real amount of loan capital is £8,800, and the share capital £4,500. The shares are of the nominal value of £1. As before observed, the committee, which meets monthly, is elected by the shareholders, many of whom are *employés*. Three committee-men retire at each annual meeting. By the terms of the partnership Mr. Thomson is virtually appointed manager for life, being removable only by the vote of five-sixths of all the members of the Society. He has power to engage or discharge all *employés*, and to fix their salaries and duties, subject to the duty of regularly reporting such acts to the committee. In the event of his death or resignation, he may, by will or otherwise, appoint his successor, the appointment to be subject to confirmation by a special general meeting. Since the establishment of the Partnership goods have been sold to the value of £86,000, upon which the wages of labour amounted to £22,000. In attempting to mitigate the evils of the credit system in production, goods to the value of £19,000 have been sold upon cash terms. It will easily be understood that Mr. Thomson has had to meet the bitter and sometimes unscrupulous opposition of some of his fellow-manufacturers. Newspaper reports of his speeches at co-operative gatherings have been posted to some of his best customers, with the view of creating a prejudice against the Partnership; and, as a result of the introduction of the principle of association, Mr. Thomson calculates that he has lost £15,000 worth of business. This may account for the fact that, up to the present, there has been a slight loss on the three and a half years' working. The lost ground is, however, being slowly but surely regained, the amount of business done during the first six months of the present year being £1,500 more than in the corresponding period of last year. At this rate of progress the position of the Society will soon be secure, and Mr. Thomson and his co-partners will then be able to devote their attention to the higher aspects of associative life—provision for sickness, old age, hard times, the establishment of educational facilities, and the adoption of other means for promoting the physical, moral, and intellectual improvement of the workers.

These, then, are the principles and methods by which Mr. Thomson seeks to introduce the moral law into industry, to

enliven the tedium of daily toil with human interest, and to make work, and the results of work, not the negation, but the perfect fruition of human life. In doing this he is, according to his powers and capacity, but reducing to concrete form and permanent embodiment the all-absorbing idea of our age. Nay, not of our age only, but of all the ages! An indefinable aspiration and longing for some great moral unity, for a renovated humanity, a kingdom of God upon earth—this is the vision of the great in all ages, but a vision passing, evanescent, intermittent,—now lost on the confines of history in the songs of the Hebrew prophets, to reappear in philosophic guise in the groves of Athens; now perishing in the downfall of great civilisations, to rise renewed in purity and strength with the advent of a Christ; now forgotten amid the shameless profligacy and immorality of a corrupt Church, or banished to the isolation of lonely convent cells, to be revived amid scenes of blood and carnage in the triumphant but terrible uprising of a great people. And now, in these latter days, from the depths of a debasing commercialism, the idea again emerges, though overcast by the gloom of pessimism—the prelude, let us hope, to a deeper and more abiding faith,—faith that Nature will be true to her mission in the unfolding of the life of Humanity as in the unfolding of the life of a flower. The realisation of a great idea is the travail of our spiritual life. And as in the physical, so in the moral world, Nature works, not by cataclysm, but by the slow, persistent modification, and adaptation to new and higher environment, of the manifold forms of life which she creates. Though we may rebel against her unhasting and tentative methods, we must perforce possess our souls in patience, and, “putting ourselves childlike to school,” imitate those methods in the reform of our industrial and social life. Wise with the wisdom of an ever-accumulating experience, we may then be able to discern, with clearer and still clearer vision, the lineaments of that true social ideal in which the individual life, by the free action of its powers and the harmonious expansion of its faculties, shall find its full and perfect fruition.

LAON RAMSEY.

Rillington:

A Recollection of English Country Life.

NO one ever had any adventures in Rillington; they would have been as much out of place as in Cranford. You might as well have expected rapids in the brook where the water-lilies grew in the flat fields which you crossed to Dampton. You

might as well have expected volcanoes in the small range of grassy hills which bounded your view across the long near reach of level land. No one was ever murdered or hanged or robbed, no one was ever drowned in either of the two ponds which lay stagnant and green at a little distance from each other in the mile-long village; and the births, deaths and marriages were always of the most commonplace description.

Rillington is in one of the southern counties, and not far from a University town; but in those days it was as innocent of culture as of adventure. The ladies read Mrs. Hemans, and some of them composed poetry themselves, which they read to their dearest friends or wrote in their albums. One of them spent lonely hours in apostrophising the moon: she felt that she was not understood in her home—which was very possible, as, though she was the eldest of a large family, she was wrapped up in her own selfish pursuits.

Quite at one end of the village there was the fine old church, with its tall plain spire, conspicuous from the distance of many miles. The large churchyard was shadowed by fine trees, and and filled with many graves, except on the gloomy north side, which was avoided by common consent. One stone bore the inscription "Neighbour Harris," and told nothing more. Another gave unnecessary information: "S—— W——, died ——, leaving a wife to cruel friends."

Not far from the church there was a picturesque almshouse, which gave rooms to three old men and as many old women. The old women were on cold terms with each other, the old men on no terms at all: each tried to circumvent the intentions of the founder, and to enjoy an isolated existence. "I haven't much agin ye, Molly Gand," said Betsy Cox, "but I won't have ye in my room." They all took snuff, and kind friends used to visit them armed with six little parcels, all containing exactly the same quantity. Any favouritism would be immediately found out, which was mysterious considering the exclusive character of each occupant.

Near the almshouse there was a cottage, where the old clerk and his widowed daughter lived; and at some distance from it there was a rather large, uninviting-looking house, right on the road, which was let, partly furnished, at a low rent, to my aunt, Barbara Summers, when, with her young son and me, her sister's child, she took up her abode at Rillington in the olden days. You entered through a little garden at the end of the house, by a door in a high wall, into a further quadrangle of flower-garden and grass-plot. We called the door in the wall, at which you had to ring, "the convent grating." When you had passed through that

you were practically inside; you came immediately on the low bow-window of the dining-room, and there was neither bell nor knocker at the inner door. On opening it, strangers not unfrequently precipitated themselves down the step into the hall, and the descent gave the house a depressing feeling, which was further enhanced by the general aspect of the parlour, which was to us in the place of a drawing-room. Its walls were coloured a heavy green as far as the old-fashioned wooden dado, below which they were of a still heavier darker shade. A stupendous piece of furniture, serving as bookshelves, secretary, and cupboard, stood at one end. The front of this secretary described a quarter of a circle as it opened and extended itself noisily into a flat plane on which my aunt used to write. She kept her money and her papers in the little drawers facing her. The room looked into the road, and we had a pretty high blind, so as not to be overlooked by the passers-by. At the other end were a piano, the fireplace, a table and some chairs, and not much else. Our ideas were very simple.

My aunt's particular friend, Mrs. Cutler, lived in a genteel stone house at sixteen pounds a year. She kept a maid, whom she generally described as a paragon during the first few weeks, but who usually fell off afterwards. "I reproved Mary Ann for being late this morning, and she said quite pertly that she could not get up when she was asleep." Or, "Jane is so extravagant with butter. I asked her where she had lived! I told her that girls from the most wretched homes are always the most wasteful. And she banged the door." Mrs. Cutler had most aristocratic friends, whose names very frequently adorned her conversation; and she had sisters who visited her from time to time. If she said a thing occurred on a Monday, they would say, "No, Selina, it was on a Tuesday." If she remarked that a mutual friend of their youth had walked twelve miles, they would say, "I think, Selina, it was only eleven"; and the friction did not last many weeks at once. Dear, good soul! she was kind and warm-hearted. Peace be to her memory!

Then there was Miss Caroline Gunnington, a tall, graceful, elderly young lady, who had a tragic air, but happily not a tragic fate. She tenderly nursed her old parents, and late in life married an old bachelor doctor, who tried her considerably, but did not live long. How kind and happy she was in her widowed life, ready for any social gathering, generous and hospitable in all her ways!

My Aunt Barbara was a superior woman; she read Young's "Night Thoughts" and Falconer's "Shipwreck," and even Metastasio and Tasso in the original. When Tupper's "Pro-

verbial Philosophy" came out, she was greatly taken with it; and the names of the subjects, such as "Friendship" and "Marriage," seemed to me more promising of entertainment than "Paradise Lost," which I had usually to read on Sunday evenings. My aunt had pupils, and taught me with them: I was much younger than they were, and I used ignorantly and ungratefully to long to go to a "Seminary for Young Ladies" a little lower down in the village. When my cousin Bertram was at home for the holidays, we were very happy together.

The four Miss Timmins were characters when we first went to the village. When the eldest, who was a fat old lady, asked Aunt Barbara if she liked dancing, and remarked that it was quite a passion with them, she replied, in the dignity of her young widowhood, that her dancing days were over. Later, Dora and Flora alone remained. I remember their playing duets together, and more than once asking each other, "Have *you* done?" when the final chords set one sister prematurely at liberty.

They used to set conventionality at naught, and work in their garden in the most ghoulish costumes. Dora used to dig potatoes with a defiant air: all their garden was in the front of their house and in full view of passers-by. Yet what gay splendour marked the dresses of Dora and Flora when they came to call on us years afterwards when we were living in Bath for a time, and they were staying in the neighbourhood! Bertram was in a state of painful alarm lest they should accost him in the street or claim acquaintance with him anywhere in any way. What nice coins and drawings and curiosities and miniatures they had! We were never conscious of the shabbiness of their drawing-room carpet. We thought their fires too small, but when we went to tea with them we dressed accordingly. We were not particular about the fitting of doors and windows at Rillington, or sensitive to draughts. We sometimes wore shawls certainly, but we thought them elegant.

My aunt had one servant, an inscrutable kind of girl called Letitia, so named by strange irony of fate, for "all that is at enmity with joy" seemed to compose her countenance to a dismal gloom. She had been brought up in an institution, and Sister Felicia gave her much good advice at parting, and assured Aunt Barbara that she would find Letitia a well-principled if rather a peculiar young woman. She was so very proper that Bertram liked to tease her, and she threatened to complain of him to his mother.

Rillington was a College living, and the dear old rector used to be in residence for only part of the year: he was a scholarly

gentleman, and his sisters were courteous ladies ; they were far beyond us in culture, and I think they must have found us difficult to entertain ; but they were very kind, and never made us painfully conscious of their superiority.

The curate was an ascetic, saintly, celibate High Churchman, who used to come to my aunt's twice a week to give us lessons on the Liturgy and on the Thirty-nine Articles. I thought more of *him* than of his lessons, and he was the hero of my early girlhood. But I was of no account in those days, and naturally he never knew of my devotion. He died at an advanced age, after a good and useful life. But, somehow, his sympathies always seemed remote from every-day pleasures and problems. Bertram, for instance, or Letitia, or I myself, would have been as likely to appeal to the Council of Nicæa as to the Rev. Cyril Sartoris in any difficulty of faith or conduct.

Time passed on, and Letitia began to look a little brighter ; and Bertram with great cleverness perceived (*I* should never have noticed it) that when the butcher's young man brought the meat, she was almost lively. But he must have been wrong, for soon afterwards Letitia looked sadder than ever, her eyes were red, her cheeks burned, she started at any noise, and sometimes even gave confused answers to Aunt Barbara, who thought her a silly, fanciful girl, full of tiresome moods and tempers.

Bertram did not give his mother full satisfaction. He did not work in any vigorous manner, as if he knew that he had his way to make in the world ; but he was a nice pleasant youth, and he always made promises of improvement.

One night, when Aunt Barbara went into the kitchen for some hot water, after Letitia was gone to bed, she was startled by seeing a man's figure cowering over a bright little fire at the end of the long narrow kitchen, which was at right angles with the house, and formed one boundary of the square garden before described. Happily, in another moment she recognised Bertram, who was preparing for a smoke ; and, with a slight reprimand, she sent him off to bed.

Some months after this apparently insignificant event, in the winter holidays—I think in January—Bertram was away for a couple of days ; the pupils were in their several homes, and only my aunt and I and Letitia were in the house. The front of the house was right upon the road, as I have explained, and the approach was through the “convent grate” at the end of the house into the quadrangular garden.

My aunt had bad toothache in the middle of the night, and at

last made up her mind to go down to the hall for a soft downy wrap which she had hung up there, and for a little bottle of "Cure for Neuralgia," which she had left in the pocket of a gardening jacket. I slept with her, and she managed not to disturb me. She lighted her candle, went downstairs, and walked half-way through the gloomy hall, which had a large eight-day clock at the far end of it. At the right were the front door and a row of pegs, at the left the door of the green parlour. She was startled by seeing this door a little ajar and moving slightly, while her ear caught the sound of the stealthy opening of her secretary. She glanced towards the clock, and saw a man trying to efface himself in the shadow of one side of it. She exclaimed instantly, "Oh, Bertram, you naughty boy! what a fright you have given me! I did not know that you had come home. Pray go to bed: it must be late. I have terrible toothache." Then, as she took down the wrap from the peg and turned away, feeling herself trembling all over, she added, "You have frightened me so, I can scarcely speak."

She came to our room, locked the door, and sat down to think. High up in that room, in an inside wall, there was a window of half a dozen panes of glass, to give more light to the passage and stairs. My aunt fancied faces peering in and watching her, so she put out her candle. What could be done? Letitia was certainly locked in her room a story higher; when I had been ill one night, there had been great difficulty in getting her to come, so she was presumably safe. My aunt sat by the window and peered out into the darkness. She realised painfully what a difficult house it was to get out of. I, happily, slept on, and she, happily, did not faint in the reaction which followed her marvellous presence of mind.

There was absolutely nothing to be done; no sound of alarm that she could make would reach the "Seminary for Young Ladies," or the old clerk and his daughter, if their help could have been ever so efficacious. She listened intently, and was able to detect movements in the green parlour below; and she heard the window carefully raised or lowered, after which no sound was audible. Then she went to bed, having decided on her plan of action.

In the morning Letitia looked pale and scared, and waited to be questioned; but as my aunt took no notice she said, "Please, 'm, didn't you hear anything in the night?"

"Oh yes," said my aunt. "I had toothache, and I went down for a wrap, and Mr. Bertram gave me such a fright. Oh! I suppose you didn't call him. He has not come down to breakfast."

"It wasn't Mr. Bertram, ma'am ; it was thieves, and they've taken my new boots,"—and Letitia began to cry.

"Didn't you find any window open ? How could they get in ?"

"The parlour window was a little open, and they had been into the kitchen."

"Had you put the spoons where I told you ?"

"Yes, 'm, all but six dessert spoons, which I laid away in a kitchen drawer."

"Go and look if they are there."

Letitia went, and returned looking very blank.

"They've took *them*, and the sugar basin and the cream jug."

"Then you hadn't taken them upstairs. Do you know that you are responsible for this loss ?"

My aunt then left the breakfast table, and went to examine the green parlour. She had herself fastened the window and locked the door the evening before, so here was serious presumptive evidence against Letitia. She found that her secretary had been tampered with—opened, but not locked again. The thieves had taken two sovereigns from one little drawer, but missed a five-pound note in another.

Aunt Barbara had a long private conversation with Letitia, who with tears denied any knowledge of the matter, and begged her not to take away the character of an honest girl. She remarked that wicked men had all sorts of keys and things, and they could do without having doors unlocked for them ; which was so true that my aunt did not mention her suspicion of the girl. She gave information to the police, but no trace of the thieves could be discovered.

Mrs. Cutler shook her head, and said that robberies were always accomplished through the connivance of servants. Miss Dora Timmins said she would have gone into the green parlour and dealt about her with a poker, which made Miss Flora say, "Oh, Dora ! I should have fainted away."

Miss Gunnington thought Mrs. Summers made a great deal of it ; and Mr. Sartoris was quite sure that good, neatly dressed young woman Letitia was wronged by the shadow of a suspicion.

Six months passed away : Aunt Barbara had lost her pleasant sense of security, and she kept no valuables downstairs. The butcher's young man, Jim Cleaver, seemed rather discouraged by Letitia, yet she was seen walking with him occasionally. She was often in tears, and she was rather mysterious in her words and ways. After a while he left the place. Letitia, instead of grieving, looked relieved. She was gratefully affectionate to Aunt Barbara in her prim way, and tried to please her in everything.

A year or two afterwards, in another county, a miserly old farmer was set upon by two ruffians who had entered his house in the night, and as he tried to defend his money-bags one of them attacked him with a knife and left him in a dying condition. The thieves got off with their booty, but they were taken before they could deposit it in a place of safety. They were tried for manslaughter, and one of them, James Cleaver, confessed that he had been engaged in former housebreaking attempts. The trial went the round of the papers, and the sentence of the evildoers to penal servitude was published in due course.

Letitia requested an interview with Aunt Barbara ; she told her that Jim Cleaver was the man she had seen in the shadow of the clock, and confessed that she had told him where her mistress's money was kept, and that she had left the spoons downstairs on purpose for him. She said that she really cared for him then, and he had great influence over her ; but he had revealed to her that he had held a knife behind him as he stood by the clock, and that he would have used it if my Aunt Barbara had appeared to recognise him. This appalled her and showed her by what an abyss she was standing, yet she was too much frightened to break with him ; she was in dreadful grief and perturbation of mind. She had pretended to care for him less and less, and managed to let him know that she had lost all her savings. He had made the most awful threats as to what he would do if she betrayed him, and she dared not mention the matter to any one. It had been an intense relief to her when he went away, for now only could she breathe freely.

She told my aunt, with many tears and sobs, how bitterly she had repented her wrong-doing, and how she trembled to think that she might have helped her tempter to the commission of a cruel and terrible crime.

My good aunt could do nothing but forgive and comfort her. The girl's own keen self-reproach had done its work : the secrecy had been a torture to her, and she would have confessed long ago if she alone had been concerned. Aunt Barbara told Letitia the secret must remain between themselves,—she would save the girl from further talk and condemnation. She could not clear her, and any explanation inculcating her would have been exaggerated by village gossip. The girl had deeply repented of her fault, and it must not blight her future and overshadow her whole life.

Letitia felt that her mistress understood her, and she served her with a faithful affection. Only in after years I learned the tie which bound them together. Letitia had always a staid manner,

but she had a cheerful, open countenance, very different to her former inscrutable expression.

"Mrs. Summers' little robbery" was quite forgotten; her presence of mind was not done justice to. Rillington retained its character, and the gravity of the adventure was never known. We went out to tea, and carried lanterns as we returned home, and their gleams fell on the two ponds as before. We all got older, even Dora and Flora; the only difference was that some of us did not know it. My aunt died at Rillington, and was laid under the shadowing trees of the churchyard, and, beyond her own family, none mourned for this true, brave woman more deeply than her faithful and attached servant Letitia.

JULIA FIRTH.

Mr. Gladstone on Art.

IN the course of his address at the opening of the Fine Art Exhibition in Dundee, October 29th, 1890, Mr. Gladstone said—

"Beauty is an element of industrial production which carries with it an immense pecuniary value. The traditional cultivation of taste and production of beauty in industrial objects is better known—best of all known, perhaps—in Italy, and very well known in France. We may still be some steps behind in many departments in that respect, but there is not a doubt that, in the enormous commerce of France, the beauty of the objects produced counts from year to year for a great many millions sterling; and those millions sterling would fade into thin air were the appreciation of beauty and the power of producing beautiful objects to be taken away, which, happily, it hardly can from the rich people. It is an element of immense commercial value. Let us look abroad—let us take our lesson from nature; for, after all, we cannot go to a better source, or so good a source, as to the works of God. The Almighty has provided this earth with the beautiful, and made it fair and lovely, and has made the beauty of the land in which we are appointed to be born, and in which we live, an important instrument for stirring up in us, and for confirming in us, that devoted attachment to our country which, under the name of patriotism, or whatever other name, I believe always has been the characteristic of each individual, and which I trust always will be a marked and pointed characteristic of those who will succeed us in following generations. The Almighty has given us a lesson in this respect in making His works beautiful, showing that He suggests to us to make our works beautiful—humbly and reverently, but yet believing that if, in every department of life, we are following His example, He will regard it with favour and crown it with His blessing. Now, ladies and gentlemen, the question arises, is there incapacity in the people of this country to compete with other nations and races in the production of beautiful objects? I have told you that I think we are behind in certain respects, but I hold that there is no such incapacity. And I hold this partly on this account—the enormous

progress which I myself have witnessed. I assure you that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that at the time when I was a boy and a youth of ten or fifteen years of age there was hardly anything that was beautiful produced in this country. And I remember at about that period of my life—I believe I was eighteen—I was with a private tutor in Cheshire, and I was taken over to see a silk factory in Macclesfield. At that time Mr. Huskisson, whose name ought always to be remembered with respect amongst all sound economists, and the Government of Lord Liverpool had been making the first efforts, not to break down—that was reserved for their happier followers—but to lessen, to modify, or perhaps I should say to mitigate a little if possible, the protective system. Down to the period of Mr. Huskisson silk pocket-handkerchiefs from France were prohibited. They were largely smuggled, and no gentleman ever went over to Paris without, if he could manage it, in his pockets, his purse, his portmanteau, his hat, or his greatcoat, bringing back handkerchiefs and gloves. But Mr. Huskisson carried a law under which, in lieu of this prohibition of these French articles, a duty of 30 per cent. was imposed upon them. And, gentlemen, I assure you it is in my recollection that there was a keener detestation to Mr. Huskisson and a more violent passion aroused against him in consequence of that mild initial measure, than ever was associated in the other camp—in the Protectionist camp—with the career of Cobden and Bright. Well, I was taken to this manufactory, and they produced the English silk handkerchiefs which they were in the habit of making, and which they thought it so cruel to see competed with by the silk handkerchiefs of France, although even before they were allowed to compete they had to pay the heavy fine of 30 per cent on the value. And, gentlemen, it was in that first visit to a manufactory in Macclesfield that—I won't say I became a free trader, for it took, oh! dear me, it was ten or fifteen years after that ere I entered into the full faith of that policy—but from what I then saw there dawned upon my mind the first ray of light. And what I thought when they showed me these handkerchiefs was, How detestable they really are; and what in the world can be the object of the policy of coaxing, nursing, coddling up manufactories to produce goods such as these, which you ought to be ashamed of exhibiting? Well, gentlemen, there is a very different state of things now. One of the consequences, as you are probably aware, of introducing free trade was that even in the cotton trade—I think it is the cotton trade that I have specially in view—in the cotton trade, where formerly the practice had been to import by a one-sided process the French cotton patterns for printing cottons—even in that trade, after a few years had been given to the opening of trade, that one-sided process became two-sided, and the French patterns came from Mulhausen to Manchester, and the English patterns went from Manchester to Mulhausen, because there were men then, with an open market, who endeavoured to infuse new beauty into a large number of the industrial objects in this country—in our glass, in our porcelain, in our earthenware, in our tissues without end; and I hope and believe not the less in the great linen manufacture for which Dundee is so famous, that the production of beauty is becoming a regular portion of the industrial arts. Well, ladies and gentlemen, there is no reason, when we look to our history, why we should despond or suppose that we are not to attain all the purposes, all the good purposes, that beauty and the study of beauty is meant to attain. Now, ladies and gentlemen, shall I shock

you if I tell you what perhaps is partly only a personal opinion of my own? The study of beauty has several very formidable enemies. One of them, of course, is haste in production, carelessness in production. Sometimes the desire for cheapness makes people think you cannot have cheapness and beauty together; but the particular enemy which I think is one of the most formidable of all to the true comprehension and true pursuit of beauty is that thing which is known under the name of fashion. Now, that may seem strange to the young gentlemen who want to be smart in their dress—I would speak of young ladies. To them I have no doubt it will sound as if I was using language certainly rash, and perhaps almost profane. Now, gentlemen and ladies, if the ladies have anything to do with it—I will not say whether it is so or not—what is fashion? Fashion of dress is perpetual change. Wherever there is perpetual change, if it is to be justifiable, or if it is to be useful, there ought to be perpetual progress. But fashion is not perpetual progress: fashion is a zigzag; fashion is a wheel that whirls round and round, and by-and-by, after a fashion has been left—after it has been discarded—if you have only a little patience to wait long enough, you will find you will get back to it. Ladies and gentlemen, you are young and I am old. I have seen this wheel of fashion going round and round, always puzzling you like a firework wheel, but always landing in a total negation of progress, and with a strong tendency to the substitution of mere caprice and mere display for the real pursuit of beauty. Of course, ladies and gentlemen, I believe that the pursuit of the beautiful is a thing founded on permanent principles; and I am glad to say that in Scotland you have had some authors who have written—and written with great ability—to show that the principles of beauty may be more difficult to discern and to reduce to formulæ, but they are as permanent in themselves, and as certain, as the principles of arithmetic and mathematics. Certainly, if we look at variations, fine art is not in the same way governed by fashion. We know that art springs up, advances, and reaches a climax in a particular country, and then usually more or less declines. But art is always aiming at the exhibition more and more of permanent and changeless principles; and depend upon it, gentlemen, we ought to look as much as possible to the production of beautiful things—we ought to look to those elements of beauty which are solid and permanent, and do not change from age to age. Is that a wild fancy? Why is it that we admire the architecture of the Greeks? Why do we admire the sculptures of the Greeks? Why do we admire the costumes of the Greeks? Because we know that it was given to that race by Providence to attain to a more just, true, and strict, and much more general perception of permanent principles of beauty than perhaps has been ever given to any race. At least, if they have a rival, they are nearly without a rival upon the earth. And the wonderful thing is to see among the Greeks this feeling diffused. If you are told that you are a provincial people, take your lesson from provincial Greece. It was in Bœotia, which was nothing but a little subdivision of Greece—a very small subdivision of a very small country. However, it had the advantage of being next to Attica; and there was a small town of the name of Tanagra, where, within the last few years, in the Athenian market were exposed almost for nothing little statuettes. They immediately found appreciation,—for the Greeks of the present day have, I can assure you, a great many of the qualities that belonged to their illustrious ancestors, and now, in the

sunlight of freedom, they are maturing and developing these qualities. But these little statuettes came immediately into appreciation, for it was found that, though they were only taken out of the tombs of an obscure town almost unknown to history, of a town hardly big enough to secure for itself some third-rate railway station if it now existed, these statuettes were instinct with the spirit of beauty from head to foot, in figure and in costume. Many of them—a good many of them, I think—are now in the Museum in London, and serve to illustrate both the great function that the Greeks fulfilled in former times, and likewise the manner in which that which is truly beautiful never could go out of fashion, if we were sound and sagacious and consistent in our view of acting on those principles. I don't think Scotland has any reason to despond in this matter. I rejoice to think what a large number of persons have grown up in Scotland during the present century to adorn the history of British art. I cannot recollect them all. You had Wilkie, you had Leslie, you had Dyce, you had Phillip, and a great many more. You have at the present moment a portrait painter practising in Edinburgh, one or two of whose works I have seen—I mean Mr. Reid—and which are perfectly entitled to take their place among the historical portraits of the world. Therefore it is remarkable, gentlemen; and I tell you why, because the primary reputation of Scotland has always been for solid qualities,—a Scotchman was logical, a Scotchman was canny, a Scotchman had many qualities of a beautiful and useful kind indeed; but, observe, the Scotchman, besides all these things, is imaginative, and there were not wanting proofs of that. I won't now dilate upon the name of Burns, I won't now dilate upon the name, in the opinion of some, and in my own opinion I think, more illustrious—that of Sir Walter Scott. I will simply point to the achievements of Scotchmen in the field of art, and the proportion that prevails between Scotch artists and English artists relatively to the population of the two countries, to say that Scotchmen enter freely into this competition in the study and pursuit of beauty. I am quite confident it is a competition in which they never will be worsted. On an occasion so interesting as this, I will release you, ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of a far more edifying occupation of examining the works on the wall, rather than listening to the superficial and stray remarks which I have been making."

Recent Books on Social Philosophy and Political Economy.

Individualism, a System of Politics. By WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

Essays on Socialism. By MEMBERS OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

Principles of Economics. By PROFESSOR MARSHALL.

Capital and Interest. By EUGENE BÖHM-BAWERK TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM SMART, M.A.

EACH of these books, in its own way, indicates the set of some of the intellectual currents of our time. Mr. Donisthorpe, from the point of view of an individualism so extreme as hardly to be distinguished from anarchism, criticises our social and industrial system with a pungent severity beside which the

clever socialistic essays of the Fabian Society are tame indeed. But these also give a suggestive reading of industrial history, and form, on the whole, a fairly adequate account of modern socialism. These two books really mutually reinforce each other. Representing as they do the logical extremes in social politics, they summarise the case for the future against the present. Ere long, the existing party distinctions will fade away, and the partisans of progress will find themselves divided into two parties, both attacking the existing order, but one looking for salvation to compulsory collective action, and the other looking for it to spontaneous individual action. Professor Marshall's "Principles" and Böhm-Bawerk's "Capital" represent different though related phases of economic exposition. The first is in effect an attempt to reconcile the opposing schools of economic method. In general classification it departs but slightly from the plan of Mill; but in detail it avails itself of the aid in expounding economic conditions and theories afforded by history, mathematics and the physical and biological sciences. Though an exhaustive treatise on these lines would be an impossibility, or if a possibility an encyclopædia rather than a treatise, it is immensely valuable to possess such a book as Professor Marshall's. For the first time it enables the student to see almost the full range of economic science. No other book does this quite so well as this one. It is true that it is diffuse in parts, that minor matters are sometimes given an exaggerated importance, that instances familiar enough are too elaborately set forth, that there is a want of a central idea, a definite excuse for the book as it were,—yet when all this has been granted, it is *facile princeps* among economic text-books. Nothing is more remarkable than the distinctly warm tone of the writing. To the severely scientific mind this is a drawback, though it is creditable to the emotions of the writer; but it serves to give an effective answer to the common charge that economists are heartless "above all things and desperately wicked." What is wanted, however, is a scientific synthesis in which the emotions should have their place, and no more than their place. And here, if anywhere, Professor Marshall falls somewhat short. It is not enough to say that the strain and push of modern English commercial life have resulted from the period of war at the beginning of this century, and to deplore the continuance of the effect of this pressure. The point which seems to need insistence at the moment is that the incidents of this pressure have positively injurious effects, that in the long run they do not tend to maximise life or even to maximise production; but that they tend to minimise both. It is certainly not the business of the speculative economist

to form a constructive scheme,—that duty may be left to social enthusiasts like “General” Booth; but it clearly is his business to point out and mercilessly expose tendencies that make for the degradation of life and the minimising of production, and therefore of the standard of comfort. It would be quite unfair to allege that Professor Marshall ignores this aspect of economics, but it can hardly be said that he gives it due emphasis or due scientific statement. The wave of biological economics has not passed entirely over him; but it has not left so deep an impression as one would have wished.

The Austrian economists have revived the deductive method and given it a new lease of life, after the slaying of it (if slaying it may be called) by Roscher, Schmoller, Ingram and the other advocates of the historical school: Menger and Böhm-Bawerk are the least known of the school, and this is the first of their writings which has been rendered into English. “Capital and Interest” is as thorough as the best of German treatises usually are. The bibliographic field of research has been as wide as is customary, and the writer has succeeded in unearthing set theories of interest where no one had previously suspected such theories to exist. The statements and criticisms of the various interest theories are extremely fair, and so exhaustive that the book must become an enormous convenience to the economic student. At least it enables him to refer to original sources with a readiness it would have otherwise cost him long labour to attain. The chief feature of the book is its criticism of the use, productivity and other theories of capital; but it also incidentally contains the gist of its author's positive theory, to be more fully expounded in a subsequent volume. This theory depends upon recognition of the time element. The borrowing and lending of capital are due to the circumstance that one set of men prefer an immediate to a future advantage, while another set prefer a remote to an immediate advantage.

Since the bulk of mankind prefer an immediate advantage, an immediate advantage is thus held in more general esteem or is more highly valued than a remote advantage. From this arises the payment of interest; but in consequence of this very element, two sums of money of the same numerical amount, payable at different times, are of different value. A sum of £100 payable now is not of the same value as £100 payable a year hence. Thus capital is not lent: it is sold. A loan is a sale of present goods for future goods. The equivalence of the exchange between present and future goods is not established by mere identity of the figure of the money amounts, but is obtained only by addition of an *agio*. “This *agio* is interest.” Interest pure and simple

is thus not a payment for the use of the capital, not a reward for abstinence, not a deduction from the produce of labour due to the system of exploitation, but is simply the difference between the present and future value of the capital exchanged in present against future goods.

The full statement of the theory is left to the second volume, now in the hands of the translator. Meantime it may be said that, whether or not they afford an adequate explanation of the phenomenon of interest, the researches of Böhm-Bawerk have enabled us to see the interest problem writ large and full. In a certain sense the Austrian theory affords a scientific justification of the Canonist condemnation of usury, and therefore also of Mr. Ruskin's, since interest according to it is practically a payment exacted by one man from another because that other cannot wait. The receiver of interest is thus in one sense open to the stigma of taking advantage of another man's necessities. It must not be forgotten, however, that within the circle of the commercial system the prompt availability of exchangeable capital is one of the necessary elements in the mechanism by which the means of support of a large population are provided. The Austrian theory of course fully admits this, and only when one eliminates the idea of the permanence of the existing commercial system is the taking of interest discredited.

John Shakespere and Mary Arden.

1563.

ON Mary Arden's finger slips the ring,
 In Cantlow's * rustic church that fateful morn :
 What means the smile o'er rippling waves of corn ?
 What are the songs presaging blackbirds sing ?
 The gladsome neighbours to the Altar bring
 Bridegroom and Bride ;—who, through the gates of horn,
 Might see fair visions from that marriage born,
 And hear the songs that unborn years shall bring ?
 We, happy, know what from that circlet's round
 Sprang, as from teeming round of mother earth,
 What harmonies of world-entrancing sound,
 What store of heart-wrung sorrow, sportive mirth.
 What fertile harvest for man's gleaning ground,
 What living thoughts in Time's ripe hour had birth !

J. J. BRITTON.

* John Shakespere and Mary Arden were married in Aston Cantlow Church, Warwickshire ; hence came W. Shakespere.

The Half-Year's Art.

SOME WORKS ON ART.

KUGLER'S ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. By AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, G.C.B., D.C.L. Parts I. and II, *London: John Murray.*

When Sir Charles Eastlake originally edited these volumes they formed the great standard work on the subject of Italian Painting; and, although many years have passed since the first edition was issued, the work remains substantially what it was. But in this present (the fifth) edition Sir Henry Layard has thoroughly revised and in part rewritten it. He travelled over the Continent, sometimes in company with the eminent Morelli, and visited the present homes of many of the pictures described. While the original criticisms of Kugler and Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake have for the most part been retained, the descriptions, localities, and names of many of the pictures have been corrected, and so the work has been brought thoroughly up to date, and the handbook is in every essential what it purposes to be—"a help to the student of art and a guide to the traveller." The volumes commence with the early Christian art, and the history is continued through the years which saw the rise and fall of the great Italian Schools: the School of Florence, of Siena, of Umbria, of Verona, of Padua, of Venice and of Bologna. The paintings of the Lombard School, of Michael Angelo and his followers, of Raphael and his pupils, of Correggio and his scholars, are all described. The decline of Italian art is dealt with as we see it in the works of the Mannerists, that of the Eclectic Schools, and finally in the Naturalistic and later Schools of the last century. The volumes are accompanied by nearly two hundred and fifty illustrations of pictures, page-size, and drawn clearly in line, so that an excellent idea of the work may rapidly be gained. These illustrations are of the utmost value, giving as they do a connected serial idea of the rise and fall of the art which they represent. With two such volumes as these, the first two hundred pages of Mr. Cook's "Handbook" (noticed below), and the pictures in the National Gallery, an almost complete education in Italian art may be gained without leaving our own country. At the very least, the contents of these three magazines of art mastered will equip the traveller in the cities of Europe in search of art treasures with every detail of a necessary outfit.

THE GREAT AGE OF ITALIAN PAINTING. By S. G. C. MIDDLEMORE. *London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.*

This book of two hundred pages consists of a series of lectures delivered to elementary students of art, who would derive very considerable benefit from their delivery. As an introduction to such a study the book is not at all amiss; but it contains a number of somewhat ill-judged remarks concerning the *quattrocentists*, which Mr. Middlemore would do well to reconsider.

HANDBOOK TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY. By EDWARD T. COOK, M.A. *London: Macmillan & Co.*

This, the third edition of Mr. Cook's valuable handbook, has been revised, rearranged and enlarged; and the popularity it enjoys may be seen from the fact that the first edition appeared in 1888, the second in 1889, and the present year calls for a further issue. The work consists of more than seven hundred well-printed pages, and is a thoroughly trustworthy and

valuable guide. As mentioned above, the first two hundred pages of this work are devoted to the pictures of the great Italian Schools; then follow the Dutch and Flemish in Room 10, the Early German and Flemish in Room 11, the Dutch and Flemish of Room 12, the later Italian Schools of Room 12, the French School, the Spanish School, and then the English School, including the Turner Gallery, which takes another two hundred pages. In the two appendices are given Index Lists of painters, with the titles of their pictures, and an Index List of Pictures; these appendices alone are a guide to the Gallery, and are of the greatest service. We cannot too warmly recommend this valuable work by Mr. Cook to all who are desirous of obtaining a wide knowledge of the art of painting. As a Handbook to our National Collection of Painting no word of recommendation is needed.

A CENTURY OF PAINTERS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL. By RICHARD REDGRAVE, continued by SAMUEL REDGRAVE. *London: Sampson Low & Co., Ltd.*

In this review of art books, Mr. Cook's "Handbook" serves to connect Kugler with the book the title of which is given above. "Redgrave" is to our National schools what "Kugler" is to the Italian; but in spite of the fact that it is the only comprehensive work on the history of English Painting we have, it is not satisfactory. Primarily, its arrangement is faulty; it is too irregular, and in parts too diffuse. There is no sense of perspective, and the criticisms are in many cases quite beside the mark. But, apart from these things, the volume is the only one to which we can go for reference, and we are grateful that we have it, and feel it to be somewhat ungracious to decry it in any way. We cannot, however, pass over the inadequate manner in which the chapter on "The Pre-Raphaelites" is written; it is not only inadequate, but incorrect. We are told that "The Germ" was issued weekly—it came out once a month; that it was ten years after Mrs. D. G. Rossetti's death that the poems of her husband were removed from her coffin—it was seven years; that J. W. Inchbold was one of the founders of the P. R. B.—which he was not; and there are two misprints of proper names. We will close the notice of the work, however, with a word of thanks to its publishers for issuing a new edition of it in so tasteful and handy a form, for it is an indispensable item to every art library.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LIBER STUDIORUM OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. With Notes by various hands. *London: Blackie & Son.*

This beautiful work, edited by John Ward, F.S.A., is admirable in every respect, and it comes as a boon to all those who are unable to compete for the rare *Liber* prints as they occasionally come upon the market. First of all, however, these selections are intended for the art student and the artist, and the practical lessons by Mr. Frank Short will be found to be of the greatest use to the former. Mr. Short, it will be remembered, is the eminent engraver, and perhaps the finest mezzotint artist we now have; and it was Mr. Ruskin who first saw Mr. Short's powers and encouraged him to proceed, calling his attention to Turner's work, and for which services Mr. Short acknowledges his gratitude in his present Notes. Mr. Frederick Wedmore contributes a historical introduction, and Mr. Ruskin's work in connection with Turner is dealt with, and his writings and notes on the great artist freely made use of. Notes on the *Liber* by the Rev.

Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., Mr. W. G. Rawlinson and others are included, so that the publication is singularly complete. The title-page contains a portrait of Turner. The work is divided into four parts, and each part contains a mezzotint, several etchings, and a number of vignette engravings; the whole produced in facsimile by photography, and each plate worked upon by Mr. Frank Short, so that the excellencies of the originals are as nearly as possible reproduced. The mezzotints included are : No. 19, "The Little Devil's Bridge, near Altorf"; No. 18, "Falls of the Clyde"; No. 33, "St. Catherine's Hill"; and No. 68, "Isis." Among the etchings, which are full size, there are several hitherto unpublished. It will be remembered that Turner intended to issue a hundred plates, but only reached No. 71, so that all above that number (see Mr. Rawlinson's catalogue) remained till now unpublished. Turner, however, worked at the plates, and had proofs pulled of them when they were etched. It is from these proofs the etchings now given are reproduced. They include : No. 72, "Apuleia"; No. 74, "Sheep Washing"; No. 75, "Dumbarton"; No. 76, "Crowhurst"; No. 77, "Temple of Jupiter"; No. 78, "Via Mala"; and No. 83, "The Stork and the Aqueduct." There are also nearly seventy smaller etchings and engravings in the text. The value to the collector, therefore, becomes apparent, and in its threefold aspect—as a liberal education to the art student, as a guide to the artist, and as a treasure to the collector—this fine work, in its neat portfolio, should meet with a great success.

ELEMENTARY ART TEACHING. By EDWARD R. TAYLOR. *London : Chapman & Hall.*

The author of this volume writes from a practical experience of art teaching of many years' duration, and his opinions, therefore, deserve particular attention and consideration. He is a painter of pictures who is in sympathy with the various phases of industrial art, and who has presided over the training of the minds both of painters and of industrial artists. The arts of painting, of modelling, and of design he is equally conversant with, and he is the Head Master of one of the most important provincial art schools—viz., that of Birmingham. As an educational artist his position is an authoritative one, for he is President of the National Society of Art Masters. The work under notice is specially devoted to elementary training in the arts, as its title implies, and as a guide to art masters its value will be very great; but to those also who are learners, and desirous of pursuing a definite and useful course of study, the book will be found of the utmost use. It is supplied with more than six hundred diagrams and illustrations, which add in a very material degree to its practical utility. In the preface its author expresses some very decided opinions and trenchant criticisms on the system of "that great incubus, *payment by result*," with which we most heartily agree; and we concur with the unexpressed opinion of Mr. Taylor that his book will not help greatly this pernicious practice, but it will, on the other hand, be a far better education in itself than any obtained under so unnatural a system. We heartily appreciate Mr. Taylor's effort to help the cause of art education.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART, FOR 1889. *London : 22, Albemarle Street.*

This well-printed volume from Messrs. Constable's press contains the papers and reports read at the second annual meeting of the Association at

Edinburgh, in 1889. The most important papers are: "The National Position of Art," by G. F. Watts, R.A.; "Design in Relation to Use and Material," by Walter Crane; "The Decoration and Illustration of Books," by the same Author; "Dyeing," by William Morris; "Art and the People," by William Hole, R.S.A. The various sections of painting, sculpture, architecture and applied art include a number of useful and useless papers; and out of the five hundred pages, which form the volume, perhaps one hundred are of permanent value. There is so much "chatter about art" included that it almost leads one to think that, after all, the week devoted to the Congress might be used to infinitely more purpose in other ways.

DEVELOPMENT AND CHARACTER OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE. *London: Macmillan & Co.*

In turning from the last volume to the book before us, we turn from squandered effort to real practical work; work which has been done well and thoroughly; work which required doing, and which, for some years at all events, will be final. Not that we entirely agree with Mr. Moore's every conclusion,—his opinion of English Gothic, for instance, we are not able to endorse; but as an exhaustive study of his subject it leaves little to be desired. The book deals with the Definition of Gothic, and the various examples to be found in the countries of Europe. Chapters are devoted to England, Germany, Italy and Spain; but the Gothic of France has occupied the writer's attention most largely, and his exposition of it is masterly. Architecture, Sculpture, and the allied arts of Painting and Stained Glass, are dealt with, and the history of the whole subject of the rise and fall of the period is epitomised in such a manner as to give the reader a wide knowledge of this great period. It is different from many other works on the subject, which have dealt with it in a loose and unsystematic way, hurrying off into theoretical disquisition and devious by-paths. Mr. Moore's work, however, is a technical one, in which system is conspicuous and a definite method has been pursued.

LITERARY REMAINS OF ALBRECHT DÜRER. By W. MARTIN CONWAY. *Cambridge, at the University Press.*

This book is practically a new and exhaustive biography of Dürer—in fact, it may be said to be an autobiography, for it consists very largely of Dürer's letters, such as are in existence, in which his doings are fully related to the men to whom they were written. Professor Conway has supplied links in the chain of the artist's life where needed, and the result is a complete and interesting story of the municipal, artistic and domestic doings of the great engraver. The opening chapter is concerned with "The Age of Albrecht Dürer," and Mr. Conway has generalised very successfully on this subject, producing a telling picture of the surroundings in which Dürer lived and worked; and his last chapter is devoted to "Dürer's Intellectual and Religious Development." The history of "The Great Pictures" and "The Woodcut Publications" is carefully given, and much attention is devoted to Dürer's own works on art, "The Literary Remains" including *The Doctrine of Measurement*, *The Four Books of Human Proportion*, and *The Theory of Fortification*. Transcripts from the British Museum Manuscripts, with notes upon them by Lina Eckenstein, form a valuable addition to the work, and facsimiles of MSS. and drawings are likewise appended. A section of the volume of much interest is that dealing with Dürer's Rhymes; and translations of them from Mrs. Charles Heaton's "Life" are given.

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. Translated by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. *London: John C. Nimmo.*

This volume is the third edition of Mr Symonds's fine translation of Cellini's classic autobiography. Although issued as a cheaper edition, it is in Mr. Nimmo's excellent style; well bound, well printed, and furnished with the mezzotint portrait by which Cellini's features are best known. Its author's well-known Italian predilections, and his remarkable knowledge of the Italian language, literature and art, need no comment here, except that we might remark that such a work fell into the right hands when it came Mr. Symonds's way. The result is a live book, palpitating with the heart-beats of the great artist and humanist, the father of industrial art, and the master of all workers in metals. This story of an artist's life, told with all the outspokenness and simplicity of a *naïve* nature, is a splendid romance, full of adventure, murder and riot; but with noble deeds and noble thoughts withal. It is one of the most charming, enlivening, and entertaining lives ever recorded; but beyond the romance of it there lie the storm and stress periods, when a great nature was at war with its surroundings. One remarkable note in the autobiography is the marvellous assurance Cellini had that he was almost always doing the right thing, and this by the grace of God.

JAPANESE POTTERY. By JAMES L. BOWES. *Liverpool: Edward Howell.*

Mr. Bowes, the eminent authority on "all one sees that's Japanese," and much that's Japanese one doesn't see, has followed up his great works on "Japanese Marks and Seals," "Japanese Enamels," and the "Keramic Art of Japan," by this sumptuous volume on "Japanese Pottery," which further increases the obligation under which we acknowledge Mr. Bowes has placed all those to whom the art of Japan is fascinating. The number of such is daily increasing, and this multiplication and education is largely due to the efforts the author of this work has made to make known the beauties of this strange cluster of arts. Pottery is now—and has always been, perhaps—the phase of art which the Japanese have most largely indulged in; and its history is the history of Japan itself, for in its pottery the country has recorded its myths, traditions and historical records. The present volume contains an account of this history, which is well illustrated, so that the story becomes lucid and easily understandable, even to the beginner. Then the great kilns are described, and their trade-marks and their owners' crests are given; after which follow the examples of pottery from these kilns contained in the celebrated Bowes Museum at Liverpool. Satsuma, Kaga, Owari, Musashi—are they not all described in this book? Not only are minute particulars concerning the pieces given, but in the sixteen splendid plates occurring in this volume illustrations of many of the most important are presented. The frontispiece is a beautiful coloured lithograph of some specimens of undecorated and decorated wares, and the rest are photographs from the pieces in the Museum. In addition to these there are nearly three hundred illustrations in the text, many of them being very quaint and all of them of interest. After the description of the wares follow the notes, which treat of a number of subjects intimately connected with the potter's art, and include interesting accounts of the Japanese festivals, bouquets (a fine art in Japan, governed by rigid laws), Fusi-yama (the Sacred Mountain), marks and seals and other

subjects; and the whole is brought to a close by an exhaustive index. From Mr. Bowes's preface we learn that the best specimens of Japanese pottery are to be found in Europe, where they were sent on the breaking up of the great houses of the nobles of Japan between the years 1867 and 1874. Mr. Bowes has been collecting for over thirty years, and has been helped in preparing his work by owners of kilns, connoisseurs and experts, natives of Japan. To all who love this art Mr. Bowes' "Japanese Pottery" will be a constant source of delight.

BIRKET FOSTER: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By MARCUS B. HUISH.
London: J. S. Virtue & Co.

The Christmas number of the *Art Journal*, as usual, contains a complete account of one of our celebrated living artists who have secured the popular approval. No better subject for such a purpose as is designed for this number could have been chosen than Mr. Foster, for his name is known and loved in many a home where that of Alma Tadema or Frederick Leighton is a sound and nothing more. The annual is sure to be popular, and the ascription of "King René's Honeymoon," a cartoon by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, on pages 26 and 31, to Mr. E. Burne-Jones, will pass without much comment. The number contains six full-page etchings and engravings and a large number of smaller illustrations by Mr. Birket Foster himself and a number of designs by Mr. Burne-Jones, as well as the cartoon by Mr. Madox Brown mentioned above. Mr. Huish has told the story of Foster's life in an interesting and pleasant manner; and the account of Mr. Foster's house and studio, with the illustrations thereof, is welcome. The frontispiece consists of Mr. Foster's charming etching, "The Little Shepherds."

MR. RUSKIN'S ART LECTURES: ARATRA PENTELICI, ARIADNE FLORENTINA, VAL D'ARNO. *London: George Allen. 1890.*

This new edition of Mr. Ruskin's illustrated Art Lectures has been issued in a form both handy and convenient, and at a price which will bring them within the reach of all students of his writings. With regard to the illustrations for these small editions, the same negatives for autotypes, with only one or two exceptions, have been used as for the octavo editions. The exceptions were because the subject was too large for the smaller page. Plate XII. of "Aratra," "Branch of Phillyrea," is a photogravure, the original plate for the octavo edition being too large. "Aratra Pentelici" contains seven lectures on the "Elements of Sculpture," given before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1870. The seventh lecture, entitled "The Relation of Michael Angelo and Tintoret," is included for the first time, having been hitherto issued in pamphlet form. "Ariadne Florentina" is the title given to six lectures on wood and metal engraving which were delivered before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1872. In the Appendix are two articles: (1) "Notes on the Present State of Engraving in England," and (2) "Detached Notes." "Val d'Arno" consists of ten lectures on "The Tuscan Art directly antecedent to the Florentine Year of Victories," given before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1873. The Appendix consists of notes on the plates illustrating the volume. It is needless to say anything about the contents of these volumes. The illustrations reflect great credit on Mr. Allen's careful supervision.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

THE PORTFOLIO. Edited by P. G. HAMERTON. *London: Seeley & Co.*

The second half of the first volume in the new series of "The Portfolio" shows no falling-off from the high standard of artistic excellence it has always maintained. The page-size etchings and engravings are eighteen in number: most of them of high merit, none of them mediocre. The illustration of Alfred Stevens' "Wellington" worthily commences the series; "A Dutch Interior," etched by Manesse after De Hooghe, and "The Ambassadors," engraved from the picture by Holbein, represent two Continental Schools; Henry Dawson's "In the Dukeries," engraved by Alfred Dawson, is clear and warm; Herbert Dicksee's etching, "A Lion drinking," is very impressive; "A Visitor for Jack," by Hamilton Macallum, is pretty; J. C. Hook's "Home Again" is slight; while C. O. Murray's etching of P. H. Calderon's "Faithful Hearts" is full of pathos; Colin Hunter's etching "The Hills of Morven" is an effective bit of work, but his "Baiters" are much too refined. Alfred Dawson's engraving, "Caernarvon Castle," is comprehensive and picturesque. Joseph Pennell's series of drawings to illustrate Justin McCarthy's interesting but discursive articles, "From Charing Cross to St. Paul's," are very clever and very realistic, and are perhaps to be reckoned Mr. Pennell's best work. They are remarkable impressions, and the manner in which the artist has sustained the work without any decrease of vigour is very commendable. This kind of work is far more suited to Mr. Pennell than the well-worn and well-remembered bits of Venetian mediocrity. The illustrations in the text are numerous, and include reproductions of pictures by David Cox, J. R. Wells, J. Pennell, Constable, R. T. Blomfield, A. Dawson, and Barlow Moore. As regards the letter-press we are not able to say so much in commendation, for the number of really good articles is few. The notes and the series on "The British Seas," by various hands, are good and useful; "A Week in Somerset" may be mentioned; Julia M. Ady's "Pastels and Drawings of Millet" is distinctly disappointing: so ambitious a title at this late hour, however, required a great deal to justify itself.

THE ART JOURNAL. *London: J. S. Virtue & Co., Limited.*

In the numbers of *The Art Journal* now before us there is much that is interesting and much that is delightful. More popular than *The Portfolio*, it is still a thoroughly artistic production, and the page plates are very well produced. "A Call to Arms" is an admirable reproduction of E. Blair Leighton's well known work; "A Coming Shower," by P. Outin, is a somewhat strangely contrasted work—heavy black clouds, and a black boat on the beach, in front of which two daintily attired ladies are trembling for their dresses; and J. Armytage's engraving of Keeley Halswelle's "Non Angli, sed Angli" is somewhat cold. Mr. Alfred Higgins writes two articles on "W. B. Richmond's Work, and his Life as an Artist," which are freely illustrated with sketches and studies by the artist. "The Royal Academy in the Last Century" is a serial by J. E. Hodgson and Fred. A. Eaton, illustrated by many reproductions of the works of the R.A.s of that time. Mr. Claude Phillips contributes his last two articles on "The Summer Exhibitions at Home and Abroad," and the illustrations accompanying his acute criticisms include pictures by Jules Breton, L. Alma-Tadema, W. H. Bartlett, Sir James Linton, E. Boutigny, A. Moreau, and Sir Frederick Leighton. J. Penderel-Brothurst

writes in the August number on "Scottish National Memorials," and another Scotch subject is "Nungaté of Haddington," by Francis Watt, with drawings by A. W. Henley. An amusing article, with some entertaining sketches by the author, is "Paris Copyists," by E. Æ. Somerville. "A Group of Great Painters" is a review by Alicé Meynell, in the September issue, of "The Barbizon School of Painters," by David Croal Thomson, recently published, and is accompanied by Millet's portrait of himself and his "La Tricoteuse," as well as by Daubigny's "Return of the Flock—Moonlight." "George Clausen" and his work is dealt with by R. A. M. Stevenson, and the article is accompanied by the artist's "Ploughing" (a page plate), his portrait, some studies and reproductions of "The Little Haymakers," "Digging Potatoes" and "The Stone-pickers," which illustrate very well Mr. Clausen's finely naturalistic methods and the power of his work. "A Ramble through Caen," by J. Bloundelle-Burton, with illustrations by Herbert Railton, is picturesque, but Mr. Railton's drawing, "Caen," is blotty. A very valuable contribution by A. C. R. Carter, "The Art Sales of 1890," should be mentioned in closing the notice of these valuable numbers.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. *London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.*

The most popular and the most smartly conducted of the art magazines is *The Magazine of Art*; but in the general feeling of early rising that one encounters in it there is lost that feeling of artistic reserve which is more apparent in its older and more staid contemporaries. However this may be, there is no gainsaying the fact that the numbers for the last six months have been especially interesting, and they have contained some remarkably fine work both literary and pictorial. A word may be said as to the inadequate reviewing included in the month's "Chronicle of Art"; there is ample room for an authoritative word on art books in an art journal month by month, and this *The Magazine of Art* does not fill, but fritters away its valuable space in notices of second-rate works of travel, of cyclopædias and directories. To refer in detail to some of the more important contributions to these numbers, however, will require all the space at disposal. In the July number, a photogravure of Ford Madox Brown's "Last of England" forms an admirable frontispiece, and it is followed by a biographical and critical article by the artist's daughter, Mrs. Lucy Madox Rossetti, which is highly interesting. In the same number, Thomas Woolner contributes a poem; "The Wife—Midsummer," which is furnished with two illustrations by Margaret J. Dicksee. Munkacsy's powerful "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters" is etched by C. Courty, and a note on the picture is supplied by M. H. Spielmann (the editor). "The Stone Age," by Fernand Cormon is reproduced in photogravure, and forms the frontispiece of the September number, which contains a fine sonnet by Christina G. Rossetti. This is accompanied by a remarkably beautiful drawing by C. Ricketts, "An Echo from Willow-wood," the upper portion of which is full of weird feeling and passion. The lower half is an exquisite design, consisting of the heads of two lovely maidens with long wavy hair, and leaves of the water-lily. It is a pleasure to turn the page and find another drawing from the same hand: this is a headpiece for the article by Elizabeth Lecky on "Some Ancient Representations of Eros and Psyche." Mr. Ricketts has treated his subject in a decorative fashion, and his figures are charming. The October number contains a good article on Josef Israels, by David Croal Thomson with a number of studies and sketches, and a fine photo-

gravure by Boussod, Valadon & Co., of Israels' "Shipwrecked Fishermen," a very powerful work. George Moore writes on "Degas : The Painter of Modern Life," with three illustrative examples of the "Modern Life of Degas." The etching by James Dobie of Mr. Watts's "Fata Morgana" is a successful work, and reproduces the feeling of this noble picture very accurately. There are several valuable serial articles running through these numbers, the most important of which are those on "Current Art" by M. H. Spielmann, with many illustrations of this year's pictures in the New Gallery and the Grosvenor, and "The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture," by Claude Phillips, with pictures by L. Lhermitte and E. Detaille, and by Emile Wauters, Paul de Vigne and others.

ART AND LITERATURE. *Glasgow : Maclure, Macdonald, & Co.*

Vol. IV. of *Art and Literature* commences with the July part, which contains the three large plates usual with this magazine : mezzographs of Sir John Gilbert's striking Academy picture of this year, "Onward"; of "In the Month of May," by W. W. Topham, R.I.; and a fine portrait of Miss Ellen Terry. The portraits of the other numbers are H. M. Stanley, George Macdonald, Walter Besant and W. E. Gladstone. The rest of the mezzographs are G. H. Boughton's "Puritans' First Winter in New England," a fine work; Colin Hunter's "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness"; "The Sculptor," by J. B. Burgess, R.A.; "Vashti Deposed," by E. Normand; "A Placid Morning," one of H. W. B. Davis's usual cattle scenes; a stirring picture by W. H. Bartlett, "A Venetian Faction Regatta"; a fine work by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., "The Phantom Ship"; and "Sacred and Profane Love," by Solomon J. Solomon. The literary contents include biographical notices of the subjects of the portraits, as well as "Alexandre Dumas," "Oriental Porcelain," "Björnstjerne Björnson," "Art in Mexico," "The Dawn of Decoration," "The Crusaders in Sculpture," "Japanese Fans," and others.

THE ART DECORATOR. *London : The Electrotype Company.*

The parts of this interesting and useful serial more than fulfil the promise of the early numbers. There has been a distinct improvement in the quality of the designs : as regards their printing improvement was scarcely possible. Colour printing in this work is brought to a high degree of excellence. It is a matter of some difficulty to select for mention any special designs from among so many good ones. Most of them are by German designers and artists, as the work is an English edition of the *Decorative Vorbilder*. We may refer to "Venus and Cupid," from a wood carving by Bernard Schapp; "Conventional Floral Decoration," by Fritz Reiss; and the bold effects in flat decoration, with gilding, which Louis Davis, of Oxford, has produced.

THE JOURNAL OF DECORATIVE ART. *Manchester : Decorative Arts Company, Ltd.*

This useful monthly journal contains some extremely good practical articles for the decoration of public buildings and private houses. Joseph Sharp, of Glasgow, contributes a fairly designed scheme for an entrance hall; and Walter J. Pearce a design for the east wall of a village church—both printed in colours. Good illustrations accompany the various articles, among which we may mention Professor Church's "Considerations concerning Colour and Colouring," and "Scene-making and Scene-painting," by H. Benwell. A feature of the journal is the supply with each number of full-size stencil designs of much practical use. KINETON PARKES.

Societies.

THE CARLYLE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE winter session of this Society opened on October 6th, at the usual place of meeting, and under the presidency of Dr. Eugene Oswald. The recess had been devoted to the study of Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," and this evening and the next meeting were given to the elucidation of questions arising out of its perusal and to papers on the book generally.

The President always brings to the study of any subject he deals with a minute and laborious investigation, which is almost a lost art with some of us ; but to this he adds so wide a culture and so thorough a knowledge of men and things, we are well content for the nonce to fold the sometimes Icarus-like wings of generalisation, and go through with our task like men. We had a sort of examination on the difficulties presented by references to men little known to the newer generation, and on the meaning of odd but singularly expressive words used in the book by Carlyle, such as—one among many—the word "buzzard," which the President and others mercilessly pursued till they ran the poor bird to earth and found it to be blind and stupid.

Mr. J. Feis gave a charming paper redolent of the air of the place of its production,—it was penned in Switzerland,—the main aim of which was to show that Carlyle never wrote better or more to the hearts of his readers than when he chose the life of his friend, and spoke with gentle and sympathetic humanity of a career which never really fulfilled its promise, and which was more remarkable for goodness and for beauty than for heroic achievement. Mr. Feis dwelt on Carlyle's exquisite descriptions in various writings of the simple life of the peasantry in his own native country, and contrasted the honest, homely dignity of their manners and character with the too often questionable character of his heroes. This, said the reader, is the true sphere for Carlyle to work in ; here he finds his best and most sympathetic employment. The President, in commenting appreciatively on this paper, gave in eloquent words expression to a very general feeling amongst the members that genius like Carlyle's, able to deal nobly with the humblest things, would fall far short of its mark if it did not deal with grander subjects.

A painter known to the writer once said, "Oh yes ! I could splash about with my brush like the best of them if I chose ; but it takes just as much power to paint a peaceful scene " ; yet the writer has had a glimpse of what this artist can do when he chooses to boldly paint the wild or striking, and he wishes he would splash about for a change sometimes. The same remark justifies Carlyle's heroes.

The Hon. Secretary (Mr. Macrosty) gave, on the second evening, a paper, good in quite an exceptional way, furnishing a living portrait of Sterling (though not one, we think, all agreed with in every point). Further, he copiously, and as judiciously, quoted, on the most varied subjects, from Sterling's writings,—scenic description ; humorous verse, it was a Tory candidate's speech at a contest for a seat in Parliament ; imaginative dialogue, such as, for instance, a humorous and faithful imitation of Carlyle's way of speaking in a novel of Sterling's ; some pithy aphorisms, and other specimens.

Mr. Macrosty's paper deserves special commendation for its evidences of intelligent and assiduous research, and because there was just enough

of his own well-considered views in it to give interest, but infinitely more of Sterling, whom he rightly allowed to speak as often as possible for himself.

Mr. W. D. Scull also contributed a paper principally dealing with the artistic view of life, as contrasted with the prophetic. We always hear his words with pleasure: the atmosphere of art pervading them reminds us of one of those days, with a blue sky and a south wind, sometimes sandwiched between two days of all the discomforts of November; but then why did he speak so unkindly of Pope? this was the little drop of bitter in our cup.

Mr. A. L. Stevenson also sent a paper on the subject of Sterling, marked by plenty of good sense, and expressed in clear, straightforward language; one leading point was the justification of Carlyle's choice of this theme for a biography.

There are many other speakers one would like to notice; but space fails, and so we must conclude this imperfect record of two interesting evenings.

HENRY E. WEST.

THE RUSKIN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

"MR. RUSKIN AND THE TWO FIRST VOLUMES OF *Modern Painters*."

THE second meeting of the session of The Ruskin Society of London was held on November 14th, at the London Institution, under the presidency of Mr. J. ELLIOTT VINEY, when Mr. SYDNEY ROBJOHNS read a paper on "Mr. Ruskin and the Two First Volumes of *Modern Painters*." The essayist first said *what* Mr. Ruskin was, classing him with CARLYLE and DARWIN, as a purely original leader of 19th-century Thought, and with SCOTT and TENNYSON as a Master of literary expression. Touching lightly on matters biographical, it was shown how the mind of the youthful Ruskin had come under certain influences from Continental travel which developed in him the powers which he, in a greater degree than any other man, possessed for the work he had to do, and for the deliverance of the Gospel he had to proclaim. In the next place Mr. ROBJOHNS dealt at some length with Mr. Ruskin as the interpreter of TURNER, TINTORET, LUINI, BOTTICELLI, and CARPACCIO, five great painters despised until he spoke of them. Of these it was shown that TURNER was the standard by which one might estimate their acquaintance and appreciation of Nature: TINTORET was the HOLMAN HUNT of his time, in that he painted the Saviour and His disciples as they actually were—peasants of Galilee: LUINI stood "alone in uniting consummate art-power with untainted simplicity of religious imagination"; BOTTICELLI was a reformer within the Church, not a preacher of new doctrines, but a witness against the betrayal of old ones, the Renaissance depicter of the superhuman as opposed to the purely human of the old Greeks; and CARPACCIO represented noble portraiture—that portraiture which "depicts its subject not as self-sufficient and self-confident and vain, but as a seeker after or a thanksgiver for Divine mercies." In regard to TURNER, Mr. ROBJOHNS further said what an advantage it would be, and what a joy, if Turner's water-colours, now stowed away in the National Gallery basement, could be well exhibited in say a wing of Buckingham Palace. There in that basement at present were priceless gems of art which no one, or very few, ever studied. Would the student examine the methods of the Master? Here he could see how Turner, having outlined his subject, washed in the prevailing tints of earth and sky and water, with suggestions of morning, evening or storm mists.

Would the lover of splendour revel in colour? Here he might enjoy the brilliant hues with which heaven mantles this lovely earth. Would the poet live again in scenes of historic or romantic associations? Here he might again linger among the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, the old-world towns of France and Italy, the grand sweeps of the Tamar and the Aire, and the abbeys and mansions of Northern Britain. What a distinction it would be, even for the Queen, to establish a Turner-Ruskin gallery (as the French would do) in one of our great palaces! A brief analysis was given of the two volumes respectively; and Mr. ROBJOHNS concluded his paper by showing that the whole aim of *Modern Painters* can be expressed in two words—VIRTUE and HAPPINESS. Mr. Ruskin has told us (1) “that the vital purpose of *Modern Painters* was the claim of the personal relation of God to man as the source of all human, as distinguished from brutal, virtue”; and (2) that “man’s use and purpose is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.” An interesting discussion followed, in which the chairman, Mr. THOMAS HEWITT, Mr. HENRY E. WEST and Mr. R. F. BUTLER (secretary) took part. The Chairman contended that all men in their perceptive faculties were men of genius, but that that which separated men recognised as men of genius from others was the courage with which they depicted or described the inner working of their minds. The evening was an interesting and useful occasion; and it is hoped that the two meetings in which Dr. BAYNE and Mr. ROBJOHNS have taken part will initiate a long series of enjoyable, instructive and influential gatherings.

The Book Gazette.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE MONIST. A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. October 1890. *Chicago*: The Open Court Publishing Co. *London*: Watt & Co., Johnson’s Court, Fleet Street.

The *Monist* is a journal that has been fortunate enough to find justification for its existence amongst the multitude of periodicals, by devoting itself to the publication of articles on matters exclusively philosophical, scientific, religious and sociological. It fills a gap between our purely scientific journals, such as *Nature*, and our monthly and quarterly reviews; being of a less limited scope than the former, and less comprehensive than the latter. If succeeding numbers equal the one now on our table it will, without doubt, receive considerable support in England. We have here an article by Prof. G. J. Romanes, on “Mr. A. R. Wallace and Physiological Selection,” in which he gives us a recapitulation of his own theory of “Physiological Selection,” and answers Mr. Wallace’s objections thereto. This theory has not by any means received the attention that is its due, and we are glad to meet Prof. Romanes once more in these pages. Mr. Alfred Binet discusses the “Immortality of Infusoria,” showing in opposition to Weissman that experiment does not support his fundamental datum that organisms multiplying by fission do not die natural deaths. This is of great interest at the present time. Prof. E. D. Cope contributes an article, on the “Material Relations of Sex in Human Society,” that will be read with interest by many. He contends that competition between the sexes has a natural limit, owing to physical and mental differences

and reciprocal obligations; and that inasmuch as men and women are not of separate species, but the complementary parts of one species, it is only occasional exceptions that will be found interfering with the proper functions of the opposite sex. We think that he makes scarcely sufficient allowance for the future development of women; for until they are relieved from all social disabilities it is premature to dogmatise on what they are or are not intellectually fitted for. The articles on "Origin of Mind," by Dr. Paul Carus, and the "Analysis of the Sensations—Anti-metaphysical," by Prof. Ernst Mach, deserve careful perusal. A new and agreeable feature of the *Monist* is the "Literary Correspondence"—in this number from France by M. Lucien Arreat, who tells us what are the books being published and the topics of interest current in that country. The reviews are comprehensive and cosmopolitan. Nineteen pages are devoted to these. We notice in this magazine that the Reviewer appends his initials in Greek characters.

THE MONTH. *London: 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.*

The leading article in the November issue of this long-established Catholic magazine and review is called "The Loyalty of Cardinal Newman," by an anonymous writer, who quotes a number of the Cardinal's letters in support of his contention; P. J. O'Reilly writes on "Ober-Ammergau in 1890"; and the Very Reverend Canon Brownlow, V.G., on "The Abolition of Serfdom in England." There are several other interesting papers, and a number of well-written reviews of books and magazines not generally noticed.

THE PATERNOSTER REVIEW. *London: C. G. Ellis & Co.*

The frontispiece to this number is the Earl of Carlisle's portrait-drawing of Carlyle—an extraordinary affair, making the "Sage of Chelsea" a veritable sage in appearance. Madame Venturi contributes some most interesting memories of Carlyle, whose neighbour she was and whose friendship she was privileged to enjoy. The poem this month is by Mr. George Meredith; it consists of two stanzas, and is called "The Riddle for Men." Mr. W. Clyde Fitch's allegory, "The King's Throne," is beautifully written.

THE TORCH. *London: E. A. Petherick & Co.*

The four numbers of this quarterly periodical, completing the third volume, form a very handy guide to the books and magazines published during the last twelve months. *The Torch* is primarily designed for Colonial bookbuyers; but it serves other useful purposes to those at home—for the various publications of the quarter are classified under different headings, and catalogued so that a glance will afford a store of information regarding new books and reprints.

THE SUN. *Paisley: Alexander Gardner.*

Mr. William Sharp contributes an interesting article, "In the Land of Evangeline"; Dr. A. H. Japp writes on "Thomas De Quincey"; Dr. A. C. Clark publishes some "Thoughts on Heredity"; and there are one or two good poems,—and these, with a number of other articles, go to form an excellent issue.

THE BRITISH BOOKMAKER. *Leicester: Raithby, Lawrence, & Co.*

The November number contains a portrait and biographical notice of the late William Blades, and a fine design for a book-cover, by Mr. Pearce, of the Lambeth School of Art. There are other useful illustrations and articles.

HEINEMANN'S INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by EDMUND GOSSE. *London: Wm. Heinemann.*

PIERRE AND JEAN. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

The second volume of Heinemann's International Series, with the above title, is a striking contrast to the first. Both novels by masters of the craft, they serve to indicate the growth and the decay of their respective schools. In Björnson's "In God's Way" (vol. i.), is the humanism which marks the beginnings of all great literatures, while in "Pierre and Jean" of Maupassant there is the attenuation which is a characteristic of a literature in decline. M. Guy de Maupassant is a subtle literary chemist who has brought his system of analysis to a high state of perfection, but so dominated by laws and rules as to have lost all the elements of romance which marked the earlier stages of the art. "Pierre and Jean" is only interesting on account of its science; and the laws of this science are formulated in the introduction "Of 'the Novel'" by which M. Maupassant prefaces his successful experiment. Mr. Gosse introduces his author by calling him "the most robust and masculine of recent French novelists," a description which is purely comparative. M. Maupassant is not "robust," if the original meaning of the word "robust" is to be taken into account at all in such a consideration. Unfortunately it has been used in so many ways lately as to have lost all of its old significance. "Masculine" we may allow him to be, but only because he is not effeminate.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE. By EMIL FRANZOS.

Franzos, the author of this very powerful novel, is an Austrian who has achieved a high European reputation; in England he is but little known, but *Der Präsident* cannot fail to make an impression on English readers through this fairly satisfactory translation by Mr. Miles Corbet. Of the story itself nothing can be said here except that it absorbs the attention and demands to be finished in a single reading. The Chief Justice himself is a startling figure, and so much uprightness and honour in his later dealings come with the force of a revelation; and only slightly less interesting is the figure of Dr. Berger.

WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT. By LYOF TOLSTOI.

Dr. Dillon's translation of the latest of Count Tolstói's writings is a satisfactory piece of work, and the admirable essay by which Mr. Gosse prefaces the novel adds very greatly to the value of the volume. Mr. Gosse points out very reasonably that it is in his earlier works that the Count appears as an artist most favourably, and that it is to *Anna Karenine* that we must look for him at his best rather than to *The Kreutzer Sonata*. The present story is not touched upon by Mr. Gosse, but it contains much of the early artistic feeling of the author's earlier works as regards its style, although the character drawing is absent and it is not on the grand scale of these. The Count has sacrificed the artist to the theorist, and while we acknowledge his power in each department we would far rather have his creations than his speculations. "Work while ye have the Light," as its title implies, is an attempt to put into practice the principles of Christ as Count Tolstói reads them.

MACMILLAN'S THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

Messrs. Macmillan have added several new volumes to this library of fiction during the last two months, by a number of popular writers, but they have been careful to select only those which are of real worth.

JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Is a story dealing with the hard manner in which the uncle of John Vale conducts the guardianship. The uncle himself is a character for whom we can feel sympathy, although we cannot help rejoicing at the reverses which befall him. The scenes are laid in the Midlands, and deal largely with the locality in which Mr. Murray was born, and where his boyhood was passed. One or two of the characters are part portraits.

THE ASPERN PAPERS. By HENRY JAMES.

A volume which contains, in addition to its name-story, "Louisa Pallant," an incomprehensible affair, and "The Modern Warning," a story of absorbing interest, dealing with a difficult problem and ending in a very dramatic scene. "The Aspern Papers" is clever and amusing, and is one of the fictitious literary studies in which Mr. James is so successful.

THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH. By BRET HARTE.

Is a very pathetic story in the author's known style, by which such an overwhelming sense of sadness is induced in the reader. The volume contains as well an entertaining tale called "A Knight-Errant of the Foot-hills"; "A Secret of Telegraph Hill," a tale of gambling; and "Captain Jim's Friend," a pitiful account of mistaken devotion.

THE MINERS' RIGHT. By ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

Is a tale of the Australian gold mines, containing many stirring events, which are not, however, described with much dramatic force. The book is loosely constructed and long drawn out, and but for the interest of the subject-matter would be rather dull.

LOUISIANA and THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S. By FRANCES HODGSON-BURNETT.

This is a reprint of two of Mrs. Burnett's most successful stories, which are very well known by this time. To have them together in this handy volume is an advantage.

MAROONED. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Is one of this famous sea-storyteller's best efforts, and in it he has told the story of how the survivors of a shipwreck are thrown upon an island and undergo there some remarkable experiences.

THE HERIOTS. By SIR HENRY CUNNINGHAM.

Is one of the successes of the year. It was published in the spring in three volumes, and reprinted twice; now appears in a new and cheap edition. It is an interesting story.

THE DOMINANT SEVENTH. By KATE ELIZABETH CLARK. *London: Wm. Heinemann.*

This story is, as its title implies, a musical one, but by no means exclusively interesting to musicians only, although it will be particularly interesting to such. The book is prefaced by a quotation from Arthur Schopenhauer, commencing, "Our existence in life is a continued alternating of desires and gratifications"; and the story is written in a clever

fashion to carry out this idea. There is a strong feeling of romance interwoven into the tale, the characters are well drawn, and the incidents are startling but not improbable. The story is laid in America, and apparently the writer of it is American; at any rate, a perusal of "The Dominant Seventh" (it is not very long) makes the reader wish for more from the same pen. A word should be said in praise of the printing of the volume and of the charming cover with which it is bound.

THE MOMENT AFTER. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. *London: Wm. Heinemann.*

Mr. Buchanan's last story differs very greatly from the fine works of fiction of his earlier years, and but for this divergence we should be inclined to ask why he gives us a stone when we ask for bread. This "tale of the unseen," however, cannot reasonably be compared with "God and the Man" and its companion volumes, as it makes no pretension to such a comparison. Taking it on its merits, it is an ingenious and a striking story. The idea itself is a trifle ghastly, but the working out of it is successful. It is a book that every one will read through with interest and attention, but it does not contain that vital spirit of its author's genius which compels one to go back to his earlier works.

COME FORTH! By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and HERBERT D. WARD. *London: Wm. Heinemann.*

"Come Forth!" is another volume treating with New Testament story by the authors of "The Master of the Magicians," reviewed in these columns a short time ago. The present book has for its hero Lazarus, and out of the details of his life and his connection with the Nazarene the authors have woven an interesting story. It makes no pretensions except as to some of the archæological accessories; tells its tale simply, and advances no new views or theories concerning Christ.

"EDUCATION FROM THE CRADLE." By PRINCESS OUBOUSSOV. *London: G. Bell & Sons.*

Every woman of ordinary intelligence, with a real love for children, will appreciate and be interested in this little volume, which condenses into a few pages a great deal of necessary knowledge regarding the management of children. One of its features is the simple, natural style in which it is written. There is common-sense in it, though in some few instances this is wanting—as, for example, when we are told that "as soon as a child can crawl, he must be put on the ground, *on a carpet*." Where is the carpet to come from in most of the homes of the poorer classes? Then again: "A mother can only properly attend to the newborn child. As soon as there are several, *help must be called in*, . . . and a nurse should not be an inferior," etc. That is all very well for those who can afford it, but how many mothers of the working class can do that? They must struggle on for years with no help at all, save that of an elder child perhaps, or an occasional neighbourly kindness; so that, though we are informed by the preface that it is "chiefly" addressed to the masses, there is a good deal in it which could not possibly be put into practice by them.

The remarks on the effects of fear, unwise punishment, trained nurses, etc., ought to be imprinted on the hearts of all those who have the care of children. How much happier so many little lives would be that were

the case! It is terrible to think of the needless suffering inflicted upon many children by the ignorance of nurses who are totally unfit to have the care of them. The evil done by such persons is incalculable.

We shall not all agree, I fancy, with the writer's ideas on fairy tales. She does not approve of telling children anything that is not strictly true, and therefore thinks that fairy tales should be banished from the nursery. To my mind that would be a pity indeed. Can we not all remember the genuine delight with which we have listened to some of Hans Andersen's beautiful stories, and what kindly, tender feelings have been awakened in our hearts by their recital? What innocent pleasure we have experienced in anticipating the visits of Santa Claus! Take away the fairy tale, and Santa Claus must go too, and one of childhood's happiest memories be destroyed. Alas! all too soon these pleasant childish illusions pass away, until we live them over again in the pleasure they give to our children.

The "hardening" process is condemned most emphatically, and very rightly. What a mistake to suppose that all infants should be treated exactly alike, whether robust or delicate!—and yet it is common amongst ignorant women to do this. They think it will "harden" children to plunge them into cold water in the bitterest winter weather, and leave their necks, legs and arms *bare*,—with the result, of course, that the strong ones manage to struggle through it somehow, while the weak succumb.

The closing chapter, which treats of hygiene, etc., cannot be too strongly commended. The book is one which every mother ought to possess.

JOHN RUSKIN: A STUDY. By the REV. R. P. DOWNES. *London: A. W. Hall.*

Within the compass of 120 pages the editor of *Great Thoughts* has managed to give an interesting, and on the whole reliable, outline of the life and teaching of John Ruskin, accompanied by well-chosen extracts. We trust this little illustrated volume will have a wide circulation among the masses for whom it is primarily written. (See *Ruskiniana*, p. 101.)

"POOR PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS," by the HON. RODEN NOEL, has been issued as a Christmas booklet by Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W., in two editions, hand-made paper at One Shilling, and ordinary paper at Sixpence. The booklet is beautifully got up, in embossed white boards, with gilt edges. The poem, although occasionally defective in form, is full of noble thought and fine feeling. It may be regarded as prophetic of the true society of the future, for does not the workman say—

" True men devise large schemes to heal
This gangrene of the Commonweal,"

and the Lord add—

" My servants fashion even now
Justice for the Commonweal"

The poet affirms, as Ruskin also does, that "Justice, not almsgiving," is the true remedy of the social question.

Several Reviews and Acknowledgments are held over.

IGDRASIL.

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No. 13.

Cassandra's Prophecy.

THAT May-tide heat bred thunder ; and the hills
Hung livid blue behind a lurid haze :
Grey waters tossed in feverishness, and moaned ;
And on the wall, across a coppery sky,
Shook a sere palm, left solitary there,
Till they should hew it down for palisades.
And through the gate, for it was time of truce,
Cassandra came.

Earlier than yestereve's
Blue shade had climbed its russet-radiant crags,
Had she climbed Ida, to a rock that stands
Above its clinging woods and sweeping vales,
A pinnacle that seemed to cap the world,
Sole summit o'er its waving wildernesses.
Only to heavenward, toward the morning-land,
Mysian Olympus clave the limit-line
And towered, cloud-wreathed, snow-straked, the high gods' home.

Ten years ago, when peace was hers and Troy's,
Ten years ago, a strange, unchildish child,
She used to journey thither overnight,
Scaring the herd who thought a white wisp fled,—
Troubling the mother of her, that watched at home
And prayed Queen Pallas for some boon of grace
To such a wayward wanderer. Yet the girl
Loved never any life of womanhood,
Loved not the hearth, the loom, staid companying,
Fair raiment, nor the arts of broidery,
Nor dance, nor singing, such as girls should use,
While the old mother looks, and smiling sighs
"Ay me !" for time gone by ; and sighing smiles
"Heigho !" for time to come,—blushes, glad rites,
A brave new son to tend, and brave grandsons

To keep the house's honour what it was ;—
You know the sort poor silly mothers dream.

What could she do with this unhomely thing,
Strange, silent, passionate ?—whose only love
Lay in her wanderings through the lonely woods
At all weird hours to all wild, haunted spots,
Unweaponed braving wolves and snakes and sprites,
And worse,—wild folk who lived in lawlessness
On Priam's frontier sleepily sentinelled.
What could she do ?—when the strange girl returned
Where all her sisters worked and sat and sang,
Entering like any ghostly guest, who stays
The lip's laugh of the household.

She would lie,
Her head upon a pillar-base, and couched
Upon a leopard-skin ; while they looked round
Whispering " It is Cassandra ! " Had they heard
Persephone's hound upon the door-sill bay
The song had not died sooner. There she mused
So lone among them, seeming sullen : yet,
Bidden, did this and that about the house,
But all in a dream. The only thing she loved
—Save that Andromache, the dear white wife
Of iron-bosomed Hector stood her friend—
Was a white, downy owl that she had found,
Ida and Night alone knew where. But they,
The girls, hated her owl, because it cried
So like a real baby in the dark,
And stared so like a baby at the lamp.
Yet now and then the mother thought, " That bodes
A little good, maybe : 'tis Pallas' bird,
Her messenger, belike : an answering
To all my supplications."

Ah, poor heart,
If you had known,—but how were you to know ?
What manner of child was yours ;—how she could love,
—Not any woman's way, but such high love
Of beauty visible in the various earth,
Of noble hopes, heroic purposes,
World-fathoming thought, wisdom that scales the sky,
Ay, and a dream of such a man, or god,
Fit to be hero to her hero-life,
Mate of her maiden soul.—But then, the woof

And silent shuttle !—Pallas, O be kind !
—Was Pallas deaf, then ? Ah, poor mother's heart !

Cassandra sat upon her world's watch-tower
Till the sun rose upon her ; and his light
Made her face glorious ; and she sang to him :—

“ O Sun, who art the light of all that live,
Lighten me with thy light, that I may live.

“ O Sun, who art the death of all that die,
Even as thou wilt, save me, or bid me die.

“ O Sun, who seest all, grant me thy light.
That, slain or saved, mine eyes may see the light.”

She thought no soul could listen ;—just, perhaps,
The rosy spirit of the heather-bell
Or yellow lichen. But a soft hand stroked
Her head, and pressed the hair upon her neck.
And it was he, the very god she prayed.

Wrapped in his light, she listened to his words
Till every twilight-tide. She learned too well
The ways of fate ; she learned how good grows base,
How out of baseness springs the good again,
And how the earth casts its worn slough in the thorns
To shine each cycle's spring-time. Then stepped down
And told the miracle of her new-found love,
And bade folk fear, and hope.

Folk jeered and sneered :

“ This is Cassandra, whom we know of old ;
This is Cassandra, the wild girl,—the mad :
Ay, mad ;—yes, mad, of course ; how otherwise,
Seeing she bids us think, doubt, fear, and hope ?
Eat we and drink ; to-morrow we must die.”

Was not their witless wits' damnation just ?

And ever yet, after a musing-space
Alone in the high mountain, would she teach
The way of fate, and speak the mind of heaven,
Till all Troy rose against her, and all tongues.
“ Lo, she who lives the life our folk love not,—
Lo, she who loves no man as our girls love,—

Better if she would wed Corœbus here,
 Keep honestly and godly, than go gad
 After strange lips and unknown mountain-men."

Was not their heartless hearts' damnation just ?

And some who, loving once, hated her worst ;
 Who, half-believing, wholly disbelieved ;
 Who knew her cold, but would not know her good,
 And feigned heaven's gods with passions like their own,
 Made that foul tale which books tell even now
 Of her god's lust, and her deceit, and doom
 To tarry unbelieved and unbeloved.

Was not their soulless souls' damnation just ?

So, now that thunder steered along the west
 Against the wind of Ida, through the gate
 Left undefended in this time of truce,
 Cassandra came.—Throughout the night alone
 Had she been musing on the pinnacle,
 Till now the fit was on her. The dark hair,
 Tossed from her temples, wreathed her pillared throat ;
 Her eyes, Athena's colour, moss-agates
 Set in clear alabaster, gleamed and glowed ;
 And the breath came and went through nostrils tense
 With quite unearthly passion.—Up the street,
 Unheeding how the women looked askance,
 And boys cried fie upon her openly,
 She climbed the citadel to Pallas' shrine,
 Where sat the chiefs in high debate of war,—
 Priam and Hector, Paris, Troilus,
 Rhipeus the just, and rash Ucalegon.
 She entered ; they were mute : she spoke ; they heard,
 For they at least were courteous : and she sang,
 Preluding hardly with one sweep of the lyre.

Watcher, that sittest on high
 Through darkness and morning and day,
 Snowtide, and midsummer heat ;
 Watching the stars and the sky,
 Marking the sun's swift way,
 And the prints of the moon's faint feet ;
 Watcher, why sittest thou dumb ?
 The hour of thy crying is come.

Watcher, that watchest alone,
Pinnacled high in the cloud
That clings to the crags of the combe ;
Beneath thee the cloven stone,
Around thee the winds as a shroud
Wound, and the heaven as a tomb ;
Cry, for thine hour is come ;
Shout,—nor thy voice be dumb !

I sat in my watcher's seat,
And the heaven was a house to me,
And the white rack wrapt me around ;
The earth lay low at my feet,
Set in the circling sea,
And the sea with its cloudlets crowned ;
I watched for the finger of fate,
And the vision I saw was great.

I sat in the watchman's tower,
When the summer reached forth her hand
To clasp the hand of the spring ;
I watched for the evening hour,
When the sun is red on the land
With the blood of the sunseting ;
There touched me the finger of fate,
With a fearful vision and great.

What ailed thee, O Earth, to bear
Blight and the harvest-bane,
Groaning, and death in birth,
Smoke, and a crimson glare,
And a moon blood-red ere the wane,—
Why barest thou these, O Earth ?
For the triumph of darkness drifts
Wavering afar to the west,
Flickering afar to the east,—
Hair that the wind uplifts,
Hands unto hands close pressed,
Feet as the feet of a beast :
Banners in battle-array
Reared, and the rattling of drums,
Bugles, and trumpets' blare ;
Chariots and chargers grey
Pass, for the triumph comes
Of the Prince of the Power of the Air.

The form of the dread of his throng
Rose fearful and gaunt and great
As a pillar of smoke from a pyre,
Or the smoke of a furnace-fire ;
And the blast of his breath was strong,
And the scowl of his face was fate.
Around his loins was whirled
Cloud, as a garment furled ;
His wings o'ershadowed the world.
One foot on the furrowed land,
One foot on the fretted sea,
He reached to the heaven with his hand
And spake of the things to be.

“ Tremble, O Earth, being mine !
Quake, for thy prince is at hand,
And his foot on thy neck hath trod !
Thou art meted as with a line,
Thou art weighed in the balance, O land !
And thy fate is the frown of God.
Tremble, O Earth, being mine !
Lift up thy voice, and weep,
Cry for thy sin, for thy doom !
No sun in thy sky shall shine
As heretofore ; but a deep
Dark as the depth of the tomb.
No sigh of the odorous main
Shall breathe on thy plague-bound shore,
But pants of a fevered air :
No grass shall gladden thy plain,
No blossom shall blush thereo'er,
No harvest thy furrows bear :
But famine and plague and dearth
Bind thee within their girth,
Thy waters, and air, and earth !

“ With the arrows of gods above,
With the arrows of Greeks below,
And stabs of a self-slaying hand,—
Such a bride hast thou gotten to love,
Such a bridal of blood and woe,
Such a torch to thy marriage-brand.

With cries of the smitten in war,
With crash of the tottering wall,
And screams of the maid enslaved,—
So fiercely the flame shall roar,
So fiendly the foemen call,
So few be the remnant saved.
Ay, build your battlement high,
Ay, brag your boast to the heaven,
And brandish the whetted sword,—
Ah, low shall your battlement lie,
Ah, clutch at the spear-shaft riven,
Ah, curse the ill-omened word !
On your hearth shall the bitter boom,
And the dragon brood in your tomb,
And your Troy be a dream of doom !”

And the prince of the power of the air
And the pride of his triumphing throng
Passed, with a shout and a song
By the watcher that waited there.
But hearken, ye lords and kings,
To the lilt of the loud lute-strings.

For the cloud-sea foamed into white,
And the clear sky brake into blue,
Washed clean with the chilling dew,
Washed fair with the tears of night,—
O listen, ye lords and kings,
To the marvel the white sun brings !

Hard by me the high god stood,
Whose minstrel am I, and maid,
And on me his bright look laid
In the light of his comelihood :
Then hearken, ye lords and kings ;
For he sang me of secret things.

“ For sin, for the doom of sin,—
For crime, the fulfilling of crime,—
For a scourge, for a chastisement :
The outcome of ill within,
The income of envious time,
The fruit of an age mis-spent,—
This cursing, and more than all
This cursing, on Troy shall fall.

- “ A day,—it is past and done ;
 A night,—wherein none may work ;
 A morn,—O blessing of light !
An age,—how the light years run ;
 An age,—how the fierce fates irk ;
 An age,—to set wrong aright !
In heaven, do they bless the dawn ?
In hell, do they curse it, gone ?
- “ A child,—is he happy and free ?
 A youth,—is he fretted and bound ?
 Then the man shall be wise and just.
A poor folk, lusty to see,—
 A rich folk, cast to the ground,—
 Then fame, till the world is dust !
Is weakness the child of strength ?
From weakness comes might, at length.
- “ From this Troy of your shepherd bands,
 From this Troy of your trampled towers,
 Shall a new Troy spring like the sun :
From a world of turbulent hands,
 From a world of despotic powers,
 One new, free world be won !
Out of battle its peace shall be,
And born of its slaves the free.
- “ Go cry with thy might, ‘ Be wise,
 O rulers, this rule obey ;
For your lives, in the high fates’ eyes,
 Are a pulse in the world’s long day :
As the leaves on an autumn oak
Are your fortunes, whereof ye spoke,
Saying, here is the world’s last stroke !’
- “ Go cry with thy might, ‘ Beware ;
 Resist not the fates’ decree ’ ;
Shall the leaves in the frozen air
 Still cling to the frozen tree ?
Nay, rather flutter and die,
To the dead mould hover and lie,
That spring may have flowers thereby.
- “ Resist the purpose of fate ?
 —Ye fulfil it, in your despite :
Be the scorn in you ne’er so great
 Ye are tools in her hand of might :

Then join with her perfect will,
The means of her mind fulfil
In purging the earth from ill.

“ But ye, the faithful and true,
With firm heart holding her cause,
Let never your firm heart quail :
Fare forth with your fate in view,
In the light of your holy laws,
Till the flicker of false power pale ;
Till your Troy have arisen anew,
Though fate's full finishing pause,
Through strife, till the good prevail.

“ O born of true Love's torn heart,
Begot of the blind earth's best,
And bred in her lowliest vale,
Achieve you the glorious part,
In the wave-ringed woods of the west,
To be theme of eternal tale !
Sing woe, while the vexed tears start,
Sing woe for a world oppressed,
Sing woe till the good prevail !

“ O wan-eyed watcher's soul,
World-weary ? No ; world-inspired
With a pæan to drown your wail !
While ages alternate roll
Your cry shall be caught and quired
By echoes that rise and fail,
Till love, heaven's law, the whole
Knit world's one heart have fired !
—Ah, soul ! till the good prevail !”

She stayed at last ; and sobbed as though her soul
Out-bubbled with the song ; till eyes were dim
And hands applauded,—doubtless tendering
Unfeignèd thanks to her, for that the song
Was sweet, forsooth, though something melancholy,
With touches of sublime,—sweet and sublime
Alike lost now with the sweet Phrygian tongue
And sublime Phrygian mood irrevocable :—
Then made it void by light-linked reasonings
—An over-kind evangel to the poor
In spirit, over-froward to the proud.

Æneas only pondered ; he alone
Stored up the saying in his heart, belike
But half-believed, nor wholly understood ;
Yet long thereafter learned its utter truth,
When, saved from Trojan fate for Trojan fame,
He ruled the broad realms of Hesperia.

She died, the story tells, in Argolis
A slave. But many a time Cassandra's soul
Has dwelt with men on our incredulous earth,
And men would none of her.—Dream, now, you met
Cassandra in some street of London-town,
—Laugh if you like !—you'd jeer, and pelt, and bawl.
“ The mob might ! ”—Well, you're gentlefolk : you'd say
“ How sweet ! Now this is what we call sublime ! ”
And bury her in a leading-article.
No ?—But the soul I speak of lives again,—
And moves among us ; pipes, and once we danced,—
Now tired of dancing, smile faint praise : it mourns ;
We wept,—now sick of weeping, criticise.
Our fathers burnt the prophets : gentler grown,
Our fathers' sons brick them in living tombs.

O strong soul, weary and wasted in the strife ;
Bountiful heart, seared by ingratitude,
Take yet a little joy before you go.
For never was there witness for the truth
But some have listened ; never prophet flung
Into this world, and harried out of it,
But his were watchwords of truth militant,—
The enduring strength and stay of heaven's elect
Through his dark age till the bright age to come.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.



Ruskiniana.

IN this number the series of *Ruskiniana*, begun in the monthly issue of *IGDRASIL*, is continued with the reports of three addresses* on "Decorative Colour as applicable to Architectural and other Purposes," given by Mr. Ruskin, in 1854, at the Architectural Museum, Cannon Row, Westminster, but never printed by him in any of his works. They were, however, reported at

* This series of addresses was the second ever delivered by Mr. Ruskin, whose first appearance as a lecturer had been in Edinburgh in November and December 1853, when he gave his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," soon after published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. From the *Edinburgh Guardian* of November 19th, 1853, we extract the following account of Mr. Ruskin as a lecturer, written by one of his Scotch audience:—

"Before you can see the lecturer, however, you must get into the Hall, and that is not an easy matter, for, long before the doors are opened, the fortunate holders of season tickets begin to assemble, so that the crowd not only fills the passage, but occupies the pavement in front of the entrance and overflows into the road. At length the doors open, and you are carried through the passage into the Hall, where you take up, of course, the best available position for seeing and hearing. . . . After waiting a weary time . . . the door by the side of the platform opens, and a thin gentleman with light hair, a stiff white cravat, dark overcoat with velvet collar, walking, too, with a slight stoop, goes up to the desk, and looking round with a self-possessed and somewhat formal air, proceeds to take off his great-coat, revealing thereby, in addition to the orthodox white cravat, the most orthodox of white waistcoats. . . . 'Dark hair, pale face, and massive marble brow,—that is my ideal of Mr. Ruskin,' said a young lady near us. This proved to be quite a fancy portrait, as unlike the reality as could well be imagined. Mr. Ruskin has light sand-coloured hair; his face is more red than pale; the mouth well cut, with a good deal of decision in its curve, though somewhat wanting in sustained dignity and strength; an aquiline nose; his forehead by no means broad or massive, but the brows full and well bound together; the eye we could not see, in consequence of the shadows that fell upon his countenance from the lights overhead, but we are sure that the poetry and passion we looked for almost in vain in other features must be concentrated there. After sitting for a moment or two, and glancing round at the sheets on the wall as he takes off his gloves, he rises, and leaning slightly over the desk, with his hands folded across, begins at once,—'You are proud of your good city of Edinburgh,' etc.

"And now for the style of the lecture? Properly speaking there were two styles essentially distinct, and not well blended,—a speaking and a writing style; the former colloquial and spoken off-hand; the latter rhetorical and carefully read in quite a different voice,—we had almost said intoned. . . . His elocution is peculiar: he has a difficulty in sounding the letter 'r'; and there is a peculiar tone in the rising and falling of his voice at measured intervals, in a way scarcely ever heard, except in the public lecture of the service appointed to be read in churches. These are the two things with which, perhaps, you are most surprised,—his dress and manner of speaking,—both of which (the white waistcoat notwithstanding) are eminently clerical. You naturally expect, in one so independent, a manner free from conventional restraint, and an utterance, whatever may be the power of voice, at least expressive of a strong individuality; and you find instead a Christ Church man of ten years' standing, who has not yet taken orders; his dress and manner derived from his college tutor, and his elocution from the chapel-reader."

the time in the *Builder* (Nov. 25th, Dec. 2nd and 16th), the *Morning Chronicle* and elsewhere. The present pages follow in the main the former of these reports, but here and there the text has been altered or added to from other columns. Such alterations or additions are indicated by brackets [*sic*]. The lectures were announced as addressed to "workmen engaged in decorative arts, as lettering on walls, shop-fronts, etc."

LECTURE I.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN ILLUMINATION AND PAINTING.

[Delivered on Saturday, November 18th, 1854.]

MR. RUSKIN commenced by stating that he was not going to read a paper, or to speak from notes, and it was a mistake in the advertisement to say that he intended to deliver a lecture. It was not a lecture, but a [little friendly] talk, and his object was to address himself to the students present, and place before them, in a familiar way, things which were useful.

Before entering upon this subject, however, he wished to glance at one or two historical points, with the view of explaining the examples he proposed to set before them. In these days it was a very common practice to laugh at the Middle Ages and hold them up to ridicule. Truly they were ridiculous in many senses, but certainly they were not ridiculous in their way of writing. They did not write in those days so much as we do now, but they wrote much better when they did write. Even so far back as the seventh century, the Saxon writing began to acquire character and dignity [and beauty], though the writing of that period differed materially from anything that we did now. The specimen he now submitted (an initial letter) was written as an ornament to a psalter belonging to a lady who died in the year 656, St. Salaberga. It would be perceived that the colours employed in writing in that day were simply black, yellow and red. The design in the example was a continuous scroll, beginning in a bird's beak, and terminating in a sort of yellow dragon. It never encountered itself at a turn, but it glanced off and met again in some different part of its progress, and never doubled simply upon itself. Such was the general character of the MS. of that century. It was not very easy to imitate. He had himself tried it, but found it difficult; and to do it well considerable practice would be required. He wished, however, to draw attention to the fact that there was a character and a finish about this writing which was not found in common penmanship.

From these yellow and black scrolls they went on improving until the [great masters of the] time of Charlemagne, when the art of illuminated writing received a great impulse. Then more and more colour was introduced in the finish, and greater variety in the outline. It had been frequently said that Charlemagne could not write, [but that was very imperfectly true]. True, he could not write in what would be called writing now; for what we now understand as writing would not have been called writing in the days of Charlemagne. Here was an example of the writing of that age. This (the specimen exhibited) was written in the eighth century, and it was the beginning of one of the books of the Gospel. It would be observed that more colour was introduced about this time; and they

would notice how it was stolen in, as it were, upon the gold. But though it was said Charlemagne could not write, though he could not write as we write now, yet he could write after a fashion. He always carried tablets about with him, upon which he from time to time put down anything he desired to remember. He could not, however, write like the specimen the meeting were now examining; but he employed those who could, and paid great respect to them. Immense respect was paid to the writers of those days. He (the lecturer) would much like that respect paid to the art of writing now. As showing the kind of respect which this art commanded in the Middle Ages, he would read an anecdote respecting an eminent writer who lived in the time of Charlemagne.

"There was in the monastery of Arnisberg a writer named Richard, an Englishman, who had with his own hand copied a great number of books, hoping to receive in heaven a recompense for his labours. When he quitted this life his brother monks buried him in a place of honour. Twenty years afterwards his tomb was opened, and his right hand was found in as perfect a state of preservation as though it were alive, and appeared to have been recently cut off from an animated body, while all the rest of the corpse was dust. This hand is shown as a great miracle to this day in the monastery of Arnisberg."

This showed the honour with which a good writer was regarded at that period; and not only was the art honourable and profitable to those who practised it, but its effect was profitable and valuable to others. We had an instance of this in the history of one to whom we were indebted for all our English literature—he alluded to King Alfred. Alfred himself was honoured in France for his writing; and the best writing of that period came from France. It was well known that the French princess Judith, who was Alfred's stepmother, took great pains to teach him; but it would seem that he had naturally no more taste for study than other children, for it was recorded of him that he lived to twelve years old before he was taught to read. How he was induced to learn was, according to Mr. Sharon Turner, in this wise: "When Alfred was twelve years old, she (Judith) was sitting one day surrounded by her family with a MS. of Saxon poetry in her hands. With a happy judgment she proposed it as a gift to him who would be the soonest to learn to read it. The whole incident may have been chance play, but it was fruitful of consequences. The elder princes—one then a king, the other in mature youth or manhood—thought the reward inadequate to the task, and were silent. But Alfred, captivated by the prospect of information, and pleased with the beautiful decoration of the first letter of the writing, inquired if she actually intended to give it to such of her children as would the soonest learn to understand and repeat it. His mother repeating the promise, with a smile of joy at the question, he took the book, found out an instructor, and learned to read it. When his industry had crowned his wishes with success, he recited it to her. To this important though seemingly trivial incident we owe all the intellectual cultivation and all the literary works of Alfred, and all the benefits which by these he imparted to his countrymen." In this case the beautiful initial letter was the attraction—a letter, probably, like that which he (the lecturer) had just exhibited as characteristic of the date of Charlemagne. This was the first inducement to study with our English Alfred, and he was not quite sure whether it would not be better generally that children should remain until they were twelve years of age, and then be tempted to read by such

inducements as these, rather than that we should go on impressing upon their minds in infancy the enormous fallacy that "A" ever was, or under any circumstances could become, an apple-pie. The main idea of the age of which he was now speaking, however, was that a book was a noble and a sacred thing, to be respected and revered. It became precious because it was written with so much labour and with so much beauty; and then came the idea of its sanctity. It was noble, inasmuch as it was the means of making human thought—the most transient and evanescent of all things—the most permanent of all things. [The mountains of the earth would fall sooner than some of the noblest thoughts perpetuated by books would perish.] Well, this being the idea of books, which then obtained in men's minds, they worked, and worked on, to attain greater excellence in their writing, by systematising their colour more and more, until they arrived at a perfect system, which, however, they might have found out long before they did, and which was strange that we ourselves had not discovered. It was strange that those who were familiar with the Bible, wherein they were told that the colours directed to be used for ornamenting the tabernacle were gold (or yellow), and blue, and purple, and scarlet, as being those calculated to form the basis of the richest, most harmonious, and glorious combination, should not have adopted them in all cases where such results were required. The thirteenth-century people, however, had not, it appeared, derived their knowledge from the Bible; they went on working and experimenting until they found it out. Here (exhibiting it) was a Bible of the year 1220; it was but a common example, but worth exhibiting, on account of the clerly manner in which the letters were written [and the intense delicacy of the writing generally]. He now came to the middle of the thirteenth century, when an immense development of the art took place. It was well known that the whole spirit of the Middle Ages was to be found in the writings of Dante: there it must be sought. Dante was the prophet of the Middle Ages. In his "Purgatory"* he introduced a description of certain people suffering the penalty of pride. He represented them as being crushed under great stones, in the position of which we have so many examples in the architectural decorations of that period, as in figures bearing corbels, brackets, etc. [That accounted for the painful attitudes and contortions of the figures bearing brackets to be found in and about ancient ecclesiastical edifices.] It was curious to see what Dante appeared to think most calculated to create the feeling of pride in the human breast. It was not valour, nobility, or success in battles, but excellence in writing. These were his words:—

"Listening, I bent my visage down, and one
 (Not he who speaks) twisted beneath the weight
 That urged him, saw me, knew me straight, and call'd,
 Holding his eyes with difficulty fix'd
 Intent upon me, stooping as I went,
 Companion of their way. 'Oh!' I exclaim'd,
 'Art thou not Oderisi? Art not thou
 Agubbio's glory?—glory of that art
 Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?'
 'Brother,' said he, 'with tints that gayer smile,
 Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves,
 His all the honour now—my light obscured.' "

* Canto XI., ll. 73 *seqq.*

The line which is given by Cary (for this is his translation)—

“Which they of Paris call the limner’s skill”—

is not properly translated.* The word, which in the original is “*alluminare*,” does not mean the limner’s art, but the art of the illuminator—the writer and illuminator of books. The passage gave a peculiar interest to the illuminated works of the date in which Dante wrote. [His book contained passages which must have given a material direction to the art of illuminated writing, and especially in the effective introduction of colour.] This period—the middle of the thirteenth century—was marked also by the career of St. Louis, and the next example which he (the lecturer) had to produce was from a psalter [emblazoned by the fleur de lis and castle, which were on all works done for St. Louis], which was peculiar in having, in addition to the names of the saints, the names of the members of St. Louis’s family, with the date of their death, but not that of St. Louis himself. First, there was the name of Count Robert of Artois, St. Louis’s brother, who lost his life while charging the Saracens at Mansourah—just as our light cavalry had charged the Russians at Balaklava. There was thus a note of his death which was put down as a sort of martyrdom. Then there were the names of King Philip II., then that of Louis VIII., the father, and of Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis, but not his own. Now, Queen Blanche died in 1252, and St. Louis himself in 1270, so that it was evident this psalter was written between those two periods, and the different portions of it at some distance of time from each other. The leaf exhibited was one of the common leaves taken from the beginning of the book. The flourish of the initial letter he had enlarged, in order to show more clearly what sort of a thing it was. The prevailing colours were blue, purple, and scarlet, with gold, [and black and white were introduced in smaller quantities]. Leaves were introduced, and the ornament, it would be perceived, was constantly changing in form and in the curve and life of the leaf. If there were no change there could be no life. [A person could not live without change; not a tree or a leaf could live without growth.] That might be taken as the great rule of [all living] art. He might, while upon this point, remark, that one of the great evils of the day was an intense love of symmetry. Nothing in nature was perfectly symmetrical. No two sides of any animal, tree, or other natural object, were exactly alike. Try to brush your hair exactly alike on both sides, and you will find it could not be done. A statue to be graceful must not have the arms and legs in the same action on both sides; they must be in different actions. In nature they always *were* in different actions. In sculpture, in painting, as in everything else, in art as in nature, without dissimilarity there could be no grace. [That, too, was one of the laws of capital illumination.] The next specimen he would present to their notice was a capital letter at the beginning of a psalm. In this they would observe that animals, as well as natural leaves, were introduced. Up to this period nature had not been followed in writing to the same extent, but had been treated in the manner represented in the previous examples. The little Bible he had in his hand, in which the initial capital, of which the letter he exhibited was an enlarge-

* This statement was criticised by a correspondent to the *Builder*, and the criticism answered by Mr. Ruskin in the same paper. Mr. Ruskin’s letter is reprinted in “*Arrows of the Chace*,” vol. ii., p. 245.

ment, occurred, was a good example of the style of writing of the year 1230. Here, they would observe, the prevailing colours were the same, blue, purple, and scarlet, with white introduced at intervals, [telling] like beautiful pearls. It was a great point in the arts—which many did not seem to be aware of—to know how precious white was. Here were two of the introductory leaves of a psalter which he wished to bring to notice, on account of the human faces introduced in the ornament of the letters. One of these illuminations represented Solomon, having been named David's successor, being made to ride upon the king's own mule, and the burial of King David [with Solomon watching at the bier]. Both of these examples were remarkable for the beauty of the faces. Outline and colour were, however, the principles of these examples; beyond that there was no imitation of nature. [The introduction of nature was the culminating point of the art.] But from this time they began to enrich their MSS. more and more; the systemisation of colour went on until they reached a point of enormous luxury. With that luxury of ornament and colour came carelessness and the gradual degradation and decline of the art. The MS. now produced, one given to Queen Blanche in the sixteenth century, exhibited that carelessness and degradation in a marked degree. The art having reached its culminating point about the middle or towards the close of the thirteenth century, from that period began to decay, the principles of it having been lost sight of in the attempt to attain greater luxuriousness of drawing and effect, those principles which he insisted upon as the fundamental principles of the art being clearness of outline and simplicity of colour, without the introduction of light and shade.* He had said that writers were not revered sufficiently in these days,—he said also that neither were painters revered as they ought to be. It was a very difficult thing to paint well—much more so than most people imagined; and to lay on light and shade properly, to realise and to convey upon canvas a thorough impression of the varying effects of sunshine and shadow, in the colour of the air, and in the tints given in every object in nature, was a far more difficult thing than most men were capable of accomplishing. This was the reason why we had so few really good painters, and so many bad paintings. There had been never more than three or four really good painters in the world

* In connection with this lecture, it may be noted that seven years later (June 1861) Mr. Ruskin addressed the Society of Antiquaries of London upon the subject of missal writing.

In "an interesting and characteristic address" (says the *Times*, June 10, 1861), "he proceeded to trace the gradual development of the art, both in colour and form, down to the period when, in his opinion, the art of illumination abandoned its proper function, and by the application of shading effected the final decay of what had constituted its essential principles and glory in the 13th century."

"He showed" (says the *Guardian* of June 12, 1861) "how the art of illumination grew out of that of writing, and that when the two became separated they rapidly declined. Illuminations lost their flat, unshaded character, and degenerated into picture-books, and the letters became less perfectly formed. He thought the art of illumination might well be revived at the present day and employed in the ornamentation of those books for which we feel a sort of personal affection."

"The most beautiful specimen" (says the *Guardian*) "exhibited on this occasion was some leaves of a psalter, executed for the use of St. Louis, and shown by Mr. Ruskin. There is a great deal of character in the figures, and nothing can exceed the delicacy of the outlines and colours."

in any one age, and no wonder, for it required talent of a very rare order to be a painter in the higher sense of the term. [The fault of the present age was that we never knew the difference between good and bad painting, and it was a miserable thing to see a number of men passing their time in futile painting.] It was as difficult, and required a natural capacity as extraordinary, to be a good painter, as it did to be a Duke of Wellington; but though it was necessary to possess a first-rate capacity and talents of the highest order to be a painter, it was not so to enable persons to outline truly from nature, and to lay on simple colour beautifully. This also was a peculiar gift not possessed by every one; but it was a gift which hundreds of persons possessed naturally. Amongst dressmakers there were many who instinctively, as it were, evinced an aptitude at arranging flowers and putting on colour, so as to throw in depth or light as required, for the purpose of producing harmonious combinations, and the instinct to arrange bouquets of flowers, so as to combine in harmony the various hues, was common. [A child of twelve often knew how to do that well.] But the mischief was that, when young people were found to possess talent of outlining or arranging colour in more than an ordinary degree, they were pressed to learn to draw, though they might not have brains enough to draw well. He would urge upon those of his audience who had the gift of colour not to allow it to be checked or run away with by pursuing that which it was more than doubtful that they would ever succeed in. There might be first-rate art exhibited in the pursuit of colour only. The field was narrow, no doubt; but if a man made up his mind to be an illuminator—if he possessed the gift of arranging colour, and his opportunities and time did not admit of his making himself a good painter—then let him take up this principle, that every form he drew must be in pure colour, without shadow. He might use what colours he pleased; but let him not resort to shadow in any shape—the object should always be represented in gradated pure colour, with true outline. The first step was to be perfect master of outline. Outline was susceptible of great beauty and infinite variety; but it must be firm and true, not thickened on the side opposite to the light, with a view of showing something like a shadow. It must not be shadowed at all. Nothing could be more absurd than to attempt to throw in shadow by thickening the line; for if the outline was ever lost, it would oftener be on the dark side than on the light side. Besides, the veracity of the line would lie within the compass of a hair. It must be right or wrong. If right, the thickening of the line destroyed the correctness, and the thickness must be removed before the outline could be true, the truth lying somewhere within the thick line. The first thing to practise was perfectly faithful outline, and an important thing to know was how much could be expressed by it. Here was an example of the fourteenth century, containing nothing but outline. They would observe that there was a blue bird in the composition, which appeared all but animated because it was, as far as it went, so beautifully drawn. This example, and some of the others, would, however, appear to those who were close to them somewhat coarse, in consequence of their having been considerably enlarged from the original MS. But there might be as much perception of nature in working out these mere outlines as in working out a fully shadowed drawing, like one he now exhibited (a bunch of leaves very far inferior as a work of art to either of the examples of MS. shown), and it was much better that they should possess, for the purposes of decoration generally, the daring

conventionality of colour shown in other specimens he submitted to them with pure outline, than that they should be imitators of the spurious examples produced by painters who could not paint, and which violated the eye wherever they were seen. He had said that the peculiar character of the decorative work of the thirteenth century was the introduction of nature, and that was the circumstance that would make it especially agreeable to those who pursued this art now, if it could (as he hoped) be revived amongst us. In practising it, they need not limit themselves to birds and leaves, as in the examples before them, but might avail themselves of every natural object. As soon as they could trace an outline correctly, he wanted them to watch closely every living object around them—groups of children in the streets, leaves, trees, birds, and the animals in the Zoological Gardens; but he would warn them against introducing too much; and when they were painting, let them never introduce the same letter twice, or the same figure or animal twice in the same composition.

Now, what were the fields for an occupation of this kind? This was a serious question, and unless the change took place which he was now striving to bring about, he found himself wedged in between two difficulties. He frequently received letters from persons who said to him, "Build us a house, or paint us a room in this way." The reply he was compelled to make was, that he had not the workmen who could do it; and then it was said, naturally enough, that he was a humbug. He went to the workmen, and they said, "We cannot devote our time to that kind of work; there is no demand for it, and we could not earn our money by it." Now, he had asked the students and workmen to come together there that day, that they might aid him in the attempt to revive the art to which he had been directing their attention, by recommending to those by whom they were employed to introduce this kind of decoration wherever opportunity offered. There was a great field for it in ornamenting the interiors of churches. There was the lettering of the Commandments, and the writing over the Communion-table, the windows, or other ornamental work, where illuminated letters might be introduced with great effect. The patterns might be perpetually varied, and animals, birds, leaves, trees, and other natural objects might be made to give life and diversity to them. But he would urge upon them, whenever they were required to paint anything in a church, to do it as well as they could, and to introduce as much of nature as they could in a graceful manner. Then there was the decoration of rooms—though upon that point he confessed he [was much at sea and] saw considerable difficulty, for he liked [good] pictures and prints in rooms, and would, as far as he could, induce people to buy them, and the examples he had exhibited certainly would not look well with those. He would say nothing further upon this point, therefore, except that he should like to receive the advice and suggestions of workmen themselves upon it. In the lettering on the outside of shop-fronts illuminated letters might appropriately be employed, and would form a pleasing change from the dingy appearance which many of the shop-fronts, especially in the Metropolis, presented. He would urge upon them, when they had shop-fronts to decorate, to endeavour to induce the shopkeeper to allow them to introduce such letters. He believed the effect would be good, [and our streets greatly warmed by it]; but he was not over-sanguine when he looked at that unhappy thing in Leicester Square, which was abominably ugly, in spite of its colour. Another and a most important field for

the exercise of this art, was the decoration of books. He did not say that every book should be illuminated,—some books, as the Bible, should, he thought, be as simple in lettering as possible; but books of poetry or art, which might be very appropriately decorated as suggested. He was anxious to see a taste for decorating books in this manner, because he believed we were falling into a very careless way of regarding our books. It might be that we had so many books now as compared with what persons in similar positions in life formerly possessed. It had been said that it was better to have a few books than many; he could not say that that was his feeling; he considered it a most delightful thing to have a library. At the same time, he should like people to value and love their books more than they did, [and feel in the manufacture of a book what the people of the Middle Ages felt]. The feeling that prevailed in the Middle Ages with regard to books was, that they were holy things, and those who were employed upon them felt that they were engaged upon a holy work. He would like to bring back something of that feeling; and he would also like to bring back for the workmen the employment of illuminating books, for he thought it must have been a most happy employment. He did not know at what cost now an illuminator might be able to produce a finely illuminated page. That was a subject on which he was anxious to obtain information. He wanted to have the data, and if the workmen would furnish him with that, he would endeavour to bring the subject before the public. What he wanted was the information to enable him to say, when asked, what would be the cost of illuminating some beloved book, which it might be desired to preserve as a valued work in a family. He thought very many persons would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity, if it were offered them, to have books of this character so decorated to be preserved as heirlooms. For his own part, he would [infinitely] rather have a [finely] illuminated book than a picture. He would like to have a book of which every page was a picture. The great point was to make this art of book illumination fashionable: if that were done, it would go on as a matter of course. A new school of art would be introduced; the eye for colour would become disciplined; the perception of truth and form in outline would become disciplined; and the art of painting would be more and more appreciated. A Titian could only be appreciated by those who understood harmony of colour. It was not the extraordinary effects of the light and shade—beautiful though they were—that marked the true Titian, so much as the beautiful harmony of his colours; and by disciplining the eye to those harmonies a feeling would be created in the public mind which was now almost dead. There was another advantage that would result from the rival of this art to the student and illuminator. He could not imagine a happier life than that which would be led by any person of quiet and studious habits with something like the disposition of the old monks who were the illuminators in past times, while following this occupation. If it were cultivated, a totally new impulse would be given to art in every direction, and possibly also to literature; for people would feel that it was better to have a monument in the shape of an illuminated book than in that of an illuminated window; and many a man engaged in writing a book would feel more interest in his work, and take more care in its composition, if he knew that it was to be beautifully illuminated, to be placed in a library as a beloved thing, to be handed down from father to son, and from generation to generation, than if it were printed in the ordinary way, tossed about

[and scattered all over the world with all the errors committed in it] by printers' devils, and thrown aside as soon as read. As showing the kind of life he would encourage, he would ask permission to read a passage from Longfellow [in which the art of missal writing was felicitously vindicated *].

LECTURE II.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF OUTLINE.

[Delivered Saturday, November 25th, 1854.]

THE subject of this lecture was the general principle of outline; and the points which it was the purpose of Mr. Ruskin to illustrate, as stated in the syllabus, were—"Wherein dignity of outline consists; probability that many persons are possessed of outline talent who are incapable of drawing in the full sense of the term; and natural objects, how to be studied with a view to skill in illumination."

He commenced by observing that, as it was probable there were many persons present who had not attended the previous lecture, it would be necessary for him to repeat what he had then said—viz., that he had come there to tell working people plain things in a plain way, and that he must be pardoned, therefore, if his so-called lecture—which, however, was not really a lecture, but a talk—was less entertaining than it would perhaps otherwise be. The business of that morning would be to ascertain, as far as possible, the real nature and merits of outline. First, however, it was necessary to agree upon the important point of what that which was generally called outline really was. The first thing they knew about it was, that it was something that did not exist in nature. There was no such thing as outline in nature, and for this simple reason, that every object, whether placed near to or at a distance from the eye, had something which could not be clearly appreciated or described. On looking at a leafy tree, at first sight you would think you saw its form clearly and sharply defined against the sky; but try and count the leaves, and you found that what appeared to be an outline was but a mere mist of dots, expressible by no lines or series of lines you could lay down. Go farther still, and examine a forest of trees, and you would find that if the single tree had no outline, still less had the aggregate of trees, of which the forest was composed, anything like outline. The grey mountain ridge appeared at first sight to form a distinct line against the background of the sky: examine it more closely, and the apparent outline resolves itself into the verdure of countless blades of grass and mosses, which no pen can trace, no line describe. The vast forest had no outline, nor had the leaves which grew on its lordly trees, nor the cattle which were sheltered beneath their shade.† There were blades of grass, leaves, hairs, and fibres in infinite number, but nothing that could be accurately expressed by a line; and it was the same with everything in nature that had any organic structure—there was something which the eye recognised, but nothing

* No doubt the lines from the "Golden Legend," in which Friar Pacificus, seated in his scriptorium, soliloquises over his unfinished missal:—

"It is growing dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er," etc.

† This sentence is collated from both *Builder* and *Morning Chronicle*.

that it could accurately define or the hand trace; nothing that could be expressed by human skill or human art. When a man, by the exercise of great ingenuity, succeeded in making an ugly thing like the specimen in his hand (showing the frame of a drawing), even that was not an outline—it was like a line traced against a background; but if they attempted to describe any objects in nature by means of a black line, they put down something that there was not. What, then, was an outline? It was not a fact—it was simply the assertion of a fact: namely, that if an outline were well drawn, within the breadth of the lines, whatever it might be, the termination of the thing took place. The line might be thick, or it might be thin, but the end of the thing represented was within it, and if it were pure and perfect outline, each side of the line would be true to the contour of the thing intended to be represented. Take, for instance, a round ball. If you attempted to draw an outline of it, and that outline were correct, it did not matter how thick or thin the line was: it would be true to the contour of the ball. The real surface and contour would fall between the two sides of the outline were it truly drawn. But if, by way of giving effect, any part of the outline were darkened or thickened more than another, then they would have an utter fallacy—one of its outside lines must necessarily be wrong; and the eye, instantly embarrassed, did not know which it was to follow—it lost itself, and did not know how to go right. They knew how much people had been of late in the habit of publishing outlines which depended for half of what was called the effect, on being thicker on the side away from the light than on the other side. It was very curious how they could have fallen into such a habit, for nothing could be more absurd; but he apprehended the main reason was that, when people were drawing things at all spiritedly, they had a tendency to add pieces of shadow on the side farthest away from the light. [Here was an instance (exhibiting a drawing), and here was a true outline (exhibiting another drawing).] Outline might, indeed, if judiciously shaded, be made to convey increased expression and effect; but what he wished to impress upon them was that, in drawing outline, they should draw it correctly. If they drew shadows, they should draw freely. But before they began, let them understand what they were going to draw. No great draughtsman who understood his business ever thickened his outline on the side away from the light; for, as a general thing, outline was most visible on the side next the light, and though the real object was to get pure outline in all cases, the thorough master of his craft would, if he thickened at all, be apt to thicken the line turned towards the light. He would show them some instances of this. Take an example of a man whom they would admit to have been a master of his craft—Raffaello. Here was an etching of the head of St. Katherine done with a pen. The only dark side of the outline, as they would observe, was next to the light. Towards the opposite side the line vanished almost into nothing, whilst under the nose and round the eyes the shadows were marked as in the leaf which he had just exhibited. Here was another specimen, one of Albert Dürer's. He was a man, too, who knew his business. Here was a woodcut by that master (exhibiting it). It was coarse and bold, but it was true. It was not cut as they cut now, and perhaps so much the better. They could see plainly on what side the light came there. The shadows were all perfectly and freely drawn, and they would see that when the object of Albert Dürer was to draw outline, he stuck to outline, and that when he did thicken his line, it was next the

light. Such was the practice of Raffaele and Albert Dürer. But here, perhaps, was a better specimen still (exhibiting another of Albert Dürer's). They could not tell on which side the light was, for it was clear and pure outline only. If they looked at the clouds presented in this example, they would see that they were the most aerial things imaginable, but that where there were dark lines they were all turned towards the light. Then there was another man who knew his business—Turner (an etching of Turner's was here produced). This was done by Turner with the point of [an old] fork, he believed. The effect was beautiful. All these were first-rate specimens of outline. There was yet another specimen, executed by a noble fellow, a German—who had done some greater things than any other artist of the present day. He was not so good as Albert Dürer, but he was mighty in his way, and ought to be universally known; and the woodcuts of *Death the Avenger*, and *Death the Friend*,* were worthy of being known to the whole civilised world. He was glad to be able to make them acquainted with this example, for there was in it the effect of a sunset expressed with almost unexampled power, and in the sleeve of the principal figure, which was outlined with the most perfect accuracy, the strongest lines were those which came against the light. Outline, then, was the production of certain effects in a certain way. It was opposed to light and shadow in this respect—that light and shadow altered, but outline, the statement of material form, did not alter. Many persons had the gift of seeing and producing effects in light and shadow, which did not exist in outline; while others had the gift of perceiving and expressing the contour of a thing in outline. They were aware that many people, before the invention of photography, gained their bread by cutting black-paper portraits. He had always been struck by the marvellous gift which had enabled these persons with a pair of scissors to cut out instantaneously and with the greatest accuracy the profile of a human face. Again, they knew how many people were enabled, with marvellous accuracy, to portray features, and even expression,—and this gift was frequent in children,—in outline upon paper. But these persons stopped short, partly from want of opportunity, and more frequently from a failing of character,—that was, they had not the disposition to go into the nicer subtleties of light and shade, not only because they were subtleties, and uncertain in their results, but because there was a peculiar delicacy in light and shade, the expression of which required enormous study and practice. Even to appreciate this delicacy and softness required a peculiar sympathy, almost an effeminacy, of mind; and those who loved it most, and followed it most,—those who attained the greatest eminence in expressing it,—had often been led into sensuality. To some extent sensuality was, though not necessarily so, the result of that peculiar state of mind, as in Correggio, who, though he had painted some of the most sublime of sacred subjects, had, in many of his works, displayed the grossest sensuality—sensuality of which any man ought to be ashamed. He was not in this saying anything against light and shadow; but there was this difference between it and outline, that the love of outline was a pure love of truth, and assuredly it was better for those who possessed the gift of outline and had not the time, or opportunity, or the mind to pursue light and shadow, to cultivate the gifts they

* By Alfred Rethel. See "*Elements of Drawing*," Appendix on "*Things to be Studied*."

possessed, than to endeavour to produce effects which they would never be capable of expressing. Whether or not there was a peculiar character in these people, he did not know; but assuredly it would be better that they should be able to express themselves accurately in pure outline than to follow after effects which they could not realise. With outline it was possible to unite to a certain extent pure colour or pure shadow. Instinctively this might be done. In the Raffaele sketch which he had exhibited, there was a certain degree of light and shade added to the outline; but when both shadow and colour were added, then a mighty question was opened. Colour varied with every phase—with every turn in the contour of a subject. And if in addition to colour it were desired to express light and shade in its true and subtle connection with colour, a whole lifetime must be devoted to it. Painting was very much like music. A musician for whom he had great respect, who was present at the previous meeting, and from whom he had learned all he knew of the art, Mr. Hullah, had spoken of the difficulty of teaching people to sing and to play, and especially of the skill which was required in the management of an orchestra. There was great similarity between the two arts, painting and music, in this respect. Drawing an outline correctly corresponded very much with plain clear speaking. Drawing in outline with colour corresponded with clear articulation in singing. If to outline they added light and shade, they arrived at something corresponding to clear articulation, coupled with playing upon an instrument. But if upon true outline they gave light and shadow and true colour in their due proportions, that was like the skilful management of the full orchestra. There were not many who could do that. Persons who, commenting on what he had said on the art of illumination,* and not understanding the requirements of a great painter, but supposing that from the mere ornamentation of a page, or the clear drawing of an outline, they could go on to imitate the truths of nature in light and shade and colour, were mistaken as to the views which he had expressed. He had shown that the art of illumination was distinct from that of true painting, and had produced examples from missals, showing the falling off in that art, after it had attained its culminating point in the thirteenth century, and attributing its decline to the attempt to introduce more and more light and shadow. Here was a specimen of this (exhibiting a page fully illuminated, containing fruit, scarlet strawberries, flowers, and other things). Had this been put into his hand by the artist, he would have said to him, "You are not going to be an ornamental painter any more, then? you are going to be a painter of fruit: if you want to paint fruit, that is the way to do it (showing a pear painted in water-colours): unless you can paint fruit as well as that, I will have nothing to do with you, and to do that you must paint for six hours every day for forty years." This was first-rate fruit painting by W. Hunt, of the Old Water-colour Society. It was a glorious thing to be able to paint like that, and yet it was but a single pear;† and there were half a dozen scarlet strawberries in every page of the missal; and yet the one was bad painting, while the other was all but perfection. These later missals were full of faults and incongruities, arising from the attempt to produce paintings when the writers

* In the previous address.

† The *Morning Chronicle* adds: "On the human face there were at least a million of shades of colours, and not less in the ripened pear."

should have limited themselves to ornaments. It would have been far better if they had confined themselves to what they could do well, instead of attempting great things to which they were unequal. He had been subjected to criticism because he had expressed an opinion more favourable to the works of the thirteenth century than those of a later period; [but an examination of the works of the two periods would show that he was fully borne out by the facts. In his opinion no doubt could exist in the minds of any persons who had seen the architecture of Rheims, Amiens, and Notre Dame of Paris, and had compared them with the contemporary works of Lincoln and Wells Cathedrals, that during the thirteenth century architecture was in a much higher state in France than in England: indeed, the purest Gothic in the world was the French Gothic with the square abacus of that period.]* What he had spoken of was the fall of art, as respected missal painting; and he had shown, from the causes which he had stated, that the art had from that period continued to decline. It had gone on falling, becoming worse and worse, until the time of Giulio Clovio,† which was the worst of all. He did not mean to say that a painter should not illuminate a book or paint a wall, but it must be when he was at rest. But because a great painter might have painted a magnificent picture on the wall of a palace, we must not expect to have all our rooms painted by great artists, nor could we expect generally to have good paintings in our books. If we had, the attention would be carried away from the work of the author to the work of the artist, and he had no idea of having books that would not be read. What he wished was, to endeavour, by introducing appropriate decoration, to make books more attractive, and not to fill libraries with works so highly decorated that the owners were afraid to touch them. His object in introducing illuminations into books was not to lead the mind away from the text, but to enforce it.

Whilst upon this subject, he would notice some remarks which had appeared in last week's *Builder*. It was said, in an article signed "Illuminator," that he had shown illustrations of letters surrounded and mixed up with so many ornaments and forms as to render them illegible. He was afraid that many of the specimens which he had exhibited were, to some extent, illegible; but that was only because we were not used to them. Probably there were not many persons present who could read Greek or Hebrew, and to them the text of a book in either of these languages would be equally illegible; but that was only because they were unacquainted with the Greek and Hebrew alphabets. If they were to study Greek and Hebrew, the letters would no longer be strange; and so, when they became accustomed to illuminated lettering, it would be read with facility. He had never recommended that every letter, or every initial letter, should be illuminated, but that the illumination should be appropriately introduced to illustrate, not to obscure, the text. There were many present who probably could not read black letter. Here was (exhibiting it) a black-letter manuscript of 1290. It was plain enough to those who were accustomed to it, although to many it would be perfectly illegible. Of all persons he was the last who ought to be charged with desiring to introduce illegibility; for he had published his opinions upon the subject. He had said in his "Seven Lamps,"‡—"Place them, therefore (inscriptions), where they will be read, and there only; and let them

* This sentence is expanded below.

† Born 1498; died 1578.

‡ Chap. iv. § 9.

be plainly written—not turned upside down, nor wrong end first. It is an ill sacrifice to beauty to make that illegible whose only merit is in its sense. Write the Commandments on the church walls, where they may be plainly seen, but do not put a dash and a tail to every letter, and remember that you are an architect, not a writing-master.” His opinions in this respect, therefore, ought not to have been mistaken. If they wanted to see writing perfectly illegible, he would recommend them to go and look at the inscriptions in the Houses of Parliament. Passing from that subject, what he desired to impress upon them was to endeavour to express themselves clearly and legibly in outline; but, above all, truly. The first thing to be done was to understand the difference between a true outline and a false one; and this led him back to the Parisian MS. to which he had previously referred. He was glad that he had been led back to this subject, for he had been told that it had been said of him in a newspaper—he himself never looked at these things, for if he read everything that was said against him, he should have no time for anything else,—but a friend of his had told him that the *Morning Chronicle* had accused him of knowingly misrepresenting the circumstances of the teaching of Alfred,—that he had said it was the stepmother of the Saxon king, a French princess, instead of his own mother, who was an Englishwoman, who induced him to learn to read by exhibiting to him a beautifully illuminated French missal, and promising it as the reward of his success. Now, he would give this advice to all who heard him, and especially to young persons—let them never suspect a man of wilful misrepresentation until they had *proof* that he had said what he knew to be incorrect. If they did so, they not only insulted the person, but they insulted themselves irreparably. People were often led into misrepresentations and sophistries in the eagerness of argument; but he did not believe, and none but those who were in the habit of misrepresenting could believe, that people would deliberately state a fact one way when they knew it to be another. As it happened, in this case he could have no motive for misrepresentation. He did not care a straw whether it was a French princess or an English princess who was the means of teaching Alfred. That was not his affair, but Sharon Turner’s, whose book he had quoted, and whom he considered an authority on the point. But that in the illuminated works of the thirteenth century France stood pre-eminent, any person acquainted with the subject must be aware. Whenever he entered a museum, or examined any collection of old illuminated writing, if he saw any specimens which were first-rate, he always said they were French; if he saw any MSS. second-rate in character, but still showing great intellectual power, though not wrought up with great refinement, he concluded that it was probably English work; if other specimens showed some intellectual power, but at the same time a great clinging to precedent, then he set them down as German; and if they were irretrievably coarse, he concluded they were Dutch. What was true with regard to MSS. was true also with respect to sculpture and architectural decoration. The best specimen we had of the Gothic architecture of that century was Lincoln Cathedral, and the next was that of Wells. The specimens of sculpture from Lincoln Cathedral, so justly brought forward by Mr. Cockerell,* were probably the finest examples that could be found in the

* Professor Cockerell, R.A. and P.R.I.B.A. He died in 1863. See “Two Paths,” Lect. I., § 1 note.

country. But although they exhibited great boldness of outline and vigour of invention, they were by no means equal to the architectural sculpture of the French cathedrals of the same period: they were not equal to the compositions at Rheims, Amiens, and especially at Notre Dame (Mr. Ruskin here handed round some beautiful calotype views of the sculptured arches and columns of the French and English cathedrals of the thirteenth century, evidencing the superiority of the former in point of refinement). The fact, too, was proved by Dante [who, meeting in purgatory Oderisi, the famous illuminator, and friend of Giotto and of Dante, addressed him—

“Art thou not Oderisi? Art not thou
Agubbio’s glory—glory of that art
Which they of Paris call the limner’s skill?”]*

Dante spoke also of England, but not as equally distinguished in art as France. He represented the people of England as remarkable for qualities of a more simple character [as a troop retired under the rocks in happy converse; and of the great Plantagenet monarch he said—]

“Behold the king of simple life and plain,
Harry of England.”†

And he characterised them as a people distinguished by force of character, veracity, and simplicity, but not celebrated for great pre-eminence in the arts. He would now revert to the subject of illuminated letters. Here was a page of an illuminated missal hymn (exhibiting it), written in the year 1290, for the nuns of the monastery of Beauprè. It was very beautifully executed, and in a free style. He wished them to look at the little figure at the foot of the page, of an archer shooting at a bird with an arrow. The outline, notwithstanding its minuteness, was most accurately drawn, and evidently by a man who had thought it worth while to study the art he practised.‡ He had made an enlargement of the little scarlet figure, and it would be seen from that, that although the writer did not, perhaps, know much of anatomy, he had taken care to study an archer drawing a bow before he drew the outline. It was quite evident that the artist knew something of the manner of drawing the bow, and desired to represent it accurately. Let them compare this outline with the base outline, which he would now exhibit (producing it), by a man who did not care to know anything about drawing a bow before he began to trace his outlines. The arrow was altogether out of proportion—it was almost as long as the man. The stags appeared as if waiting to be shot, their horns looking so much like the branches of the trees under which they stood, that it was scarcely possible to distinguish one from the other. There was not a line in the whole composition that was not false, and yet this was a correct copy of one of the most celebrated works of Claude Lorraine, a drawing in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Ruskin then exhibited a Parisian MS. of the time of St. Louis, which he said was one of the best specimens in his possession. It was full of animals, figures, and ornaments. He particularly pointed out a white bird, too small to be appreciated without the aid of a glass, but of which he exhibited an enlarged copy, calling attention to the humorous

* Already quoted in the former address.

† See “Purgatory,” vii. 131, where the reference is to Henry III.

‡ *Quare* ‘painted.’

expression of self-satisfaction in the bird's eye, the ease of its position, and other merits. The whole MS., he observed, was full of figures equally ingenious, and equally beautiful.

In many of the examples of the early illuminated writings was to be found much of humour, almost amounting to wit; and the lesson to be deduced from them was, that humour, as far as it was expressible by art, would be best expressed by a few free lines quickly and easily drawn, for nothing was so disgusting as laboured humour, whether in words or painting. [He could never laugh at what had been called the humour of Hogarth.] Hogarth had humour, but much more than humour; his pictures were not to be laughed at, they easily made him serious the whole day after; they were bitter, agonising satire.

The gift of humour was peculiar to Englishmen. They could often express it in a few lines; and although he would not have this humour so conspicuous in books as to interfere with the text, yet it would be delightful if people, when dealing with books, could have the power of expressing the humour and wit which arises in their mind, illustrative of the text. That was one thing to which outline drawing might be applied. Another was the grotesque. It was not mere humour that was expressed in a grotesque. A grotesque was often the expression of truths in a small compass. The grotesque was as available in poetry as in painting. The poet and the painter, be it remembered, were essentially the same. He would give them a definition of the poet and the painter together, which they would remember, though it was a hissing one. The poet or the painter was a man who concentrated sermons into sights. If they could not do this, they deserved not the name of poet or painter. A few strokes from the pen or the pencil should convey to the mind in a moment what it would take an hour to describe. Supposing he was to attempt to describe the vice of gluttony, it would take him a long time to bring before them the hardness of heart, the degradation of intellect, and all the evils which resulted from it. But Spenser did this in twenty-seven lines in grotesque. The Red Cross Knight in the course of his chivalry is led unhappily to the House of Pride. The poet there displays to him the Seven Mortal Sins, one of whom, Gluttony, is thus described* :—

“And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformèd creature on a filthy swine;
His belly was upblown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his neck was long and fine
With which he swallowed up excessive feast.

* * * *

“In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat;
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat;
Still, as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a boozing can,
Of which he supped so oft, that in his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can.
Full of diseases was his carcass blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow.”

* “*Faerie Queene*,” iv. 21-3.

Here evils, which would take a long sermon to work out, were described in not twenty-seven lines, as he had said, but in sixteen, and were fixed in the memory in such a way as not to be forgotten. Take another example from the same poet,—his description of Avarice* :—

“And greedy Avarice by him did ride
Upon a camel loaden all with gold ;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metal full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told ;
* * * * *
And threadbare coat and cobbled shoes he ware ;
He scarce good morsel all his life did taste,
But lost from back and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags and riches to compare.”

In both these cases, and throughout the greater parts of Spenser and of Dante, it would be observed how strongly the evil to be avoided was impressed upon the mind, by being brought prominently before the *vision*. This could be done to some extent in outline, but not in finished painting. The painter could not represent in detail the long crane's neck of the glutton, nor place the disgusting wretch upon the swine's back. By means, however, of a few roughly and freely drawn outlines, something like a representation could be given of [these more conspicuous personages in the motley train of the proud and haughty *Lucifera*]. The grotesque was much used in the Middle Ages, and it was a means of conveying truths to the mind which we had ignorantly passed over. Again, how could spiritual beings be so fitly represented as by outline? To portray spiritual existences with success on the canvas had ever been one of the greatest problems in art; but a solution of the difficulty could be found in the judicious use of outline, nor was it necessary to study anatomy and muscles in order to paint either an angel or a demon. A man of first-rate merit and ability (Stodhart), but, unfortunately, trammelled by academic rules, had been selected to illustrate Milton, and, among other subjects, to delineate Satan. Look at the result. (Mr. Ruskin here exhibited an engraving from the work referred to.) The only idea which the painter had formed of his hero was that he was an extremely muscular man, with a remarkably handsome calf to his leg, and handsome, tight-fitting shoes, to protect his feet from the “burning marl,” and his steel armour made to bend in and out, in order to show the development of his muscles. Was there ever such an absurdity? Could anybody think for a moment that that was a spirit? But when abstract outline was combined with beautiful colour, the main effects were obtained. The imagination took them up, and suggested to itself something noble which could be conveyed by no other means. Take another illustration. (Mr. Ruskin here exhibited two leaves from illuminated MSS. representing the story of St. John the Baptist.) One, he said, was the initial letter of a hymn, and the object was to bring the story prominently before the eye of the reader or the singer to stimulate him in the performance of his duty—to tell all that could be told in the space of a single leaf. It would be seen how the same subject was treated at different periods. The one showed a St. John, seated in a meadow, reading a book, with a lamb by his side—a charming little picture, most elaborately finished; the other a St. John of an earlier

* “Faerie Queene,” iv. 27-8.

date and of rougher execution. The object of each work was to illustrate the principal events in the life of the forerunner of the Messiah ; but in the case of the less laboured work of the earlier period, the story was told by an outlined figure walking upon the kingly head of Herod and the wondering upturned head of Herodias. In one hand the saint bore the representation, not of the mere ordinary lamb, but of the Lamb of God ; while with the other, he pointed to the sacred object of his mission. A calm and holy serenity beamed around the features of the martyr, and though walking in triumph upon the heads, he still appeared divinely unconscious of the fallen and prostrate condition of his murderers. There was a peculiar expression, too, in the face of Herodias. She appeared to be too much astonished to be in pain. "I thought I had his head in a charger—it is not so !—he has mine at his feet for ever and ever." Now, which of these illuminations told the story in the best manner—the man in the meadow with the book and the lamb, or the more vigorous and poetic treatment of the subject by the artist of the thirteenth century ? So much for the recommendation of outline. He now came to the more practical question of how to acquire it. In a letter published in the *Builder*, one of his pupils objected that he had referred to them for help in carrying out his idea. The help he had asked was that they should inform him at what price such ornamentation of walls and books and shop-fronts as he had suggested could be executed. If he went to an artist and asked him for how much he could paint a picture two feet by two feet six inches, he should think it strange if he received for answer that it was not a practical question. All he wanted from the workmen was to know at what price the work could be done, and what he wanted to tell the workmen was how to do the work. Than this there was nothing more easy and simple. To those who had the gift and the liking—and those who had the gift would have the liking—he would say, Take a blunt pen, and common ink, and draw with it everything, every figure, that came in their way, observing, however, these two important points : that no line was ever to be drawn loosely, without a meaning or a use ; and that every characteristic shade or local colour, or stains that might be useful when they came to fill up with colour, were to be carefully noted. As in the bird he had exhibited, the pupil of the eye must be observed and marked, and also the black legs. Everything must be noted that could be useful in filling up with pure colour afterwards. If they drew a lion and a leopard, the leopard must especially be marked as a *spotted* creature. In everything they did they must note the local, not the accidental, colour. After observing that the specimens which he had produced would remain at the Museum for the inspection of those who felt an interest in the subject and desired to follow up the study, Mr. Ruskin concluded by stating that the whole of his remarks had been dictated by a desire to impress upon his audience the *practicable* nature of his suggestions. He had frequently heard himself called a visionary and an unpractical man. Nothing could be more erroneous. His whole life had been devoted to bringing people down from idealisms and fancies to practical truths. He felt certain that if all who had heard him would acquire the habit of drawing everything that came before them, and which they saw with their own eyes, they would soon attain a power which would make them infinitely happy and honoured by all whose esteem they valued, make them capable of doing a vast amount of good, give them a power of communing with nature, and implant in them a reverence for Him who made both nature and their hearts.

LECTURE III.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF COLOUR.

[Delivered Saturday, December 9th, 1854.]

THE special points of the lecture were—"The general principles of colour; dignity of pure colour; whereon its power depends; the colours which are the basis of illumination are blue, purple and scarlet, with gold; peculiar power of crimson; value of green, white and black, and modes of their necessary introduction; refinements of intermediate hues in delicate work; review of subject."

The speaker commenced his remarks by broadly stating that the subject upon which he was about to address his audience was one upon which neither he himself nor anybody else could tell anything which would be of the least value, beyond what every person present could find out for himself by the exercise of that noble faculty which taught Falstaff to run away—he meant "instinct."* Under the circumstances in which Falstaff was placed, to run away was undoubtedly the best thing which he could do. By "instinct," however, he did not wish to be understood as implying that by which an animal performed acts like to those of men, but that peculiar faculty by which all creatures did particularly that which it was their function to do, as the bee built its combs. In the construction of those hexagonal combs philosophers had discovered certain rules, which they had expressed in mathematical and logical formulæ. But, although the bee constructed his cells in such a manner as most successfully to economise the consumption of wax, yet he was perfectly ignorant of the laws of numerical series, by which the principles upon which he acted could be explained and illustrated by the philosopher. The bee did not know, and did not want to know, these rules: he built his cells by a higher and a nobler teaching. [Take a bluebottle, and try to make it build a cell, and all attempts would end as they began—in buzz. Why, then, because we were higher animals, should we act differently from the bee in endeavouring to attain our ends?] Neither did higher animals ever do any great thing but by instinct. Did the brave and gallant soldiers in the Crimea act upon any other than instinct as they stood by their death-dealing guns? Did they entertain for a moment the question of the expediency of their running away? Far from it. Running away was not in them: they were animated solely by the instinct of courage. Ask a man of honour why he told the truth, or why he was not in the habit of telling lies. His reply would be, that it was not in him to act other than truthfully. Ask the man of compassion why he picked up the ragged boy from the gutter, who had been run over in the street, and his answer would be that he could not help doing it—it was his instinct to do so. He could, in fact, be no other than a compassionate man. And this was especially the case in the arts.† If we went to any noble colourist, to any real man of talent, and asked him why he did such or such a thing, his answer would be, "I don't know: I do it because it appears to me to look well." The other day he was seated

* See *1 Henry IV.*, Act ii., sc. 4.

† The *Morning Chronicle* adds: "Everything to be well done—except, perhaps, composing a noble piece of music—must be done by instinct." But see below the references to Haydn.

by the side of one of the greatest living colourists, Mr. Hunt;* and, in reply to a question put to him as to why he put on a certain colour [which appeared to be against all rules], he said "he did not know; *he was just aiming at it.*" He had had frequent opportunities of conversing with Turner, but had never heard him utter a single rule of colour, though he had frequently heard him, like all great men, talk of "trying" to do a thing. This was ever the language of great genius. A man of no talent, a bad colourist, would be ready to give you mathematical reasons for every colour he put on the canvas. Mulready was another great colourist, and he had once asked him whether he had any principles or rules of colour. The reply of the colourist was, "Know what you have to do, and do it"; but he could not tell by what rules he was to know what to do to a certain thing. The same thing prevailed in poetry. The master poets, who wrote the best verses, could not tell their way of doing it. Tennyson was, in his opinion, the leading master of versification at the present day, and he knew of no rules to guide him. An intimate friend of the poet set himself one day to find out all the rules of Tennyson's versification, and collected together, from his verses, an immense number of laws and examples. "Look here," said he, "what wonderful laws you observe." "It's all true," replied the poet, "I do observe them, but I never knew it." Take, again, the case of music. Haydn was one of the greatest of geniuses, as well as an ardent lover of true harmony. An admirable German work, containing the lives of Haydn and other composers, gave a striking instance of the perfect independence of mind and freedom from fetters of rule which characterised this fine composer. Checked in his youth by masters, this rare person had yet "taken science out of his own heart; he had found it there, and remarked the feelings which passed within his own breast, and he acted upon its suggestions and native promptings." When in London, a young lord called upon Haydn, and sought his instruction. In the course of the interview the young man pointed out to the composer a number of faults and departures from the established rules of harmony which he had marked in one of his overtures. He inquired the cause of these errors, and why such a note had been used, when a different one would have been the more correct. Haydn replied that he had done so because it had a good effect, and pleased his taste. The Englishman disapproved of the alterations, when Haydn told him to play the passages as he would wish them to be altered, and see which would produce the best effect. After a good deal of argument on each side, the great composer, becoming perfectly impatient, said, "My lord, you have the goodness to give me lessons, and I do not deserve the honour of receiving them from you," and bowed him out of the room. He was anxious to get his hearers entirely quit of the notion of supposing that they could do nothing without "rule." We were told, as a rule, that there were three primary colours—red, blue and yellow—and that these primaries should occur in every composition; that these three colours always existed in a ray of light in the proportions of eight, five, and three, and that in these proportions they neutralised each other, and produced white light. Then, said the scientific gentleman, "Because these colours occur in a

* See "Modern Painters," Vol. III., 89-91, part iv., chap. 7, §§ 12, 13, where these anecdotes of Hunt, Turner, and Haydn are repeated. The remark of Mulready had been enforced by Mr. Ruskin in the "Seven Lamps," Introd. § 1. The "admirable German work" is De Stendhal's "Life of Metastasio, Haydn," etc.

ray of light, you should always put them into your colour compositions in just such a manner as that each colour may be neutralised by its neighbour." How absurd was all this! Were there not also acids and alkalis in chemistry which neutralised each other? and would it not be equally reasonable for a man to say to his cook, "Whenever you squeeze a lemon on my veal, put a pinch of magnesia with it, in order that the alkali may neutralise the acid"? There, said the lecturer (producing at the same time an orange), is as fine a yellow as you can have. If the scientific man were asked what colours should be introduced with it in a composition, he would reply, "Well, eight of red, and five of blue." But what said Nature? She gave neither red nor blue, but, placing the orange in the midst of bright green leaves enabled you to look on one of the most beautiful objects in existence—an orange grove. Look, too, at the beautiful little sky-blue flowers of the gentian. Did Nature give that eight of blue, five of red, and a touch of yellow? No such thing. There were the green grass, the white lilies of the valley, and the grey rock, but not a touch of red or yellow; yet that flower always looked beautiful. Some fine specimens of water-colour drawings of Turner and others were exhibited, for the purpose of showing that beautiful effects might be obtained without adherence to these arbitrary rules, and could often only be obtained by defiance of them; and the lesson which the lecturer deduced from these examples, as well as from a careful study of the finest works of the old masters, was that a close observance of these laws would most assuredly lead the scholar in a wrong direction.

But not only were these laws calculated to lead people wrong, but they would make those who followed them immoderately conceited. The lecturer said that he was talking the other day to a man who, of all others, had, perhaps, been the most successful in pursuing these laws of colour, and, in the course of conversation, the lawgiver said, "Well, I find, upon the whole, that there is no harmony except between red and green." That was very odd, Mr. Ruskin replied, for his impression was, that Titian, and some others who knew something of the matter, had used red and blue. "No," said the philosopher, "it will not do—Titian is all wrong." On asking him whether there was any picture in the Academy which came up to his views of harmony in colour, the philosopher said that he had been carefully through the whole collection, and had only found one picture which was painted on scientific principles. That picture the lecturer had seen; he would not mention its name, but it was one of the chief daubs in the collection in the Academy. The worst of all this intermeddling of science was, that not only the artist derived no help from it, but it prevented science from doing the work which really came within its own province. Science could not give the artist the colours which it told him to use. We had no crimsons or scarlets which would stand; but (producing an illuminated MS.) there were pieces of scarlet which had stood upon that page for more than 500 years, and still remained perfectly bright. On the best modes of working in gold and preparing colours, which was the work of the scientific man, no attempt was made to help the colourist.

But if not by science, how was skill in colouring to be obtained? Only by instinct. Man is a being differing from the lower animals, he having two kinds of instinct, one which aimed at higher, and the other at baser ends; and he had also his noble reason, to enable him to find out which of his acts would elevate the one or depress the other. The most efficient

mode by which a knowledge of colour could be obtained by the artist was by casting all rules behind his back, and trusting to his own instincts when in a calm and healthy state. Watch for everything, look carefully for everything in nature which was beautiful. Whenever any combination of colours or a colour particularly beautiful was found, note it carefully. If this kind of work be enjoyed and continued in, depend upon it, the student would soon begin to invent, and having put down two or three colours, others would soon suggest themselves as necessary. Pass not a single thing, however small or despised, for no colour was so contemptible but that it might furnish some hint, and there was no hour of the day in which something might not be learned. Fettered by rules, all these opportunities of gaining knowledge would be lost to the student. He was most anxious, in any remarks which he had made, that he should not be understood as depreciating the value of any of those ably illustrated works of Mr. Owen Jones and others who had studied the subject of the law of colour—a subject, in the abstract, of great interest. All he meant to convey was, that these rules would never teach any one to colour; and the artist who submitted himself to the law of these three primaries was lost for ever.

In connection with colouring there were, however, three necessities which should never be lost sight of by the student. They were the necessity of gradation, of subtlety, and of surprise; and these it would be found were most sedulously and carefully acknowledged by the most successful of colourists, whether ancient or modern. No colour was really valuable until it was gradated. The great beauty of colour consisted in a sort of twilight melancholy—a dying away; no colour was, in fact, of use till it appeared to be dying. Colour might be gradated by passing into other colours, or by becoming paler or darker. Instances of subtle gradation of colour were shown in the flowers of the scarlet cactus, and in some of the beautiful water-colour drawings of Turner. This same law was pre-eminently to be found among the illuminated works of the thirteenth century, where white lines or dots were most judiciously and effectively introduced for the purpose of gradating colours. A second and not less important point always observed by the successful colourist was the excessive delicacy to which he strove to bring all the hues he laid on, whether the working was large or small. When a person had coloured rightly, a grain more or a grain less would injure the whole. This delicacy was carried to such an extent by Paul Veronese, that in one of his largest pictures, now in Paris, a small white hair upon the paw of a cat playing with a vase in the foreground was essential to the completeness of the picture. Another striking instance of this extreme delicacy was to be seen in a plum painted by the greatest of living fruit-painters, Mr. Hunt, where a minute spot of scarlet was plainly seen upon the surface, and produced a most pleasing and agreeable effect to the eye. It was this extreme delicacy of all good colour, and the care which was taken in its application even to architectural decoration, that rendered fruitless and unsuccessful all attempts to restore or to represent the old decorations upon any architectural works of the past centuries. We know nothing of what colours were employed by the Egyptians, or by any of the ancient decorators. We had found a bit of red in one place and a powder of blue or yellow upon some other, and we know nothing more. There were nearly twenty different reds now known to us: which one did the Egyptians use? Most certainly not that one which was now employed to represent the revived monuments of that age and country. Till we knew

this we could not restore the rudest monument of past ages! Until we knew absolutely and certainly what colours they used,—till, in fact, we could call the men up from the dead,—we had no right to touch what they had left behind.

Another important law to be always kept in mind was the law of surprise. This law in colour was one of the chief sources of pleasure,—just as in music, the change to one note, when another was expected, formed the principal cause of the delight experienced in listening to the finest works of the composers. To the works of the old masters this “law of surprise” was uniformly acted upon, and the painters appear to have set themselves certain laws, and then suddenly, to have transgressed them in a most playful and effective manner. An instance of this was shown in an illuminated MS. On one side was a number of heads within ovals, following each other regularly, when suddenly, towards the close of the series, an irregularly minded angel clapped his wing over his head, outside the oval. In another part a disobedient leaf suddenly appeared out of the ordinary and expected line, and all who saw the change could not but feel thankful to the unruly leaf for the excellent effect it had produced.

Passing from the laws affecting the management of colour, he proceeded to point out what colours ought to be used. The best lesson in colour to which he could point was a sunset. The clouds were *scarlet, golden, purple, white, grey*, but not *crimson*, except in stormy weather. Crimson was a colour which rarely occurred,—when it did, almost always giving the idea of a bloody hue; and it was curious to notice how, in the cacti and some other flowers, the purple, passing from scarlet, rarely, if ever, touched crimson. But one, at least, of the most beautiful of flowers in nature was crimson—viz., the rose; and the blush on the cheek was the most beautiful of colours, but the crimson which they displayed was always associated with the idea of life. There were undoubtedly cases in which crimson could be used with the greatest success, and one of the finest windows which he had ever seen was one at the western end of Chartres Cathedral, of the twelfth century, upon which “gouts” of blood appeared to have been dropped. Nothing could exceed the richness and beauty of this window beneath the gorgeous rays of the sunset. Blues, whites, scarlets, yellows, and greys were all colours of the clouds—of heaven; fixed green and a particular kind of ashy buff were the colours of the earth. All that was calculated to attract the mind in this peculiar art of illumination was to be found in the colours of heaven. The golden, scarlet, white, russet, purple, and grey colours all kept to the sky; the greens and the buffs to earth. There was too, a sort of bluish green in the sky; and, as a general rule, greens should be always tinted and tempered with blue. The earthy, ashy, buff colour of earth—the ugliest of all colours—was pre-eminently the one used in this boasted nineteenth century. Some attempts of a most praiseworthy nature were being made to improve the colour of the ordinary tiles for architectural purposes, and a manufacturer of those tiles had covered the whole front of his house with them, where they would have had a most excellent effect, had he not, with the worst possible taste, made the ground of the whole of them this ugliest of all colours. The purple was a colour to which great importance was attached by the ancients. The old Greek purple was unquestionably not of a scarlet hue, but a deep and sombre colour. In the “Odyssey,” Menelaus, in his interview with the sea-

king Proteus, when told of the assassination of Agamemnon, is represented as going away sad. Homer says his mind became *purple*. Many persons would suppose it meant "crimsoned" over with blood. But this was not the meaning intended to be conveyed; for in one part of the "Iliad" he describes the sinking and darkness which came over a dying soldier's eyes, as he faints with his wound, and death comes to him as "purple death." The words are weak as given by Pope:—

"Down sinks the priest, the purple hand of death
Closed his dim eyes, and fate suppressed his breath."

But there were other passages where this purple was referred to, which proved that it could have had nothing of the scarlet about it—as in a description of the sea. When dark brown clouds pass over the blue Mediterranean, they give a dark, leaden-like purple to the waters as they lie motionless. Homer thus describes the sea when in this state:—

"As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps,
While yet the expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the clouds, and blackens all the sky."

There could be no question but that the purple here referred to was a dark leaden colour. The same epithet of "purple" has been applied by Homer to the face of oxen, and they certainly had not scarlet faces; but they had a peculiar russet passing into blue, which could frequently be seen in their dark foreheads. When Achilles went to the sea to seek his mother Thetis, Homer says that the sea appeared to him of this dark strange bloody purple. The ideal of blood among the Greeks was that of a dark, rich colour. Homer said of Menelaus, when wounded by Pandarus, that his blood distilled down his thigh, as when a Tyrian girl stained the ivory. Reverting to the strange manner in which in nature the purple gradated into scarlet, without touching the crimson, Mr. Ruskin urged upon the student of illumination the propriety of not using the sacred colour, crimson [the symbol of life], without extreme caution.

Passing from that colour itself, the lecturer next called attention to the necessity of a careful study of the abstract lines which were to inclose it, instancing the noble and graceful curves which were to be met with in many of the illuminated letters of the thirteenth century. As instances of such, he exhibited an enlarged drawing of a small letter from one of the missals, the curves in which were of the most graceful character, and could only be drawn by the most skilful hand. Having pointed out the grace and beauty of the original, Mr. Ruskin produced, amid the laughter of his audience, the same graceful design vulgarised by the use of combined mathematical curves, and showed, by adding a few strokes, that this vulgarisation was, in fact, the form of an Ionic capital. Mr. Ruskin intimated that he had placed in the adjoining room, under the care of Mr. Allen, to whom he confessed himself deeply indebted for the very valuable assistance he had rendered him, several examples of this class of curves, taken from MSS., which they might glance at now and then; and expressed his readiness to attend at the Museum upon stated days, to look over any examples which might be brought to him, in order as far as he was able to help the student forward in his work. It was grievous to think how large an amount of power was lying dormant at this time of the world, because bound down and darkened by the absurd attentionalities

which it was the fashion of the day to promulgate and insist upon as indispensable. A day or two since a person who had attended his previous lectures had sent him some books of sketches, stating that he had been in the habit of illuminating, not for profit, but merely because he found it satisfied his mind. These books were filled with the most marvellous sketches and most felicitous ideas. Among the various sketches he had found one which was a perfectly new thought, even on the subject of "The Lord's Supper," a theme which had exhausted the genius of some of the finest painters of ancient and modern time. "And when they had sung a hymn, they went up to the Mount of Olives." The sketch represents the group of the disciples singing the hymn—a most beautiful and charming subject for the painter. A few days since he had set some boys to work to produce some specimens of illuminated letters; they had been most successful in their work, and the lecturer exhibited the results of their labours in two large initial letters for the "Kyrie Eleison." There was, therefore, none of that insuperable difficulty about the use of ornamental letters which some persons had imagined, and he was most anxious to impress upon those of his audience who might be engaged in the execution of ornamental designs, and lettering on walls and shop-fronts, how easily and with what success they might introduce initial letters of this description. It was surprising to see the dexterity and skill with which many of these writers could strike the curves of the letters they were painting. It was a most marvellous power, one which could only be attained by constant and long practice; but he was anxious to see this sleight of hand turned to greater advantage, and used to more effect. They might depend upon it, that if they once introduced these ornamental letters, they would achieve for themselves a vast amount of success, and carry the public along with them to an extent of which they could at present form no adequate opinion.

There were two points about the art of illumination which, in closing, he desired to refer to: they were the uniform attention which was paid to purity of colour, and the vast power of the grotesque which could be advantageously employed by those who were in the habit of using the art. An examination of the works of the old illuminators would show in the most striking manner the great attention which they always paid to purity of colour. Between the good colourist and the layer-on of paint there was the widest possible difference. The Dutch excelled in the art of laying on paint, but their work was far different from that careful system of colouring adapted by the illuminators of the thirteenth century. Observe how carefully, and with what exquisite taste, the small lines and dots of white are introduced in order to produce harmonious effects where the immediate contrast of strong or bright colours would offend the eye. In some of the smaller work of these illuminated missals, the white was introduced in such small quantities as to be only visible by the aid of a microscope. Some specimens illustrative, in a high degree, of the great care and labour bestowed in this respect, were handed to the audience. In the works of the old masters of painting, the holiest subjects were always depicted in the most powerful and purest of colours; as the subjects lowered in character, they gradually lost their dignity of colour, until they came to the lowest character of all in colour—the works of Salvator Rosa, which were nothing more than mere drabs and browns.

The second highly important consideration in connection with this art, was that to which he had alluded on a previous occasion—viz., the vast

powers of grotesque which it afforded. This power of the grotesque was one which ought not to be overlooked by people of this country, for most undoubtedly the faculty belonged peculiarly to the northern nations. Carlyle, to whom he (the lecturer) owed more than to any other living writer, in his "Hero Worship" thus referred to the exercise of this power. "It is strange," said he, "after our beautiful Apollo statues, and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse gods 'brewing ale,' to hold their feast with Ægir, the Sea-Jötun, sending out Thor to get the caldron for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the pot on his head like a huge hat, and walking off with it, quite lost in it, the ears of the pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large, awkward gianthood, characterises that Norse system; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with large uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the creation! The gods having got their giant Ymer slain—a giant made by 'warm wind,' and much confused work, out of the conflict of frost and fire—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the sea, his flesh was the land, the rocks his bones"—good geology that!—"of his eyebrows they formed Asgard, their god's dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of immensity, and the brains of it became the clouds. What a hyper-Brobdingagian business! Untamed thought, great, giant-like, enormous, to be turned in due time into the compact greatness, not giant-like, but god-like, and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakespeares, the Goethes! Spiritually, as well as bodily, these men are our progenitors."* The works of Albert Dürer, and the great German artist, to whom allusion had been made in the previous lectures, were also full of this power of the grotesque. The plates of "Death the Avenger," and "Death the Friend," were the most remarkable modern instances of the grotesque in its peculiar *moral* power he knew. In the one Death appears suddenly as a masquer [among the gay throng] in a masked ball at Paris; and, although the subject was similar to that which had been previously treated by Dr. Young, he did not think that the German artist was indebted to Dr. Young for the idea. Dr. Young was remarkable for this power.

"'Twas in the circle of the gay I stood,
Death would have entered, nature pushed him back."

Now mark the grotesque,—

"Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gained ;—
Then artfully dismissed
The sage ; for Death designed to be concealed,
He gave an old vivacious usurer
His meagre aspect and his naked bones ;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd spendthrift, whose fantastic air,
Well-fashioned figure, and cockaded brows,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straightened to a cane ;
And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eyes."

* See the lecture on "The Hero as Divinity."

The other plate, "Death the Friend," showed the grotesque in its gentler power of teaching. The old sexton sits [quietly in his chair beneath the belfry,] at the window of the church tower; the summer evening is falling—Death has come for him, his [lean and] ghostly horse is waiting in the clouds; and he stands and tolls at once the vesper and the passing bell, while a little bird on the window-sill sings as the good man dies.* The whole is full of that poetry and that feeling which were so characteristic of the thirteenth-century art, of the period when Walter, the Mimesinger, left this charge in his testament, "Let the little birds be fed daily on my grave."

The Influence of Mountains on Men.

"The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose."—RUSKIN.

SCHOLARS tell us that in old days people looked upon "the everlasting hills" with awe and dread. Indeed, a very slight acquaintance with the writers of antiquity will suffice to convince any one that the Greeks and Romans did so regard them. They had no occasion to climb their peaks for pure pleasure, or for the pursuit of scientific truth, as people do in these days. There were no roads through them, as there are now through the Swiss Alps, or in the Highlands of Scotland—to say nothing of railways (and the less said of them the better!). Not that the ancients were entirely devoid of the power of appreciating the beauties of nature. The fair and fertile plains, the vine-clad slopes of the lower hill ranges, and the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," were seen and loved by all who had a mind to appreciate the beautiful. The works of Homer and of Virgil alone would be sufficient to prove this much. But still the higher ranges were left out of sight and untrodden by the foot of man. This may probably be accounted for by the religious awe with which men looked upon mountains as the abode of the gods.

Again, must men cultivate the rich plain, and dwell beside the sweet waters of some river; for food and drink are the first necessities of life. And so they left the hills alone, and, in fancy, peopled them with the "Immortals" who ruled their destiny, controlling also the winds and the lightning, the rain and the clouds, which seem to have their home among the mountains. Thus we come to the conclusion that childlike fear of the unknown, coupled with religious awe, were the chief motives for their neglect of the hills. And we may, I think, be justified in attributing as a secondary cause the necessities of existence. There was little to be got from those barren hills but wild honey and a scanty

* This sentence is slightly altered from both *Builder* and *Chronicle*.

supply of game, though cattle could be fed on the slopes of their lower ranges. There were also dangers to be encountered from savage beasts and from the fury of storm and avalanche; but the safer ground of the plains below would reward their toil with an ample supply of corn and other necessities of life.

Of all the nations of antiquity the Jews seem to have shown the greatest appreciation of mountain scenery; and in no ancient writings do we find so many or so eloquent allusions to the hills as in the Old Testament. But here, again, one cannot fail to trace the same feelings of religious awe. The Law was given to their forefathers in the desert amidst the thunders of Sinai; and when the great Lawgiver descended from the Mount, and came to his people once more, he hid his face with a veil, lest they should behold the glory which it reflected. To them the earth was literally Jehovah's footstool, and the clouds were His tabernacle: "If He do but touch the hills, they shall smoke." But this awe was not unmixed with other and more comforting thoughts. They felt that those cloud-capped towers were symbols of strength, and the abode of Him who would help them in their need. For so we find the psalmist regarding them; and with our very different conceptions of the earth's natural features, we can but dimly perceive and realise the full force and meaning of the words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

In later times, as in the middle ages, we discover the mountains peopled with fairies, nymphs, elves, and all kinds of strange beings; and even now travellers among the mountains of Switzerland, Norway, Wales or Scotland, find that it is not long since the simple folk of these regions believed in the existence of such beings, and attributed to their agency many things which they could not otherwise explain. To take another example from antiquity, we find that the Himalayas and the source of the Ganges have from very early times been considered as holy by the people of India. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India still continue to seek salvation in the holy waters of the Ganges, and at its sacred sources in the snowy Himalayas. And to those who know India, the wondrous snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas still seem to be surrounded with somewhat of the same halo of glory as of old.

Mountains are intimately associated with the history of nations, and have contributed much to the moulding of the human mind and the character of those who dwell among them: they have alike inspired the mind of the artist, the poet, the reformer, and the visionary seeking repose for his soul, that, dwelling far from

the strife and turmoil of the world, he may contemplate alone the glory of the Eternal Being. They have been the refuge of the afflicted and the persecuted; they have braced the minds and bodies of heroes, who, like David, have dwelt for a time among them, before descending once more to the plain, that they might play some noble part in the progress of the world. Such as these, the leaders of the great host of mankind, have received a strength, a firmness and tenacity of purpose, giving them the right to be leaders, and the power to redress human wrongs; or, it may be, a temper of mind and spirit, enabling them to soar into regions of thought and contemplation untrodden by the careless and more luxurious multitudes who dwell in the plains below. Perhaps Mr. Lewis Morris unconsciously offers his testimony to the influence of the hills in the following words, put into the mouth of poor Marsyas:—

"Better it is than palace and pomp, ease and luxury,
To have seen white presences upon the hills,
To have heard the voices of the eternal gods,"—EPIC OF HADES.

The thunder and lightning, storm and cloud, as well as the soft beauty of colour and the harmony of mountain outline, have been a part of the training of such men, and a very important part too.

Mahomet's favourite resort was a cave at the foot of Mount Hira, north of Mecca. Here, in dark and wild surroundings, his mind was wrought up to rhapsodic enthusiasm.

The exhilarating air, the struggle with the elements in their fierceness, the rugged strength of granite, seem to have infected the very souls of some men, and made them like "the strong ones," the immortal beings to whom in all previous ages the races of mankind have assigned their abode in the hills, as the Greek gods were supposed to dwell on Mount Olympus, until they seem to have caught something of the strength of Him who dwells in the heavens, far above their highest peaks, and, as it were, to teach us anew the meaning of the psalmist when he wrote those words—"The strength of the hills is His also."

We have spoken of the attitude of the human mind towards mountains in the past: let us now consider the light in which they are regarded at the present time by all thoughtful and cultivated people. And it does not require a moment's consideration to perceive that a very great change has taken place. Instead of regarding them with horror, or aversion, we look upon them with wonder and delight; we watch them hour by hour whenever, for a brief season of holiday, we take up our abode near or among them. We come back to them year by year to breathe once more the pure air, which so frequently restores the invalid to health and

brings back the colour to faded cheeks. We love to watch the ever-varying lights and shades upon them as day by day goes by. But it is towards evening that the most enchanting scenes are to be witnessed, when the sinking sun sheds its golden rays upon their slopes or tinges their summits with floods of crimson light ; and presently, after the sun has gone down, pale mists begin to rise and the hills seem more majestic than ever. Later on, as the full moon appears behind a bank of cloud, those wonderful moonlight effects may be seen which must be familiar to all who know the mountains as they are in summer or autumn—scenes such as the writer has frequently witnessed in the Highlands of Scotland, but which only the poet can adequately describe.

In order to illustrate the influence of the hills on the human mind in these days when they no longer inspire feelings of dread or terror, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to take two examples—one an eminent man of science, the other a well-known artist (and a minister as well)—both of whom have passed away. The scenery which they loved was that of the Highlands of Scotland, a region which probably is more or less familiar to many of our readers. The country through which the Spey runs, in its upper part, presents scenes of grandeur and beauty which can hardly be rivalled by any other parts of Scotland. In the “*Home-life of Sir David Brewster*,” by his gifted daughter Mrs. Gordon, it is related that “the glories of the Grampian scenery contributed more than anything to the enjoyment of his residence in Badenoch.* The beauties of the Doune, Kinrara, Aviemore, Loch an Eilan, Loch Insh, Loch Loggan, Craig Dhu, and the Forest of Gaick, and the magnificent desolation of Glen Feshie, were all vividly enjoyed by him, with that inner sense of poetry and art which he so pre-eminently possessed. His old friend John Thomson, the minister of Duddingston, but better known as a master in Scottish landscape, came to visit him, and was, of course, taken to see Glen Feshie, with its wild conies and moors, and the giants of the old pine forest. After a deep silence my father was startled with the exclamation ‘Lord God Almighty!’ and, on looking round, he saw the strong man bowed down in a flood of tears, so much had the wild grandeur of the scene, and the sense of the one creative Hand, possessed the soul of the artist. Glen Feshie afterwards formed the subject of one of Thomson’s best pictures.”

The subject we have chosen for this paper is a large one, and branches out in many directions. It will therefore be necessary to limit ourselves to the two following aspects of the influence of mountains on men : (1) The characteristics of mountain people ;

* A district in which Kingussie, Aviemore, and Grantown are situated.

(2) the part played by mountains in history ; and even these can only be very briefly treated.

It would be difficult to say to what extent people in different parts of the world who live among mountains share the same virtues or the same failings ; and as no one person can be sufficiently acquainted with all the mountain populations of the world, we cannot expect to find any expression of opinion on such a subject. But there are many persons who from long residence in a foreign country can tell us much of the people who dwell among its mountains. To collect and compare their individual experiences would be no light task, nor is it necessary for our purpose.

A few illustrations from mountain regions near home, such as Wales, Scotland, Norway, Switzerland and Italy, will be quite sufficient ; and, moreover, those countries possess the advantage of being more or less familiar to a large number of people.

Suppose some one fond of travel, and perhaps of sport as well, were to visit the mountains of the countries just named, and spend a summer or autumn in each successively during a number of years, what would be his opinion of the people ? We have not had the good fortune to meet such a person ; but putting together our own experience, and that of others as expressed in books, or in some other way, we may perhaps venture to express an opinion as to what that verdict would be. Generalising, however, is always difficult, and often unsafe ; so that it will be necessary to use some caution, and only to speak of what we feel pretty sure about.

In the first place, there are certain obvious characteristics about mountaineers, which no one will be inclined to dispute, and which seem to be the result of their natural surroundings and the free, open-air life they lead. Thus we find them generally endowed with hardihood, strength and bravery. To spend one's days on the hillsides for a large part of the year, as shepherds and others do in Scotland or Wales, and to walk some miles every day in bracing pure air, must be healthy, and tend to develop the muscles of the body ; and so we find the highlanders of all countries muscular, strong and capable of endurance. Whether these qualities are inherited from parents and ancestors living under the same conditions, and so handing on to their descendants the strength they acquired during lifetime, as Lamarck would have held ; or whether they are acquired by each generation in turn quite independently of any such hereditary effects, is a question on which (considering that it is being hotly discussed by scientific men) we hardly dare express an opinion. But there can be little

doubt that mountain races are kept up to a high standard of strength and endurance by a rigorous and constant weeding out of the weakly ones, especially among children. And thus, if only the stronger men and women live to grow up and become parents, the chances are that their children will be strong too. *That kind of inheritance is a universal law.*

As might be expected, mountain races are celebrated for their fighting qualities. The fierce and bloodthirsty Afghans, who have often faced a British army, and sometimes, alas! victoriously; the brave Swiss peasants, who have more than once fought nobly for freedom; the Vikings from Scandinavia, who came in their ships, conquering wherever they went, from one end of Europe to the other; or their descendants, the Norsemen, who settled in France and England, and played so important a part in history; the Highlanders, who have contributed so largely to the success of British arms in nearly all parts of the world, and whose forefathers defied even the all-conquering Romans in their mountain strongholds; as well as the loyal Irish, who fought so famously under Wellington; and lastly, the "men of Devon" (also largely Celtic), who, since Elizabeth, have been famous as fighting men,—all these peoples show the same valour and powers of endurance.

According to Julius Cæsar, the chief god of the ancient Britons was the god of war. Professor Blackie, who so happily combines the buoyancy of youth with the wisdom of age, thus expresses his feeling for his native country:—

"But Scotland, stern mother, for struggle and toil
Thou trainest thy children on hard rocky soil;
And thy stiff-purposed heroes go conquering forth,
With strength that is bred from the blasts of the North."

The familiar stories of Bruce and Wallace do not need more than a passing reference.

But sometimes the fighting instinct of the mountaineer takes a different turn, and then we see the hillmen playing the part of brigands, as in Greece, Italy and Spain, where the mountains are infested with banditti; but these cases are exceptional, and possibly due to political causes.

Along with the physical qualifications already referred to we generally find others of a more general character, such as patience, honesty, simplicity of life, thrift, a dignified self-reliance, together with true courtesy and hospitality. This is high praise; but who that knows mountain peasants will say that it is undeserved? How many a tired traveller among the hills of Scotland or Wales has had reason to be grateful for welcome food and rest in some little cottage in a far-away glen! How many friendships have

thus been formed ! How many a pleasant talk has beguiled the time during some storm or shower ! The old feuds are forgotten now that the Saxon stranger and invader is at peace with the Celtic people whom his forefathers drove into the hills. The castles, once centres of oppression or scenes of violence, lie in peaceful and picturesque ruins, and add not a little to the interest of one's travels in the North. Again, what true courtesy and consideration one meets with at the hands of these honest folk, among whom the old kindly usages have not died out ! Often too poor to be afflicted with the greed and thirst for wealth which so frequently marks the man of the plain as compared with the man of the hills—the lowlander as compared with the highlander—they exhibit many of those simple virtues which one hardly expects to meet with among busy town people, all bent upon making money, or, as the phrase is, “getting on in life.”

The annals of Great Britain contain many a tale of devotion and faithfulness to leaders or chiefs. One touching illustration of this, recorded by the Scottish historian Mr. Skene, may be introduced here by way of example. He says:—

“There is, perhaps, no instance in which the attachment of the clan to their chief was so strongly manifested as in the case of the Macphersons of Cluny after the disaster of ‘the forty-five.’ The chief having been deeply engaged in that insurrection, his life became, of course, forfeited to the laws ; but neither the hope of reward nor the fear of danger could induce any one of his people to betray him. For *nine years* he lived concealed in a cave a short distance from his own house ; it was situated in the front of a woody precipice, of which the trees and shelving rocks concealed the entrance. The cave had been dug by his own people, who worked at night, and conveyed the stones and rubbish into a neighbouring lake, in order that no vestige of their labour might appear and lead to the discovery of the retreat. In this asylum he continued to live secure, receiving by night the occasional visits of his friends, and sometimes by day, when [his enemies] had begun to slacken the vigour of their pursuit. Upwards of one hundred persons were privy to his concealment, and a reward of £1000 was offered to any one who should give information against him ; . . . but although the soldiers were animated by the hope of reward, and their officers by promise of promotion, for the apprehension of this proscribed individual, yet so true were his people, so inflexibly strict to their promise of secrecy, so dexterous in conveying to him the necessaries he required in his long confinement, that not a trace of him could be discovered, nor an individual base enough to give a hint to his detriment.”

To his other good qualities the mountaineer adds the manners of a true gentleman. However poor, however ignorant or superstitious, one perceives in him a refinement of manner which cannot fail to command admiration. His readiness to share his best with the stranger and to render any service in his power are pleasing traits in his character.

But there is one sad feature about mountaineers of the present day (in Europe), which is very apparent in districts where many tourists come—especially English or American. They are, we regret to say, losing their independence, their simple, old-fashioned ways, and becoming servile and greedy,—at least, in the villages and small towns. Such changes seem, alas! inevitable when rich town people, bent on sport or pleasure, invade the recesses of the hills where poverty usually reigns. On the one hand, we have people, often with long purses, eager for enjoyment, and waiting to be fed, housed or otherwise entertained; on the other hand, poor people anxious to “make hay while the sun shines,” and to extract as much money as possible from “the visitors,” who often allow themselves to be unmercifully fleeced!

Then there are, in the highlands, sportsmen, who require a large following of “gillies” to attend them in their wanderings, pay them highly, give liberal allowances of whisky, and then turn them loose with nothing to do during the winter and spring. Is it surprising that they give way to a natural tendency to idleness, or fall into other bad habits? Any visitor who spends a winter, or part of a winter, in the highlands, will be better able to realise the extent of this evil, which is by no means slight; and one cannot help regretting that the sportsman's pleasure and the tourist's holiday should involve results of such grave consequence.

Another aspect of the question, often totally ignored, is this: that a man who merely ministers to the pleasures of others richer than himself loses some of the self-respect and independence which he would naturally acquire by working in his own way for a living.

The same changes for the worst are still more manifest in Switzerland; and even in some parts of Norway the people are being similarly spoiled. Let us hear what our great teacher, Mr. Ruskin, says on this matter: “I believe that every franc now spent by travellers among the Alps tends more or less to the undermining of whatever special greatness there is in the Swiss character; and the persons I met in Switzerland, whose position and modes of life render them best able to give me true information respecting the present state of their country, among many causes of national deterioration spoke with chief fear of the

influx of English wealth, gradually connecting all industry with the wants of strangers, and inviting all idleness to depend upon their casual help, thus gradually resolving the ancient consistency and pastoral simplicity of the mountain life into the two irregular trades of the innkeeper and mendicant." ("Modern Painters," vol. iv.)

When highly civilised races overcome by conquest or otherwise those which are less civilised, the latter always seem to suffer degeneration for a time. Thus, when the Romans settled in Britain, they brought many evils in their train; but in the end their influence was highly beneficial, for they taught the inhabitants arts of which they were ignorant, made splendid roads (which we use to this day), and left a judicial code that still forms the basis of English law.

There is only one other characteristic of mountain people which we shall refer to, and that is their proneness to superstition. Of late years many of the old legends and popular myths have died out; but even what is left is highly interesting to the student of folk-lore (a subject which is now interesting a great many people).

Prof. A. Geikie, speaking of Scotch mountain scenery, says: "To the influence of scenery of this kind on the mind of a people at once observant and imaginative, such legends as that of the Titans should in all likelihood be ascribed. It would be interesting to trace these legends to their cradle, and to mark how much they owe to the character of the scenery amongst which they took their rise. Perhaps it would be found that the rugged outlines of the Bœotian hills had no small share in the framing of Hesiod's graphic story of that primæval warfare wherein the combatants fought with huge rocks, which, darkening the air as they flew, at last buried the discomfited Titans deep beneath the surface of the land. Nor would it be difficult to trace a close connection between the present scenery of our own country and some of the time-honoured traditional stories of giants and hero-kings, warlocks and witches, or between the doings of the Scandinavian Arimthursar or Frost Giants, and the more characteristic features of the landscape and climate of the North." ("Scenery and Geology of Scotland.")

The following passage from Mr. Ruskin bears on the same subject, and brings out more strongly the effects of mountains on men and nations: ". . . We shall find, on the one hand, the mountains of Greece and Italy forming all the loveliest dreams, first of Pagan, then of Christian mythology; on the other, those of Scandinavia to be the first sources of whatever mental (as well as military) power was brought by the Normans into Southern

Europe. Normandy itself is, to all intents and purposes, a hill country. . . . We have thus one branch of the Northern religious imagination rising among the Scandinavian fiords, tempered in France by various encounters with elements of Arabian, Italian, Provençal, or other Southern poetry, and then reacting upon Southern England; while other forms of the same rude religious imagination, resting like clouds upon the mountains of Scotland and Wales, met and mingled with the Norman Christianity, retaining even to the latest times some dark colour of superstition, but giving all its poetical and military pathos to Scottish poetry, and a peculiar sternness and wildness of tone to the Reformed faith in its manifestations among the Scottish hills." ("Modern Painters," vol. iv.)

The Alps, like all other mountainous countries, have their fair share of legends; but we cannot stay to enlarge on the subject.

It now only remains to say a few words about the historic aspects of the hills, and to point out very briefly the part which they play in human history—a subject on which much might be said, and one worthy of exhaustive treatment at the hands of a historian.

In the first place, mountains are natural barriers separating the nations of the world, and tending to keep them within certain definite bounds; we say *tending* to keep them thus confined, because, as every one knows, these barriers have over and over again been surmounted by conquering armies. The rugged Alps could not ward off Hannibal, who made his way through them to march upon the capital of the Roman empire. (The route which he followed is still a matter of speculation.) Napoleon defied this great natural rampart, made a road through it, and came to Italy. No mountains would seem to be quite impassable; but, although liable in the course of ages to be occasionally overrun, still they afford good protection and produce a feeling of security. A glance at any map of the Old World will show how frequently mountains are the boundaries of countries and empires, so we need not quote examples. Where there are no mountains or hills, rivers sometimes serve as boundaries; but, of course, they do not answer the purpose so well. Sometimes a nation actually builds a great wall for a boundary: for example, the great wall of China.

In the second place, mountains have always been a refuge and shelter for conquered races; and, just as lowland plants of "the great ice-age" retreated, when the climate became warmer, into the Grampians, Carpathians, Alps, Pyrenees, so, in like manner, the primitive races who once lived in the plains have been forced by adverse circumstances to take to the hills. If we inquire of the

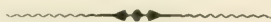
historian, he will tell us that such has taken place over and over again. Thus we know that the Celtic people now living in Brittany, Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, though now considerably mixed, are descendants of the old Celtic inhabitants of France and Britain. But, as we all know, there is a great deal of unwritten history for which we may look in vain to the ordinary sources of information, such as books, and only to be read in quite different ways, from antiquities buried up in peat-beds, in bogs, and old ruined forts, etc.; and last, but not least, in the names of places, rivers or mountains. The hills, the valleys, the rivers are the only writing-tablets on which unlettered nations have been able to inscribe their annals. Those who have studied these matters say they can trace wave after wave of population which has thus left its mark—Gaelic, Cymric (or Welsh), Saxon, Anglian, Norwegian, Danish, Norman, and Flemish. Even the Celts, in their turn, were invaders, and drove out an older population—namely, the Iberians—who a very long time ago inhabited the lowlands of France and Spain. These Iberians are a very interesting race. Their descendants are still to be seen in the Basque provinces of Spain. They had long heads, were of short stature, with dark hair and eyes; and some say that this old type is to be met with occasionally in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland at the present time. Thus our survey takes us back to the “stone age” of geologists, for the remains of Iberians have been discovered in many European caves of this remote era which of late years have been explored.

In Switzerland we find a wonderful mixture of different types, and even here the pre-Celtic Iberians have been traced.

We must now conclude our brief survey of the influence of mountains on men. Inadequate as it is, we trust it has at least suggested an interesting line of thought. If any of our readers are not familiar with Mr. Ruskin’s “Modern Painters,” we hope they will carefully study the fourth volume, in which this subject is treated in his own delightful way.

The story of the hills from this point of view is one of conquest and oppression, of warfare and violence; but we must confidently hope that it will not always be so—that, some day, “the mountains shall bring *peace*, and the little hills *righteousness* unto the people.”

HENRY N. HUTCHINSON.



Faust.

PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

Song of the Archangels.

RAPHAEL.

TO brother realms as of yore
 His rival song the sun shouts o'er,
 His march to the appointed goal
 He ends amid the thunder's roll,
 His glance doth to the angels lend
 A strength no one may comprehend,
 The high mysterious works alway
 Are grand as on their earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift beyond thought's utmost bound
 The earth in splendour wheels around ;
 But soon the clear and heavenly light
 Is changed to deep and awful night :
 Wild foams the sea, in broad'ning floods it sweeps :
 From base to peak of rock it leaps,
 And rock and sea are hurled apace
 In one eternal swift round race.

MICHAEL.

And raging storms in envy flee
 From sea to land, from land to sea,
 And forge a chain with sullen roar
 Of wildest surging round earth's shore ;
 Then leaps the deadly lightning forth
 To light the thunder on his path :
 Yet, Lord, thy servants homage pay
 To gentlest goings of Thy day.

THE THREE.

His glance doth to the angels lend
 A strength no one may comprehend,
 The high mysterious works alway
 Are grand as on their earliest day.

(Translation by W. D.)

The Plays of Henry Arthur Jones.

TO look at the dramatic literature of the reign of Victoria, and then to look back to that of the reign of Elizabeth, is a process which can hardly be agreeable to those who extol the present and all its works at the expense of the past. And indeed it is singular that the dramatic literature of England, once so magnificent, so full of life, should, in little more than three centuries, have degenerated into the undignified and foolish thing we now find it. No wise man would expect to see the glories of the Golden Age repeated. History, indeed, warns us to expect no such repetition. But in considering the present subject we have to face the significant fact that the decline, which began magnificently with rare Ben Jonson, has been going on unceasingly until to-day. The dramatists of the Restoration were far behind those of the Shakespearian era; the dramatists of Sheridan's time were behind those of the Restoration; and the dramatists of to-day are inferior to the contemporaries of Sheridan. The general literature of the latter part of the Victorian era is not unworthy of the best traditions of the past. In poetry, in prose, and in the novel there are names which would be illustrious in the literature of any age. There is no dramatic author—that is, one who writes successful acting plays as opposed to purely literary dramas—whose achievements entitle him to a place among the great contemporary writers. The playwrights of yesterday were a group which it is impossible to consider seriously. They wrote bread-and-butter comedies, outrageous melodramas, and farces full of mad puns, most of which are forgotten to-day, and the rest of which will not be remembered to-morrow. With the men of yesterday those of to-day need not fear comparison. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is at least as great as Mr. Robertson; Mr. Pinero writes far better plays than Mr. H. J. Byron; Mr. Sydney Grundy is not inferior to Mr. Albery, and the old opera-bouffé is to Mr. Gilbert's exquisite burlesque as vitriol to wine. It would seem as if at last the old order of inartistic vulgarity was changing, giving place to something better. If such a reformation become an accomplished fact, the name of Henry Arthur Jones will be remembered with gratitude as the name of a pioneer; if the reign of stupidity still continue, he, together with a few more, will be remembered as one who, by means of his own works, protested against the prevailing folly of his day.

The influence of France on the contemporary dramatic literature

of Europe is enormous. There is no country which is free from it. But it has been pointed out that, while other countries are influenced by France, they have a certain number of serious original native dramatists.* Germany, for instance, has Freytag, Lindau, Laube, while Italy boasts among recent playwrights such men as Paolo Ferrari, Cossa, Giacosa, and Del Testa. In England there is no such native drama of literary *and* theatrical, as opposed to literary *or* theatrical importance. But the influence of France is threatened by the influence of Scandinavia. Scribe is to give way to Ibsen. Instead of looking to the Comédie Française and the Porte St. Martin as the highest heaven, we are to be given a new ideal. The tide of incident is receding, and slowly yet surely, an ethical wave is passing over the drama. We have in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays very distinct evidence of the new force, and yet he has not altogether deserted the old gods; and while his work has been thus influenced—and influenced on the whole for good—his own individuality has been by no means lost. We may fairly claim that he is an original English dramatist.

Mr. Jones's earliest effort was a comediotta entitled *A Clerical Error*, which was followed by another work of the same kind—*An Old Master*. Both were marked with the faults of inexperience, both were commonplace, but in each there was evident effort to do well, a real earnestness which was promising. In his version of Mark Hope's novel "A Prodigal's Daughter," which he called *His Wife*, he showed that his powers were of a higher order than had been suspected. In an essentially sensational play dealing with the abuses of prisons and lunatic asylums, Mr. Jones showed an almost classical restraint in respect of incident and language. We were treated to none of the passages of physical brutality, to none of the hysterical declamation which would, perhaps, have been admissible in dealing with such a subject. The characters were neither original nor complex, but they were firmly sketched in. The most remarkable feature of the play was the studied neglect of the obvious means of producing sensational effect already alluded to. It was a distinct advance on the author's earlier productions.

The turning-point in Mr. Jones's career was undoubtedly the production of *The Silver King*, a melodrama written with the aid of Mr. Henry Herman. It is not too much to say that it is the best of modern melodramas. The characters are forcible and original. Spider, the gentlemanly villain, his infamous assistants, The Duke and Father Christmas, Jakes, the old servant,

* See "English Dramatists of To-day," by William Archer. Introduction.

and the gentleman's gentleman, are all admirable studies. The hero, Wilfrid Denver, is picturesque, if a trifling irritating, and even if the play had no other merit, the dialogue was never allowed to degenerate into the clap-trap beloved of transpontine audiences. The partnership between Messrs. Jones and Herman continued for some time and resulted in the production of a deservedly unsuccessful adaptation of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. *Chatterton* followed—a thoughtful one-act play of strong dramatic interest.

It has not been my good fortune to see Mr. Jones's important work bearing the attractive title of *Saints and Sinners*. There seems to be no doubt that it was a thoughtful play, and that the characters were well drawn, though none of them were particularly original. The plot, though conventional, was well handled. One incident—the scene in the vestry of Little Bethel—foreshadowed the power of inventing novel situations, and of using new material which Mr. Jones has employed with such complete success in the dramas presently to be considered. *Hoodman Blind* and *The Lord Harry* followed *Saints and Sinners*. They were written in collaboration with Mr. Wilson Barrett, and did nothing to increase Mr. Jones's reputation.

Let us now turn to *The Middleman*, *Judah* and *The Dancing Girl*, the works on which are chiefly based the reputation of their author, and the hopes entertained in respect of his future career. The first of these dramas constitutes a serious attempt to deal on the stage with one of the aspects of the relation of capital to labour. It is emphatically a play with a purpose, and its success is the more remarkable when it is remembered that plays written with the express object of pointing a moral are foredoomed to failure. A whole army of precedents can be quoted to show that unless there is a coat of gilding on the philosophic pill so thick that its philosophy is entirely concealed, it is impossible to get a modern audience to swallow the dose. Life is nowadays such a very rapid affair, the pressure is so high, that, notwithstanding Cicero's advice to live slowly in order to live long, men have to do in an hour as much as in quieter times was done in two. It follows that their brains grow weary and that when they have a few hours for relaxation at the theatre they resent any call on their already exhausted mental energies. And yet it may be questioned if there is anything so completely fatiguing as an elaborate piece of theatrical fooling in three acts. To the question—

“ Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ? ”

the best answer would be the production of a drama at once sensible and serious. The most complete and beneficial recreation is generally found in employment in another pursuit in which the mind is completely engrossed for the time being, and nothing could possibly be more engrossing, and therefore more thoroughly serve the purpose of recreation than a play of the kind just described. Upon the principle, then, that while men go to the theatre for recreation, they do not therefore necessarily leave their brains in the cloak-room nor object to give the play an intelligent attention, Mr. Jones has written *The Middleman*. The success of the piece has amply justified the author's expectations.

Woven into the ethical base of this play is an interesting melodramatic plot. The fabric composed of these distinct materials is effective. The play has an interest beyond the mere interest of its separate incidents or of those incidents in connection one with another. We have brought before our notice in a strangely vivid way a relation of man to man which exists to-day and the very fact of whose existence is shameful to modern civilisation. Here is a workman to whom Heaven has given the divine gift of genius: here is a capitalist who was born lucky, which is better, according to the proverb, than to be born wise. The man of action falls in with the dreamer, purchases his invention, works it, grows rich while the inventor receives from him the price of an old song and a common artisan's wage. It is a favourite sentiment of the author of the play that "dreamers rule the world: practical men only think they do." *The Middleman* illustrates this too-often-forgotten truism. It calls attention to a crying evil. It appeals only to the higher side of human nature, calling on men for justice for those who are wronged, for pity for those who suffer, and shows at last that though it is human to err, it is divine to forgive, that "earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice."

It is not pretended that *The Middleman* is in any sense of the term a perfect play. The materials of which it is composed were original, and they might have been better employed. There are in it faults of construction which other living dramatists would never have made. Though the piece is effective on the whole, the last act is weak, for the main interest in the play ends in the third act. Next to its serious motive, the most interesting feature in the piece is the proof it gives of the author's accurate observation of certain incidents in modern English life. There were the characters themselves. The dreamy inventor, the capitalist, the acute and unprincipled managing man, "Epiphany Danks, the oldest voter in the county"—all these are actual fellow-players in

the real and greater drama. The scene in the firing-house was perfectly new, intensely dramatic, and almost painfully interesting. The parliamentary address from the window, the reception of the oldest elector, are incidents taken from life. For the rest, the chief fault we have to find with Mr. Jones is not for what he has done, so much as for what he has left undone. While recognising all he has done, we cannot help feeling that, much as it is, it might have been more. While *The Middleman* is in no sense of the word a dramatic masterpiece, it is a very interesting and original play. Its own intrinsic merits do not so much entitle it to attention as the fact that it is a step in the right direction. It was far and away the most important production of the dramatic season,* and, together with *Judah* and *The Dancing Girl*, presently to be discussed, and Mr. Pinero's drama *The Profligate*, holds the highest place among the plays produced in recent years.

We must pass on to *Judah*. It proved Mr. Jones's determination to go on in the unconventional path which he began to tread in *The Middleman*. It was even more original than the former play. Its mysticism entitles it to a place beside Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. It deals with the occult influence of one will on another. This is its central theme, and it is a theme with which the thought of the present day is deeply concerned. We are shown the power which the will of the nervous, mystic Vashti has over the strange, impressionable unchild-like child, the Lady Eve. We are shown that the will of Vashti crumbles away in its turn before the will of her unscrupulous father. We are shown how the minister discovers that the miracle-working Vashti is a common impostor. We are shown a struggle between love and truth in a man who holds truth dearer than life. The agnostic professor appeals to the honour of the Christian minister, pledges himself to believe what Judah says as if he had seen it himself, and Judah answers the confidence with a lie. He lies that the world may think the woman he loves unstained. And when the lie is told he knows no peace, voices are always tormenting him, his soul is convulsed, and yet, after all, he would have sinned again for her sweet sake. The play compels you to think by the sheer force of the questions it incidentally raises—raises quite naturally in the course of the action. It is unconventional from first to last. Its plot is unconventional, its situations and its characters are unconventional. It is new material worked in a new way. Mysticism is the

* *The Middleman* has been produced with great success in Holland and Germany. It is pleasant to find ourselves lending plays to foreign nations rather than borrowing from them. The introduction of English plays abroad is the work of Mr. Grein, who deserves great praise for it.

predominating note of the work, but there is in it an immense amount of human nature. The spiritual and the human are strangely contrasted. At times we feel we are on the threshold of the unseen world, and then, as we are seeing visions with the Lady Eve, the voice of Professor Jopp calls us back to hard facts.

In purely technical qualities *Judah* is an immense advance on *The Middleman*. The symmetry of the former is far before that of the latter. The characters to which we are introduced are more real and more original. They are all men of to-day, but they are types new to the stage. Take, for example, the sceptical professor. He is no mere puppet labelled "Science" and seasoning his conversation with the technical terms of his profession. He is a man first, and a man of science afterwards. Then there is the minister—the antithesis of the professor—believing as firmly in a world of angels as the professor believes in protoplasm. And the minor personages—the Lady Eve, Juxon Prall, Sophie Jopp—are just as vivid. The dialogue is excellent. The weird dream-speech and the comparison of death to a lover who kisses her and bids her follow him to be his bride, put into the mouth of the Lady Eve, are genuinely poetical. There is an eloquence, too, in the love-scene between Judah Llewellyn and Vashti Delhic seldom met with in modern plays, and there are witty lines assigned to the professor and his daughter. Altogether *Judah* fully justifies its claim to be a new and original play of modern English life: it is more than that—it is a play well conceived, well constructed, and well written.

A poor play from one of our living playwrights is often followed by a work poor in itself and yet poorer by comparison. We have seen, however, that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has progressed almost uniformly from *A Clerical Error* to *Judah*. When *Judah* was produced we said to ourselves, "Was this to be the high-water mark?" Mr. Jones replied by producing *The Dancing Girl*. The play is marred by an anti-climax; the story is concluded in a manner extremely unnatural, extremely conventional, and extremely irritating. But the effect of the story, though it might be weakened, yet could not be destroyed. It is too bold and too strong to be ruined by a single fault. *Judah* was marred by no such unfortunate conclusion, but even the sustained interest of *Judah* could not balance the greater originality and wider power which are displayed in *The Dancing Girl*. The new play justified the expectations which *The Middleman* and *Judah* had called up, and it did more. It raised the scale of expectations and revealed new possibilities. What are the

characteristics of *The Dancing Girl* which justify the praise awarded it and the prophecies founded on it? In the first place, Mr. Jones has told a new tale, and a tale worth telling. He has told it brilliantly by means of dialogue which is of high literary merit, and, finally, he has added to the realms of dramatic fiction a new personage, minutely studied and accurately presented, as well as several minor sketches of people hitherto unknown to the modern stage. The Duke of Guisebury appears to me to be the finest and most complete portrait which Mr. Jones has yet painted. The Duke is not naturally wicked. He is passionate, and he has never learnt the necessity of restraint. He has had the means of gratifying every desire, and he has never failed to use those means. Very susceptible to feminine charms, he falls in with the woman whom they call the beautiful pagan, and her superb beauty, her witchery and fascination enthrall him and drive every other interest from his mind. In his love affair he exhibits no moderation, he sacrifices everything to his infatuation, he gratifies every wish of his paramour—he makes her life one great round of pleasure. But a dancing girl's whims cannot be gratified without money,—even a ducal income cannot gratify them. The Duke has almost reached the end of his tether. He resolves on one final entertainment, and after that, when the last bar of the last waltz has been played, when the last guest has gone, he will plunge into the unknown. He does the honours of his house with the phial of poison in his pocket which is to take him to the "new country." And the girl who has brought him to this, the beautiful pagan, who has sold her soul and body for a merry life, will have nothing more to do with him when his last sovereign is spent. She has not yet had enough of the glitter and the glamour—she must find a new friend to take the place of the one she has ruined, and who that night is going, though she does not know it, to put an end to his life. At last the time has come. The Duke is at the foot of the stairs in his great hall. He has the phial in his hand, when suddenly a pale limping girl hurries down the stairs and places her hand on his arm just as the glass touches his lips. He is saved. The curtain falls. The drama is over, for there is nothing dramatic in the last act.

Every one who sees *The Dancing Girl* will be impressed with the boldness which the author has displayed in selecting the characters and incidents of his play. These people could have been created only by a dramatist of the present day. The Duke of Guisebury and the dancing girl are people of this *fin de siècle*, and their story is a story of to-day. The stage does well if it reflects modern life. The dialogue is generally excellent, but at

times it strikes one as savouring a little of a course of lectures at the Royal Institution. The most conventional character in the play is the Quaker father, and I confess it is one which does not appear to me to be true to life. But are conventional stage figures ever true to life? These are the small defects of a fine play—the great defect has already been noticed. But after all the defects there remain the merits which altogether outweigh and transcend them.

It may be thought that I have been too enthusiastic in the foregoing notes, but the whole art of criticism is surely not to point out faults. I have preferred rather to show—very imperfectly, I am aware—certain hopeful characteristics of Mr. Jones's plays. It is a gratifying circumstance that the public have given these works no uncertain welcome. After all, three distinct forces must combine to produce a successful play, for, to use the Earl of Lytton's paraphrase of Grillparzer's epigram,—

“The play's success depends on you
Player and poet and public too.”

Certainly the share of the public is no small one, because it must not be forgotten that

“The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And he who lives to please must please to live.”

Even when an author is encouraged by applause and sympathy it is no easy thing to write serious artistic plays in an age whose dramatic literature is neither serious nor artistic. If, however, applause and sympathy continue to be given as they have been hitherto, there is little doubt that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, while he may do nothing to entitle him to a place among the great dramatists of the world, will produce plays which will not be forgotten when the landscape of to-day is part of “the eternal landscape of the past.”

CHARLES T. J. HIATT.

Ruskin May-Day Festival, 1891.

Whitelands College.

“Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too.”

SO sang the students of Whitelands College on the morning of the 1st of May, when they enjoyed to the fullest extent the delights of the eleventh celebration of Mr. Ruskin's May-Day Festival.

As they entered their chapel of S. Ursula, where the day's joys

always begin, the strains of "For all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful and free, Thy Name, Lord, be adored," fell sweetly on the fresh vernal air, and made the presence of the man-made town almost entirely forgotten, and the beauties of the God-made country very present and real. Flowers of pure white, arums, lilies, spiræa, narcissus, adorned the altar and altar-rails, while richly-tinted azaleas blended most harmoniously with the oak and crimson hangings of the lectern and faldstool. The anthem was "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," and Mr. Ruskin was remembered in the prayers. Singing the recessional hymn for S. Philip and S. James's Day, "All is bright and cheerful round us," which so well describes the beauties and the lessons of the Spring, and is so joyous both in its time and tune, the May-day keepers, in their robes of white or blue with ivy chaplets and spring flowers, walked slowly round the garden under the budding trees, forming a picture very fair to look upon.

Entering the large class-room, which was everywhere suggestive of spring, and nowhere of work, Queen Thyra took her seat on the throne, supported by her maidens. Her reign was soon to end, for a new Queen of the May was to be elected. For a short time only could she survey her loyal subjects of a year from this place of honour, before she was required to abdicate and receive in exchange for her regal crown, one of forget-me-nots. The voting declared Jessie Hutton the new Queen of the May, and loud applause testified to satisfaction with the result. From their Dowagers' seats, Queen Thyra of 1890, Queen Minnie of 1884, and Queen Rosa of 1885, sustained the honours of the throne, while the newly-elected Queen donned her royal robes. Attention could now be bestowed on the decorations, which converted a work-a-day room into veritable fairy-land. Festoons of moss with daisy and cowslip chains, cuckoo-flowers and primroses, centred in the May-pole, and formed also a background for the throne. Shields of moss, with various devices and mottoes pricked out in flowers, adorned the walls. May-Day glees and dances pleasantly occupied the time of waiting for the Queen's arrival—a stately minuet, the ever-welcome Maypole dance, with the clever plaiting and unplaiting of its white and blue ribbons, and the old-fashioned hornpipe. Every year there are new delights and new pleasures.

When so fitting as now, that thoughts should turn to the master-hand, the giver of the day's joys? The Principal directs these thoughts, and says to those present :—

"You will not forget the giver of your joy and pleasure on this May morning. That he is the greatest art-critic of the day, that he is the first prose-writer of the century, that he is an artist and a man of science of no

mean merit, is much, very much—any one of them enough for the life-work of one man ; but, besides all these, he is the friend of the young, specially of young girls, more especially still of young teachers, and ‘Friendship doubleth joys.’

“ On his father’s tombstone in Shirley churchyard it says : ‘ He was an entirely honest merchant,—this, his son, whom he taught to speak the truth, says of him.’ On his tomb in Westminster Abbey may future generations read, ‘ He doubled the joys of his native land.’

“ May rejoicings are increasing everywhere, largely due to the influence of Mr. Ruskin’s festival here. Each year the number of letters asking for information as to how it is carried out increases. Each year there are more May Queens up and down the country, as fresh students leave the College. A former student had for years a most successful May-Day in her school. Her heart was so in the joy of it that it became bruited abroad, and finally she herself was elected Queen by the seven or eight surrounding villages, and was so utterly confounded that she wrote for advice as to whether she should consent or not. She thought she was unworthy of so great an honour. Read Mrs. Browning’s “ My Kate,” and you will find a very good description of her :—

‘ Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face ;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth,—
My Kate.

‘ I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion : she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise : I infer
’Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her,—
My Kate.

‘ She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right ; and yet men at her side,
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown,—
My Kate.’

Mr. Ruskin says that one chief part of a woman’s work is to please people. ‘ To please, a woman must be a pleasant creature. Be sure that people like the room better with you in it than out of it. Take all pains to get the power of sympathy and the habit of it.’

“ All can add to their own lives and the joy of them by honouring the great. Who refuses due honour to those to whom honour is due, diminishes not their honour, but her own. Who gladly pays honour where it is due, honours herself as well. A gentle person has for distinguishing characteristic her regard for others.

“ Teach the love of beautiful things. Let the children rejoice with you in all the beauties of Nature. Teach them to love flowers and birds, but never to wear birds in their bonnets. Then this May festival will have joyous and lasting fruits. True joy, true pleasure, kill false joy and bad pleasure. Hear the Master : ‘ God has made a man to take pleasure in the use of his eyes, wits, and body ; and the foolish creature is continually trying to live without looking at anything, without thinking about any-

thing, and without doing anything. And he thus becomes not only a brute, but the unhappiest of brutes. . . . Every pleasure got otherwise than God meant it—got cheaply, thievishly, and sinfully, when He has ordered that it should be got dearly, honestly, and slowly—turns into a venomous burden. Nothing is possible to man of true joy but in the righteous love of his fellows ; in the knowledge of the love and the glory of God, and in the daily use of the faculties of soul and body with which God has endowed him.’ ”

The announcement that “ the Queen is ready ” empties the room as if by magic. There is soon a sound of the approach of many feet, and a body-guard enters, bearing white wands adorned alternately with white hyacinths and yellow daffodils, tied with blue and white ribbons. These, upraised, meet overhead and form an archway under which the Queen passes to her throne, preceded by her sceptre-bearer, and followed by her maids of honour, the cross-bearer, and the bearers of the valuable gift-books which are to gladden so many hearts and enlighten so many minds. When she has taken her place on the throne, clad in skirt of apple green, with white polonaise embroidered with pansies, and a crown of apple-blossom, all her subjects gladly pay in turn their homage. The Lady Mayoress fastens round her neck the beautiful gold cross and necklet which will be for aye her treasured memento of the day when she was chosen by her fellows as the “ loveablest,” and all sing, “ Was never such a May-Day—never, never such a Queen ! ” It is now her privilege to bestow the thirty-nine volumes in purple calf and gold, which Mr. Ruskin has so generously given every year since the first festival of 1881. She herself receives “ Queen of the Air,” and the other thirty-eight books are given for the following reasons.

VOLUME.	To	MOTTO,
1. <i>Seven Lamps of Architecture.</i>	ELIZABETH MORRIS	. Because she is the Queen's first maiden.
2. <i>Ariadne Florentina</i> .	EMILY BAKER .	. Because she is the Queen's second maiden.
3. <i>Proserpina</i> . . .	JANET LEWIS .	. Because she is the Queen's own maiden.
4. <i>Deucalion</i> . . .	MINNIE KUCK .	. Because the Queen likes her.
5. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. VII.</i>	ANNIE BATES .	. Because the girls like her.
6. <i>Mornings in Florence</i> .	KATE CHADDERTON	. Because she believes that the highest happiness is consistent only with virtue.
7. <i>Bibliotheca Pastorum</i> .	AMY HISCOCK .	. Because she is gentle in manner, kindly in heart.
8. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. IV.</i> .	ROSE HILL .	. Because she knows that in reverence, is the chief joy and power of human life.
9. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. I.</i> .	MARY DIXON .	. Because her manners are retiring and her heart grateful.
10. <i>Bibliotheca Pastorum</i> .	ISABEL NEVEY .	. Because she believes that obedience, right service, is perfect freedom.
11. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. VIII.</i>	ELIZABETH IVATT	. Because she is stately in motion and rightly ambitious in aim.

VOLUME.	To	MOTTO.
12. <i>The Crown of Wild Olive</i>	GERTRUDE WAKELIN	Because she believes in the power of sweet music, and can make it on organ or piano.
13. <i>Time and Tide</i>	MARTHA WADSWORTH	Because she believes that the happiest training for children makes them most serviceable for others.
14. <i>Laws of Fésole</i>	MARY DOUTHWAITE	Because she thinks that if any one be happy, busy and beneficent, she is rightly educated.
15. <i>The Eagle's Nest</i>	BERTHA HAWORTH	Because she is always cheerful and obliging.
16. <i>Val d'Arno</i>	SARAH RUMSEY	Because there is no nonsense about her.
17. <i>Aratra Pentelici</i>	HARRIET SALTMARSH	Because, like a sunbeam, she brightens all around her.
18. <i>The Two Paths</i>	SUSANNAH SAXTON	Because she is humble as well as useful.
19. <i>Ethics of the Dust</i>	CHRISTABEL WRAY	Because she is cheerful and helpful in doing what her hand finds to do.
20. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. III.</i>	MAY LUCOCK	Because her disposition is sweet and unselfish.
21. <i>Arrows of the Chace</i>	EDITH HAMMICK	Because she believes that the two essential instincts of humanity are the love of order and the love of kindness.
22. <i>A Joy for Ever</i>	ISABEL ION	Because she can sing—and there is so much reason for singing in the sweet world.
23. <i>Love's Meinie</i>	ELLEN TAYLOR	Because she believes that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility.
24. <i>S. Mark's Rest</i>	BEATRICE WELLS	Because she makes every day's work contribute to things lovely and righteous.
25. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. VI.</i>	ANNIE ILIFFE	Because she can obey.
26. <i>Bibliotheca Pastorum</i>	KATE WHITE	Because she will go about her duty with pleasure and teach others so.
27. <i>Bible of Amiens</i>	MAUD STOREY	Because she will help every one to increase their joys and diminish their sorrows.
28. <i>Stones of Venice</i>	FLORENCE WELSH	Because she is quiet, and has tact and common sense.
29. <i>Munera Pulveris</i>	FANNIE OATES	Because she is always neat and makes everything else so.
30. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. V.</i>	SYBIL JONES	Because she believes that the really precious things are thought and sight.
31. <i>Stones of Venice</i>	CAROLINE HALL	Because she is sure that all true happiness is near.
32. <i>Unto this Last</i>	FLORA HARRISON	Because she has a quiet single-mindedness of justly chosen aim.
33. <i>Sesame and Lilies</i>	ANNIE CHESNEY	Because she thinks that there are more people who can forget themselves than can govern themselves.
34. <i>Arrows of the Chace</i>	EMMELINE DEAN	Because she believes that intensity of life is intensity of helpfulness.
35. <i>Fors Clavigera, Vol. II.</i>	BESSIE KENT	Because she has a spirit patient, and continuing, with root in good ground.

VOLUME.	TO	MOTTO.
36. <i>Modern Painters, Vol. II.</i> . ANNIE WRIGHT		. Because she feels that the duty of life is the giving of praise worthily, and being herself worthy of it.
37. <i>The Gospel according to Ruskin.</i> MABEL ESSERY .		. Because she knows that employment is the primal half of education.
38. <i>Modern Painters, Vol. I.</i> . DAISY WALKER .		. Because to all true modesty the business is outlook, and uplook, not inlook.

This labour of love performed, the Queen announces to her loyal subjects her pleasure that they have a holiday for the remainder of the day; and that there is to be a dance and a supper in the evening, provided by the thoughtful kindness of the Rectors of Chelsea and Upper Chelsea.

Willing hands are soon at work, the flowers are made up into small bunches, and willing feet and hands soon transfer them into the wards of nine hospitals near, where they gladden many eyes, and where the bright faces of the distributors carry a ray of sunshine with them.

HENRIETTA SHEPPARD.



The Ruskin Rose Queen of 1891.

MAY-DAY 1891 saw the election of a seventh Ruskin Rose Queen, at the High School for Girls, Sydney Place, Cork. The usual royal gifts of books, and the special ornament for the elected maiden, were sent by Professor Ruskin, who takes so gracious an interest in the pleasures of the High School pupils. This springtime of 1891 is very backward in the south of Ireland, as in the sister isle, and the day itself welcomed the new queen with fitful smiles and tears; but the gay and expectant young hearts of the electors rose triumphant above such small difficulties, and at the appointed hour the roll-call showed that the Court was fully attended. Maidens of all ages, from the tender age of four to the stately young ladies of the High School "sixth," assembled, all robed in white, and decked with spring flowers, while each carried a bouquet to match her dress.

The bouquet "Review," before entering the throne-room, was a most sweet and refreshing spectacle, for the best bouquet was to be presented to the then unchosen Queen, and the choice fell upon one of "Gloire de Dijon" roses, exquisite in their colour and perfume, and owned by Gertie Harrison, a first-form pupil.

The proceedings of the day were perforce arranged to fit in

with the most obvious business of the Court—to wit, the election and crowning of a new Floral Sovereign for the ensuing year. With sprightly song from chorus and Kindergarten as preface, the head mistress announced the rules for voting, giving first a few remarks upon the “Shamrock,” and its coy appreciation of the sister isle, as particularly shown by that which had been sent to the Master for last St. Patrick’s Day; Mrs. Arthur Severn reporting that “The Shamrock grows beside the Master, and throws out fresh young shoots.”

“Surely this points to a true recognition by coy Erin of the kindly thought and generous action of a good and kind friend? It is a superstition, received with considerable credence on this side of the water, that the little starveling plant, so dear to the national traditions of its country, declines to grow in the sister isle. Now, this is scarcely the truth, for the fact is—and we whisper it with bated breath—the tiny creature takes kindly to its new quarters, and thrives beyond all belief, until it becomes a truly useful and valuable ‘clover!’

“And so, when many sweet young High School pupils yearn for English schools and training, we are fain to console ourselves with the thought that it is, after all, one way to usefulness indicated by their most typically national and sacred herb.”

The votes were soon registered, and it is pleasing to note that the scrutineers, Professor C. Y. Pearson and Dr. Arthur Sandford, did not find a single spoiled vote: all were entered fairly and honestly, and the elected Queen was announced as Grace Evelyn Pim.

Forthwith the pale young Queen, overwhelmed with her sudden and most unexpected succession to the Crown, received congratulations, and attended by the retiring Queen, “Frances II.,” and two sister queens of previous years, “Lizzie” and “Frances I.,” she departed to choose her maidens from the various school forms, and to don the new coronation robe which had been subscribed for by her schoolfellows.

The Royal robe, of soft white material, was of extremely simple design, drawn in at the waist with pale pink ribbons, and a chatelaine of wild rose blooms drooped on one side. The pink-lined train fell from the shoulders, and was caught at the waist, whence it flowed in graceful folds, and was carried by two wee maidens, Dorothy and Queenie.

The interval of waiting was pleasantly occupied by singing and recitation, and the acting of a short charade by Miss Grace Toplis; then came the procession, the new Queen followed by her attendant maidens, each of whom carried a cushion,—the first maiden, Fannie, bearing the crown; the second, Lizzie, the book; the third, Maud, the rose cross designed by Mr. Arthur Severn,

and executed by Messrs London & Ryder, Bond Street; the fourth, Nellie, and the remaining maidens, Snowdrop and Lily, carrying the maidens' books, to be presently presented as royal gifts.

Lady Colthurst, of Blarney Castle, County Cork, had consented to present the Ruskin Cross, and this she did most graciously, the Kindergarten children singing, "Long live our beauteous Queen."

Then the three sister queens crowned the new sovereign, and presented her with the insignia of her office, the "book" and sceptre, the last symbol always being delivered by the retiring queen.

It was tipped with blossoms of wild rose briar, and in presenting it Queen Frances II. thus spoke:—

"May it please your roseate Majesty that we now hand over to your faithful keeping the throne and sceptre, which it has been our happiness to hold in trust for the past year. In so doing, we offer to you our most sincere congratulations upon your succession to the Floral Throne. May your reign be a happy and prosperous one, its peace unbroken by petty worries, and may your subjects prove as lovable, loyal, obedient, and true to you as they have been to us during the year now closing; and, with your Majesty's kind permission, we take this opportunity of thanking them for their faithful services; we wish particularly to mention our senior maiden May, who has helped us greatly in the affairs of state. We especially commend to your Majesty's care the very precious gifts to the cabinet which Professor Ruskin presented us with in former times, such as specimens of native gold and silver, as well as the precious stones, minerals, and valuable crystals. The Rose Guild is now a well-organised society for former pupils who were educated at the school, and has prospered much, and held six general meetings during the year, some for intellectual pursuits, others for pleasure. We have to thank Miss Lang, B.A., Professor Pearson, and Dr. Colthurst for lectures during the past session, as well as Mademoiselle Lemery for her French charade, and Miss Marks for her Sheridan reading. The Guild choral society has met with considerable success during the year, and your Majesty is aware of the pleasing entertainment given in April last, when Gaul's historical cantata *Joan of Arc* was performed. The school choral society has not been idle, for at Christmas they performed a short cantata, and this afforded much pleasure, and has been the means of providing for the Kindergarten the new piano which your Majesty sees here to-day. With this short review of our school amusements, we now present to you this sceptre, while assuring you of the love and loyalty of Fanny, your sister queen."

The new Queen thereupon ascended her floral throne, and, having received the congratulations of her loyal subjects, despatched a telegram from the "Ruskin Rose Queen to the White-lands Queen of the May, sisterly greetings." Soon the reply came

from the London queen, "Wishing her Ruskin sister a prosperous reign."

Thus, with happy relaxation from ordinary school routine, this unique festival carries home to the minds of all who witness it the bright lessons of sunshine, happiness and flowers, which the good and generous founder scatters by his words and gifts in this favoured school.

The portrait of "Queen Grace" is being painted in oils for the Rose Guild and High School by Mr. Eugene McSwiney, a young local artist, and painting master to the school.

HARRIETT A. MARTIN.

Grieg and Ibsen.

THE eminent composer Edvard Grieg and the no less eminent playwright Henrik Ibsen are fellow-countrymen. They have even a closer association than this, for the musician and the playwright are united by the latter's great poetic drama *Peer Gynt*, for which the former has written some remarkable incidental music. Grieg is Ibsen's junior by fifteen years, being born at Bergen, on the west coast of Norway, in 1843, while Ibsen was born at Skien, on the south coast, in 1826. Both have Scotch blood in their veins, and the name Grieg is a not uncommon one at the present time on the east coast of Scotland. When Grieg was a baby, Ibsen was a chemist's assistant at Grimstad, writing poems inspired by the war in Schleswig and by the Magyar revolt. After living in Christiania some time, and writing one or two plays, in 1851 he went to Bergen as "theatre poet" to the Norwegian National Theatre there, just established by the great violinist and patriot, Ole Bull. Here he remained till 1856, producing plays by Shakespeare and Holberg, and some from the French, as well as his own *St. John's Night*, *Lady Inger of Ostraat*, *The Feast of Solhaug*, and *Olaf Liljekrans*.

In 1858, by Ole Bull's advice, Grieg left Bergen for the first time to study at Leipzig under Moscheles, Richter and Reinecke; and Ibsen left Bergen, and married Susannah Daae Thoresen, step-daughter of Magdalene Thoresen, the celebrated Norwegian lady novelist. It is interesting to note, therefore, that for five years the lives of these two artists were spent in the same town. If they met I do not know. As no mention of Grieg is made in the biography of Ibsen by Dr. Jæger, it is probable they did not. Grieg of course was but a boy, but his fame as a remarkable

musician even then would reach Ibsen's ears, and the musician might have been present at the representation of some of the playwright's pieces.

On Grieg's return home from Leipzig, Danish, Swedish and Norwegian Volkslieder and national dances engaged his attention, and absorbed him for the time; while Ibsen, having offended his countrymen, who thought him unpatriotic, obtained a small pension from the Government, and left his native land for Rome. This was in 1864.

The date which has most interest for us in the present consideration is 1867, for in this year Grieg settled in Christiania, as teacher and conductor, and founded the Philharmonic Society of which he was director; while Ibsen wrote *Peer Gynt*.

Peer Gynt and *Brand* are regarded as Ibsen's most considerable works, and they mark the culmination of his first period, which commenced as far back as 1848, with the historical drama *Catiline*. These two plays, together with *Love's Comedy*, form a series of dramatic poems, being written in verse throughout, and not primarily intended for the stage. *Love's Comedy*, a satire in three acts, published in 1862, was the cause of the irritation which many of Ibsen's admirers felt regarding him, and which ended in his becoming a voluntary exile. *Brand* was written in Rome in 1865, and published the following year. It brought him fame and money, but was not attempted on the stage till twenty years after. *Peer Gynt*, the last of the series, was written at Ischia and Sorrento, and published in 1868. Various epithets have been applied to this great work. By Mr. William Archer it has been described as a "satiric phantasmagoria," and by the same authority as "the most unapproachable of Ibsen's works." Henrik Jæger says of it: "The drama is on the whole worked out on the lines of a general poetical and psychological scheme, rather than from the satirical point of view"; and Passarge, who translated it into German, says, "Like every great poem, it is a picture of man, always struggling, always erring, always striving for liberty." It was produced in Christiania in the course of the season of 1876, with considerable success. It is essentially a lyrical drama, though different in many respects from Shelley's *Hellas*, the greatest example of this form of art since Æschylus' time. It consists of a series of lyrics, the forms of which are very extensively varied, and is in five acts. It occupies the position in Scandinavian literature which in that of Germany is filled by Goethe's *Faust*; and it has been said that Ibsen is the Scandinavian Goethe, for he has exercised on the literature of his country a similar spell to that which Goethe cast over Germany.

Of all Ibsen's plays *Peer Gynt* and *Brand* are the most national, and are concerned more exclusively than any of the others with the stories which to the Norseman are part of life, not even excepting the patriotic *Warriors at Helgeland*. *Peer Gynt* typifies the Norwegian nation, and in his character are contained many of the traits which characterise it; but stress is laid on its weaknesses, while in *Brand* we see the stronger side. Peer is thus a type, but he is also a personage in himself, so that the poem is no mere criticism of the author's countrymen, but a drama instinct with the life of its quasi-hero.

Ibsen, however, in spite of the plays mentioned, has not the feeling of nationality so intensely as Grieg possesses it, for Grieg's great aim is to represent Norwegian life in his music, to be true to the traditions of his country, and to further the development of those traditions to their fullest extent. Grieg has always been treated with the greatest consideration and enthusiasm by his countrymen, while Ibsen suffered much from their misunderstanding. He has never retaliated, however; and *Peer Gynt*, in which what satire there is, is meant and expressed in all kindness, was the firstfruits of his exile.

It was upon this play that Grieg with his fiery patriotism seized, and knew it for a masterpiece. Inspired by its beauty, he wrote the music which is also known as "*Peer Gynt*," and which in its turn is perhaps as noble a work as the drama upon which it is founded.

Grieg's "*Peer Gynt*" is a series of numbers which, together, form the incidental music to Ibsen's play on a similar plan to that of Mendelssohn's for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is his Opus 23, and the title of the Peters edition (No. 1484) describes it as "*Peer Gynt*, von H. Ibsen für pianoforte zu 4 händen, componirt und arrangirt von Edvard Grieg." It consists of five numbers of introductory and entr'acte music and four dances. The Introduction is called "In the Marriage Hall," and consists of an *allegro con brio* in D major, $\frac{2}{4}$ time, with a second portion *poco andante* in B minor, common time, and short variations in time and style, until a return is made to the original *allegro con brio*, with which it concludes. The preface to the second act, "*Peer Gynt and Ingrid*," consists of an *allegro furioso* and *andante* in A minor, alternating $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ time. This is an important scene in the drama, for in Peer's flight with Ingrid we see him roused into the activity which so rarely visits him; and projected into *doing* when he preferred *dreaming*. In this burst, however, Peer retains his individuality, such as it is; for the very result of his temporary awakening is, in itself, visionary and absurd, and he soon sinks

back into his own world of phantasmal shadows. The third act is preceded by an *adagio* of thirty-seven bars in A minor, common time, called "The Death of Aase." "Morning Voices" is an entr'acte, dividing the third and fourth acts, and is an *allegretto pastorale*, in E major $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The last of the entr'actes is an *allegro molto*, $\frac{6}{8}$ time, in the key of F sharp minor, called "A Stormy Evening on the Sea."

The dances consist of "The Dance of the Pigmies," in B minor, common time, *alla marcia e molto marcato*, the scene of which is laid in the well-known Dovre Mountains; "The Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter," an *allegretto alla burla* and *allegro molto* in D major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time; "The Arab Dance," an *allegretto vivace* in C major, common time, which takes place after Peer is landed on the coast of Morocco; and a mazurka in A minor, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, called "Anitra's Dance." Anitra is the girl to whom Peer makes love, and whose every desire and thought he wishes to regulate. She is to deliver up to him all her own individuality, and to become part and parcel of himself. She is to be devoid of mind, because otherwise she might wish sometimes to "contemplate." He says:—

"I will rivet thy desires,
Captive thy wandering fires;
Thou shalt breathe for me alone."

And in such an arrangement he believes they will find their happiness.

These numbers together form the *opus*. As the chances of the work being performed frequently were particularly remote, from reasons connected with the play previously mentioned, Grieg decided to use some of the numbers to form an orchestral suite, which, when arranged, was called the "Peer Gynt Suite," and numbered Opus 46. It consists of five parts as follows:—

a. The preface to the fourth act, called "Morning" or "Morning Voices," which is descriptive of the awakening of the day. Nature is presented throwing aside her sleeping garment, and Life resumes her activity with unabated energy. The sounds of this general revival are depicted with much skill.

b. "The death of Aase" is the prelude to the third act, and is a beautiful passage of extreme sadness, and in the pianissimo close to the movement the composer has caught the low wail of the Death Spirit as it dies away in the ever-increasing distance. In the play this is a most remarkable scene. Aase is the mother of Peer, and she is dying in her hut, attended by no one but her old tom-cat, who sits on the stool at the bed-foot. Peer enters, and in accordance with his character, closes his eyes

to the reality of the death which is so near. Instead of meeting the fact, he ignores it, and talks to the dying woman as she talked to him when he was a child, and relates to her the fairy tales with which she was once wont to soothe him. He then ties a string to the stool on which the cat sits, and reminds his mother of the time when he played with her, pretending to drive them to the castle of Soria Moria—the castle east of the sun and west of the moon. He then picks up a stick to use as a whip, and taking the string in his hands as reins, he fancies he is driving to heaven, and hears the voice of God announcing to St. Peter that his mother is to enter; and in this way he soothes her last moment and she passes away.

c. The most charming number of the Suite is the mazurka called "The Dance of Anitra." It abounds in the exquisite touches which characterise the many beautiful Norwegian dances with which Grieg's name is closely associated.

d. "The Dance of the Pigmies," called "Trolldans," in the Suite, is a splendid piece of march music, commencing with several bars for contra-bass, with bass drum and cymbals. This is followed by the bassoons, which originate the subject, which is then taken up by the other sections of the orchestra, one by one, and repeated over and over again, each repetition gaining in strength and resonance, until at last the whole culminates in a mighty crash. The movement from beginning to end is a *crescendo* one, and the *crescendo* is accompanied by a continual *accelerando*, which, with the addition of the various instruments, brings about the grand effect of the last few bars. This is one of the most remarkable pieces ever written for orchestra. It is full of colour, and the motion, while very complicated, is perfectly terse and well defined.

e. The fifth movement consists of the entr'acte separating the first and second acts, called "Peer Gynt and Ingrid." It is well in keeping with the other numbers, but is more collected and restrained.

Altogether the five movements of this Suite form an admirable work, which, if Ibsen's play required interpretation, would well accomplish the task. Both play and music are masterpieces of their respective authors, and the only regret is that the play is not as easily accessible as the music.

Ibsen wrote *Peer Gynt*, as I have pointed out, in 1867; but it was not till five years after that Grieg produced the original score of nine movements. Both were then unknown in England, and until 1888, when the "Orchestral suite" was first played in this country, the English public had heard nothing of them. It

was at Mr. Henschell's Symphony Concert on November 20th, 1888, that the Suite was first performed here ; but on March 14th, 1889, it was included in the Philharmonic Society's programme, and Grieg conducted it himself, producing effects which, surprising in themselves, had never been thought of by those who had first heard the music at Sydenham. It is a marvellous piece of orchestration, more fitted for the theatre than for the concert-room ; but the power of the scoring, the novelty of the effects, and the combinations of the instruments, are startling in their originality, and the work is perhaps the most wonderful tone-picture ever constructed. Since it was written its author has produced many works, but none finer ; and since the play for which it was composed was published, Ibsen has written many dramas, but he has not given to the world one which will rank higher than the masterpiece *Peer Gynt*.

KINETON PARKES.

The Book Gazette.

THE ROSSETTIS.

D. G. ROSSETTI'S POETICAL WORKS. 1 vol. *London: Ellis & Elvey.*
POEMS. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *London: Macmillan & Co.*

The time has gone by when it was considered that the chief characteristic of the poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti was its "fleshliness," and it is now more generally understood that neither sensuality nor vulgarity can be charged against it. The significance of the images which the poet employed in his verse has been fully realised, and their import clearly appreciated. His poetry, however, has not had an extensive circle of readers, but rather a smaller circle of admirers. Messrs. Ellis & Elvey have therefore done a real service in issuing in a single volume at a popular price the original poems of this writer. The book has an additional value in that it contains in a condensed form the introduction supplied to the "Collected Works" by Mr. William Michael Rossetti, and a portrait of the poet from a photograph taken at Cheyne Walk in 1864.

Dante Rossetti was a true poet, but his scope was limited, and because of this limitation he succeeded in writing upon his theme as no other English poet has done. This theme was Love, and never since Dante has poet so unreservedly told to the world his inmost thoughts on this subject ; and alone in this respect these two, Rossetti and Dante ; stand, "though separate and dissimilar" in many other ways, yet in this their spirit is united and their mission identical.

It is to "The House of Life" that we must turn for the expression of the varied feelings of this one emotion by the modern poet, who has portrayed them in a series of sonnets forming a sequence quite unlike anything else in our literature. These sonnets express the varied joys, sorrows, fears, elations, and despairings of a great nature whose being is suffused with

a high and noble love, the object of which is as high, as noble, and as worthy as the lover himself. In construction the sequence is unequal, the high reaches of genius in the opening sonnets are not maintained throughout the whole series. Nor could it be expected that every one of the hundred sonnets should be as perfect as "Love Enthroned," "Love's Testament," or "The Portrait." As a sonneteer Rossetti is among the few who have used the form with complete success, for the sonnet in his hands became a most facile and delightful means of poetical expression. Better examples of his sonnets than the majority of those forming "The House of Life" may be found in the volume; but that work as a whole is a remarkable one in sonnet literature, and as splendid as it is unique.

"The Blessed Damozel" is the most exquisite single poem in the book. The exacting requirements for perfect verse are complied with, and faultless measure is allied with earnest speculation. In some of the poems the elaborate workmanship is apparent—the attempt to reach perfection is discernible; but in "The Blessed Damozel," although we know that it received perhaps more alterations and changes than any other of the poems, none of these are seen. Not only is it a perfect poem: it is a word-picture, complete in glowing colour, in suggestive outline, and in delicate design. After this, the most vivid of the word-portraits is the one in "A Last Confession," commencing—

"She had a mouth
Made to bring death to life."

In Rossetti's ballads we approach quite another aspect of his poetry. Here also, as with the sonnet, he proves himself a master. Indeed, as a writer of ballads he is unsurpassed in the present century, and in the fruits of his genius in this direction we find some of the highest results of the romantic movement in our own time. The volume which contained his ballads appeared only ten years ago, and their author died the following year. In it were "Rose Mary," "The White Ship," and "The King's Tragedy." The first of these is both romantic and supernatural, and thus fulfils the requirements set forth by Coleridge in reference to "lyrical ballads," in "Biographia Literaria," and also in his prefatory note to "Christabel."

In "Rose Mary" the two agents are distinct from each other, the supernatural being introduced in "The Beryl Stone," the story itself being inherently romantic.

"The White Ship" and "The King's Tragedy" are of a different order, and are purely romantic and devoid of the supernatural element.

These three fine poems may be regarded as representative of the modern English ballad; and although they do not necessarily indicate the forms in which ballads must be written, they will serve as examples for the guidance of any future ballad writer.

So much for the unqualified merits of Rossetti's work; but there are qualities which make it dangerous for any writer to follow him, notably in the use which he makes of the English language. This, however, is no fault in his own work, but only a danger to be avoided by his admirers. His use of alliteration, for instance, is answerable for much of the absurdity which is found in the work of imitators; but it is so beautiful in his own verses, that we are constrained to forgive, even though the cost has been so great. The last verse of "The Stream's Secret," and the sonnet "Through Death to Love," are effective examples, and in the professedly

alliterative "Chimes" we have others; but here they are not altogether satisfactory, some of them exhibiting an attenuation only obtained by a process of forcing which has sapped their vitality.

Miss Christina G. Rossetti, the sister of Dante Gabriel, is scarcely less eminent as a poetess than her brother as a poet, and in many respects, indeed, she surpasses him. Their work is, however, quite unlike, and although there are traits which are common to both, their approach to each other is never close. In the tasteful volume of this lady's "Poems," which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued, is embraced the work which has hitherto appeared in separate volumes as "First" and "Second Series," and to this is added a number of new poems, so that it offers every inducement to a systematic study.

Some of these poems are of a religious nature, and most of them possess a fervour and devoutness which renders them very serious in feeling. The volume opens with that fine poem, "Goblin Market," which is followed by "The Prince's Progress;" and they are accompanied by the illustrations which Dante Rossetti designed for them. The pageant of "The Months" occurs at the commencement of the "second series," the original arrangement of the poems having been retained. For other nature-poetry we may go to "An Old-world Thicket," and similar poems, in which a true love of nature's work is manifested. Such narrative poems as "Jessie Cameron," "The Noble Sisters" and "The Ghost's Petition" are very powerful, and "A Ballad of Boding" is a beautiful poem, a ballad of a personal nature, which almost becomes a pure lyric, and reveals the vision which visited the poet's imagination and which she has recorded; and yet of an impersonal nature, inasmuch as it contains no characters, and tells no story. The fourteen sonnets called "Monna Innominata" prove that their author is an adept in this form of composition. This "sonnet of sonnets" is written to the lady who shared "her lover's poetic aptitude, while the barrier between them might be one held sacred by both, yet not such as to render mutual love incompatible with mutual honour." Beatrice and Laura have been sung, and immortalised in the singing, but not "Monna Innominata." Miss Rossetti says if Mrs. Browning had been unhappy instead of happy, she would have given us such a sonnet-sequence, instead of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." But it has been reserved for Miss Rossetti herself to accomplish the work in fourteen sonnets, each headed with quotations in Italian from Dante and Petrarca; and in this and in other ways she has proved herself not only a worthy successor, but also the younger sister in Art, of England's greatest poetess.

LYDDEL BARTLEET.

THE STUDY OF IBSEN.

THE PROSE DRAMAS. Edited by W. ARCHER. 4 vols.

THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY, and other plays. Edited by HAVELOCK ELLIS.
ROSMERSHOLM. Translated by CHARLES ARCHER. *London: Walter Scott.*

THE LADY FROM THE SEA. Translated by ELEANOR M. AVELING.
London: Fisher Unwin.

HEDDA GABLER. *Copenhagen: Gildendalske Boghandels.*

HEDDA GABLER. Translated by Edmund Gosse. *London: William Heinemann.*

- ROSMERSHOLM. Translated by LOUIS N. PARKER.
 GHOSTS. Translated by FRANCES LORD.
 NORA: A DOLL'S HOUSE. Translated by FRANCES LORD. *London: Griffith & Farran.*
 BRAND. Scenes translated by A. H. PALMER (*New Englander and Yale Review*, October 1890), H. H. BOYESEN (*The Chautauquan*, November 1890), C. H. HERFORD (*The Contemporary Review*, 1891).
 HENRIK IBSEN, 1828—1888. Ein litterarisches lebensbild von HENRIK JÄGER, Deutsch von HEINRICH ZSCHALIG. *Dresden: Heinrich Minden.*
 THE LIFE OF HENRIK IBSEN. By HENRIK JÄGER. Translated by CLARA BELL. *London: William Heinemann.*
 IBSEN'S SOCIAL DRAMAS. (*The Quarterly Review*, April 1891.) *London: John Murray.*
 THE SOCIAL DRAMAS OF HENRIK IBSEN. By KINETON PARKES. (*Time*, March 1891.) *London: Swan Sonnenschein.*
 IBSENIANA. By KINETON PARKES. (*The Artist*, April 1891.) *London: W. Reeves.*
 HENRIK IBSEN: HIS LIFE ABROAD, AND LATER DRAMAS. By E. P. EVANS. (*The Atlantic Monthly*, October 1890.) *Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*
 IBSEN'S "HEDDA GABLER." By J. T. BEALBY. (*The Ladder*, February 1891.) *London: Marshall Bros.*
 THE IBSEN QUESTION. By OSWALD CRAWFORD. (*The Fortnightly Review*, May 1891.) *London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.*
 HENRIK IBSEN. By ARTHUR SYMONS. (*The Universal Review*, No. 12.)
 IBSEN'S EARLY LIFE. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. (*The Scottish Art Review*, November 1889.)
 NORTHERN STUDIES. By EDMUND GOSSE. (Paper on Ibsen.)
 THE NEW SPIRIT. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. (Paper on Ibsen.) *London: Walter Scott.*
 IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS. By GEORGE MOORE. (Paper on Ibsen.) *London: David Nutt.*

The study of the works and genius of Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian playwright and poet, is not unaccompanied by difficulties.

Foremost among them may be reckoned the multitude of counsellors—blind, but eulogistic critics—and following closely on their heels, the still larger and still blinder multitude of those whose criticism is wholly and unreservedly adverse. Then there is the other class who think him nothing if not a teacher, and their opponents who claim that he is a poet and not a prophet. Still again, there are to be reckoned his unwise and unfit translators; and, to cap all, his English friends who are mutual enemies. Where, then, shall peace be found?

Only in a careful, dispassionate study of his plays and poems; only in the impartiality of the student who comes to the works of the great man for intellectual profit and not monetary gain.

Beneath the title will be found a fairly comprehensive bibliography of the works in English most essential in a study of Ibsen. Several editions of the same play are noted, for the reason that each contains an introduction which the student will find it useful to read. At the end of the article are two lists of Ibsen's works—one chronological, the other classified—arranged for easy reference. In studying the dramatist's life they will be found of considerable use.

In Mr. Archer's four volumes will be found, in the most compact form, the greater body of the plays—legendary, historical and social. From difficulties concerning copyright, however, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Lady from the Sea* and *Rosmersholm* (which should form a fifth volume in this series) do not appear—a thing which is to be very much regretted. Mr. Archer's staff of translators have done their work well. This is the standard edition of Ibsen. Mr. Havelock Ellis's volume contains, besides *The Pillars of Society*, *Ghosts* and *An Enemy of Society*, and a good introduction. Mr. Charles Archer's edition of *Rosmersholm* was "the book" at the recent representation of the play. Mr. Louis N. Parker's translation of this play is an admirable one. Mrs. Aveling's translation of *The Lady from the Sea* is distinctly good, and Mr. Gosse's essay is useful. The original edition of *Hedda Gabler* has reached us from Mr. Boghandels, and in it we are able to tell how admirable a play it is. From Mr. Gosse's translation of it we get no such idea at all. It is bad, and is only to be read on sufferance by those who do not read the original. Miss Lord's two translations have long been before students: they are most useful, and the introductions are instructive. Of "Brand" only fragments have been translated by Professors Boyesen, Herford and Palmer. What we have in English confirms the opinions of the greatness of the poem expressed by those who have read it in the original.

In Heinrich Zschalig's translation of "Jäger's Life of Ibsen" we have the most substantial account of the poet extant. Apart from the biographical details, it contains excellent analytical criticisms of the plays and poems. It is admirably illustrated with drawings of Mr. Ibsen at several periods of his life; of his wife, and of various scenes connected with him.

In Mrs. Bell's translation of the original of the above work we have a very careful piece of work. The detailed accounts of "Love's Comedy" and "Peer Gynt," the two great companion poems of "Brand," will be read with the utmost interest, as no translations of them exist in English.

The *Quarterly Review* on Ibsen is neither silly nor strong. Its perusal will not do any one much good, as it contains very little that is fresh. The chief interest of it lies in the fact that its author attempts a new classification of the social dramas, which is not uninteresting.

The rest of the articles in periodicals enumerated offer various sides of the question in various lights; some of them are interesting, a less number useful.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in "Northern Studies," plays the pioneer; but to recommend a student commencing to read Ibsen to go to Mr. Gosse first would be a distinct mistake. Grateful as we must feel towards Mr. Gosse for the good thing he did in introducing Ibsen to English readers, we cannot but feel the introduction would have been more successful if it had been accomplished more gracefully. Mr. Gosse's articles on Ibsen in "Northern Studies" are in places misleading, careless and inaccurate, and students should beware of trusting to this critic's interpretation of the various plays. For instance, his reading of the *motif* of *Rosmersholm* is quite beside the mark. His suggestion that the town in which the scene of *The Lady from the Sea* is laid may be "the poet's birth-place—Skien" could not have occurred to a careful reader of his biography. Skien is in the south-east of Norway (on Mr. Gosse's own showing: see p. 40), while the scene of *The Lady from the Sea* is stated in the play as being in a little coast town in Northern Norway.

Mr. Ellis has an admirable article on Ibsen in "The New Spirit," while

in "Impressions and Opinions" Mr. George Moore says some good things concerning *Ghosts*.

From a study of the above books and articles, we gain an almost complete knowledge of the works of Henrik Ibsen, and of his life, with the exceptions mentioned above, and of the volume of "Poems" (Digte). Of the latter a few fragments, and one or two complete lyrics, translated by Mr. Gosse, are to be found in Mrs. Bell's translation of "The Life," and in the "Translations," forming the second volume of "English Verse," edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard, and published in New York, will be found a translation by Mr. Gosse of Ibsen's poem called "In the Orchard." In "Northern Studies" a few fragments also occur. Of "Love's Comedy" and "Peer Gynt" snatches will also be found. The curious "comparison" from "Love's Comedy" concerning Tea and Love is also included by Messrs. Linton and Stoddard. When these three works are at last translated and the translation of "Brand" completed, we shall have in English a fine body of work, in which every one will find reward who undertakes its study. This article, it is hoped, will serve as a finger-post to any who now desire to commence such a study.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF IBSEN'S WORKS.

- 1850. Catilina.
- 1855. Gildet på Solhaug. (The Feast at Solhaug.)
- 1855. Fru Inger til Ostråt. (Lady Inger of Ostrat.)
- 1858. Hærmændene på Helgeland. (The Warriors at Helgeland.)
- 1862. Kjærlighedens Komædie. (Love's Comedy.)
- 1864. Kongs-Emnerne. (The Pretenders.)
- 1865. Brand.
- 1867. Peer Gynt.
- 1869. De Unges Forbund. (The Young Men's League.)
- 1870. Digte.
- 1873. Kejser og Galilæer. (Emperor and Galilean.)
- 1877. Samfundets Støtter. (The Pillars of Society.)
- 1879. Et Dukkehjem. (A Doll's House.)
- 1881. Gengangere. (Ghosts.)
- 1882. En Folkefiende. (An Enemy of the People.)
- 1884. Vildanden. (The Wild Duck.)
- 1886. Rosmersholm.
- 1888. Fruen fra Havet. (The Lady from the Sea.)
- 1890. Hedda Gabler.

CLASSIFIED LIST OF IBSEN'S WORKS.

Historical and Legendary—Chieftly Prose.

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|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1850. Catilina. | 1858. Hærmændene på Helgeland |
| 1855. Gildet på Solhaug. | 1864. Kongs-Emnerne. |
| 1855. Fru Inger til Ostråt. | 1873. Kejser og Galilæer. |

Dramatic Poems.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------|------------------|
| 1862. Kjærlighedens Komædie. | 1865. Brand. | 1867. Peer Gynt. |
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Social Dramas—Prose.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1869. De Unges Forbund. | 1877. Samfundets Støtter. | 1882. En Folkefiende. |
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Domestic Dramas—Prose.

- | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1879. Et Dukkehjem. | 1884. Vildanden. | 1888. Fruen fra Havet. |
| 1881. Gengangere. | 1886. Rosmersholm. | 1890. Hedda Gabler. |

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE EARTH. By REV. H. N. HUTCHINSON, B.A., F.G.S. *Edward Stanford.*

This is an excellent little book. So many geological text-books have appeared of late, and some of them so good, that there seemed to be no room for what at first sight looked like another. But this autobiography is no mere text-book. It is a scientific, and at the same time popular, account of geology. Of course most of the things which it says have been said before, but we doubt whether they have ever been better said. The writer's plan is indicated by himself thus:—"First, to give in simple language, and in a style which, it is hoped, will not deter the reader, a brief sketch of the former history of our planet, beginning with its first appearance as a member of the solar system, and passing through all the different geological periods, with their changing scenes and various phases of life, down to the latest period, when man appeared on the scene. Secondly, to explain, however briefly, the methods by which the conclusions of geologists have been arrived at." This plan is admirable, and it is admirably executed. With this book in hand a person of ordinary intelligence may soon learn to read for himself, as it is written in the rocks, the autobiography of the earth. From "Cloud Land, or Nebular Beginnings," he is guided onward through much instructive scenery to the "Ice Age and Advent of Man." The illustrations, too, are so good as to be worthy of the author's lucid language.

Societies.

THE RUSKIN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

ON Friday, May 8th, at the London Institution, Mr. J. Elliott Viney in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. Arthur Boutwood on "Ethics of the Dust." Ruskin, according to Mr. Boutwood, belongs to the very first rank of modern prose writers, but as a literary artist is slightly inferior to Dr. Martineau, though to him alone. He instanced the "Ethics" as a highly successful piece of dialogue writing, entirely avoiding the fault, into which most writers of dialogue fall, of making their characters speak not as they actually would in real life, but as if they were uttering the thoughts of some third person concerning themselves and their circumstances. Scott frequently fell into this error; and though Thackeray in "Pendennis" was very successful in his conversations, they were mostly upon ordinary topics, the more serious ones tending to become monologues. Ruskin's method of teaching science from actual specimens he regarded as "altogether admirable, especially for beginners." Ruskin takes a dynamic rather than a statical view of nature, and endeavours to explain existing phenomena by reference to their past history. The frankness with which he admits the limitation of our knowledge of nature is worthy of notice and imitation. His view of nature is essentially artistic—in the terminology of current speculation it might be called anthropomorphic or animistic. He reads his conceptions *into* nature rather than *finds* them there. With his polemic against commercialism and the predominance of blind brute force Mr. Boutwood heartily concurred. Man is more than a wealth-producing machine, and a nation's strength is primarily in the strength and virtue of its people, not in its money-bags. Several other points were touched upon, and an interesting discussion followed.

On Friday, May 22nd, Mr. George Thomson, of Woodhouse Mills,

Huddersfield, read a paper on "Industrial Partnership, and its Ruskinism." An account of Mr. Thomson's work was given in the November and December numbers of *IGDRASIL* for 1890. We are glad to note that progress is being made.

THE READING GUILD.

General Secretary : WILLIAM MARWICK.

Two new branches have been formed this session—one in Dundee, and one in Leeds. Both branches have read "Sesame and Lilies." The Dundee branch met fortnightly in sections as Group Meetings, holding general meetings only at intervals. At these education, and social questions generally, were discussed. The Liverpool branch has had a very successful session. The book studied was "Unto this Last." The Arbroath, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Elgin and Bradford branches have also done good work, "A Joy for Ever," "Selections from Browning," "The Fabian Essays," "The Choice of Books" and plays of Shakespeare being among the subjects studied. Several new honorary members and associates have recently joined the Guild.

Information concerning the Guild and its work, and the Home Reading Circles connected with it, is contained in the Handbook—3½*d.* post free.

THE CARLYLE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

MR. A. L. STEVENSON ON GENERAL BOOTH'S SCHEME.

The monthly meeting took place on February 2nd, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, in the attractive room known as the "Chapter," to which the oil paintings, engravings, and water-colour sketches of London celebrities lend a peculiar charm.

The paper, "In Darkest England," was given by our old member—one of the earliest, I think—Mr. A. L. Stevenson. Dr. Eugene Oswald presided, as usual. There was a good muster of members, and many guests attended.

Mr. Stevenson took a broadly liberal view of the scheme and of its energetic originator, on the ground, principally, that the "lack-alls," as Carlyle called them, needed imperatively thorough, substantial, brotherly, non-pauperising help. In dealing with the book he paid a decided tribute to the literary excellence of its workmanship.

The lecturer very truly pointed out that Carlyle had been practically the first to call attention to the miseries and evils, and possible remedies for them, which form the subject of Mr. Booth's book; and he thought honour should be given where it is due, and that this should have been mentioned in the body of the work. As a matter of fact, Carlyle is only named in the Appendix, although the influence of his writings is markedly apparent throughout. Professor Huxley's objections to the "Darkest England" scheme—that it would abandon this country to superstition—the lecturer met by the necessity of some enthusiasm, some overpowering incentive to work for the good of humanity. The lecturer's standpoint was far from being General Booth's, but he recognised the inspiring force of the religious element in his plans.

Mr. Stevenson said the scheme was, on the whole, a good one, and the book gave strong proof of sincerity. Few, if any—however distasteful to them the Salvation Army and its methods might be—would, after reading the book, treat the work with disrespect. They might disagree with it

greatly, but they would recognise it as an earnest effort to deal with vitally important questions.

The lecturer had attended one of the meetings in support of the scheme at which the "General" spoke, and found him pleasing in appearance, and showing, as a speaker, the possession of strong common sense and practical capacities. He possessed little oratorical power, his influence evidently being due to substantial qualities and not to claptrap, doubtless much helped by his ample fund of simple, kindly humour. He was a man of honesty, courage, and energy.

Mr. Stevenson concluded by a reference to Carlyle's saying, that the condition of the people (whom it is General Booth's aim to benefit) was the Sphinx riddle which England must answer or perish. Some verses, gracefully turned, gave the finishing touch to the paper, which the reader's modesty forbade him to say were his own.

They say "Poets are like birds—all noises make them sing"; and, if they sing like the reader of this paper, I wish them plenty of noise, even if it be the cymbals and drums of the Salvation Army.

The discussion of the paper, after being carried on with spirit till an hour which made the chance of reaching suburban homes that night a "dim and distant" one, was adjourned till March 2nd, the next meeting. The President's wise remark, that we should do well to consider thoroughly the scheme, but not to allow ourselves to lose our power of criticism and observation, deserves mention. Mr. Paterson, too, who has lived the last five years in the East End, should be named as taking an adverse view, partly on the ground of the sectarian narrowness likely to be really grafted on the scheme, partly because he thought it would foster the race of tramps, who would gladly accept General Booth's hospitality in the winter and its concomitant work, and in the summer gaily spread their wings and return to the vagabond life, which has charms for a great many men. Mr. Crichton urged that there was only a certain fund (the average gifts of the generous) available each year for all the institutions that minister to the wants of men, and that not improbably the "Darkest England" scheme's gain would be their loss.

There is no space for further reference to speakers, so Mr. Freeman, Mr. Hunt, and others will be unreported; but in their remarks, and the course of the meeting generally, there was plenty to think about and to interest one. Shall we also award the guerdon of our praise to those who, like the writer, following Carlyle, the apostle of silence, rather in his teaching than his practice, held their peace? Perhaps it is an open question, and rather hinges on the condition that if you speak you should have something to say. To the writer the first speaker after a paper, especially if he has no matter, is a hero, who, by springing into the yawning abyss of silence, closes it, and lets the audience possess the treasures others have to offer, and which might be easily engulfed. One good speech, "dying tongueless, Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that."

HENRY E. WEST.

PROFESSOR NICHOL ON CARLYLE.

Space forbids our giving a report of this most interesting lecture at the Carlyle Society of London on May 4th; this is not of so much consequence, as we understand it is very likely the important and as yet unpublished letters and other matter brought before the Society will be given to the

public in another form. Full of humour, eloquence and literary culture as the lecture was—evincing, too, the manliness to state those convictions held by Carlyle which are generally slurred over, in plain words—it is not fitting to attempt to deal with such matters in a paragraph.

We may revert to it hereafter.

THE EDINBURGH GOETHE SOCIETY.

(IN CONNECTION WITH THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.)

President—Stewart Stirling, M.D., 6, Clifton Terrace.

Treasurer—Mr. G. J. Ferrier, 11, Darnaway Street.

Secretary—Rev. A. B. Morris, 18, Eildon Street.

This Society meets on the first Thursday of each month—June, July, August, September, and October excepted. The greater part of the session which has closed has been occupied with the reading and study of Goethe's "West-östlicher Divan." This peculiar work was rendered more instructive than it seems at first sight, by the notes, comments and criticisms which were made by several of our members. It was felt that the interest of readers would have been further intensified had there been, what apparently there is not, a good English translation of "Hafis."

It has been resolved to begin the work of next session by reading "Iphigenie auf Tauris." Among members there will presently be circulated some books which ought to be read in connection with Goethe's "Iphigenie."

THE "ROSE GUILD" HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, CORK.

This society of "Old Girls" was formed in 1889, with the Ruskin Rose Queens as vice-presidents. Its objects are :—

To keep up the traditions of the school among former pupils.

To hold meetings for readings, lectures and discussions, from October to May.

To establish branches with special objects—already there are a Reading Circle, Magazine Club, and Choral Society within the General Guild. A Naturalists' Field Club and section for microscopic work are contemplated.

During the session 1890-91, which closed with the election of a new Ruskin Rose Queen on May 1st (as described on pp. 62-65), six meetings were held :—

October. Opening business meeting, followed by English charade, music and singing.

November. Lecture "Utopia," by Edith Lang, B.A.

December. Sheridan Reading, arranged by Miss Marks.

February. Readings from Longfellow.

March. Lecture, "Revelations of the Microscope" (illustrated by Oxy-hydrogen Lantern-Microscope) by Professor C. Y. Pearson, M.D., F.R.C.S.

April. Lecture, "English Literature" (with special reference to Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Pope, Scott, and Macaulay), by James Colthurst, Esq., LL.D.

HARRIETT A. MARTIN.

VACATION COURSES IN EDINBURGH.

We have received the syllabus for the fifth session of this summer gathering, which will be held, as usual, during the month of August. These courses are an attempt to discover, by "Experimental Studies in Education," what is of most value in the old theories, and what is most profitable in the new ones. A beginning is made by looking at the social and biological facts around us, and by following the influence and the evolution of these. Thus, the importance of the scenery around Edinburgh on the earlier geologists may be noticed, just as Scott may be cited as the romantic product of his country and his time, or Adam Smith's work as a reflection of that microcosm, "the Kingdom of Fife," of which he was a native. But, "through the vivid endeavour to comprehend the present we are impelled towards the reconstruction and interpretation of the past." We now approach the study of history, to which succeeds a careful looking into the build and forms of the individual. When furnished with these concrete facts a beginning is made with the construction of the general principles of social and biological evolution. The science of man is put before that of other living things, and a more careful study of zoology and botany (especially the animals and plants of the neighbourhood) is undertaken in separate courses. In every section, as far as possible, the lectures are supplemented by practice in laboratory or "seminar." In addition to this scientific work a group of artists has promised to make designs illustrative of the subjects of the courses, and prepare a series of cartoons for the class-room, which, with the help of the students, they will decorate. This artistic element will be supplemented by a series of *tableaux vivants*. There will be excursions in and around Edinburgh to places (such as the Border Abbeys, or the "Kingdom of Fife") of historic, artistic, social or biological interest.

The significance of this summer school is obvious to all who desire to further rational teaching, to supplant examination by education, to replace recitation by realised work, to aid teacher and taught alike by forming good type museums or botanic gardens, and to develop æsthetic as well as scientific faculties by vivid artistic representations of the realities among which we live, or of the more significant events of the past.

NOTES.

THE RUSKIN BIBLIOGRAPHY is approaching completion. Every number exhibits the same unwearied diligence and care on the part of the compiler. We hope to deal with it in detail when it is completed.

THE NEW POLITICAL ECONOMY; THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF THOMAS CARLYLE, JOHN RUSKIN AND HENRY GEORGE; WITH OBSERVATIONS ON JOSEPH MAZZINI. By HENRY ROSE. (*London: James Spiers, 36, Bloomsbury Street.*) Contains the striking papers entitled "Social Problems," which Mr. Rose published in *IGDRASIL* during 1890. It is an excellent handbook to the social teaching of the authors named.

We have to acknowledge receipt of volumes from Messrs. Macmillan, Walter Scott, Swan Sonnenschein, etc., which will be reviewed in the next number. Magazines received monthly: *Minerva* (Rome), *Review of Reviews*, *Help*, *Brotherhood*, *Christian Socialist*.

* * All books, magazines, pamphlets, etc., to be addressed to the Editor, Hillside House, Arbroath, N.B. Publishers are requested to send their lists, and only books, etc., that are asked for.

No unsolicited articles or poems can be returned.

IGDRASIL.

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Ruskiniana.

IN this number we continue our collection of addresses and speeches given by Mr. Ruskin at various times, but not included in his published works.

I.

RECENT PROGRESS IN DESIGN AS APPLIED TO MANUFACTURE.*

[From *Journal of Society of Arts*, March 14th, 1856.]

MR. RUSKIN was quite sure that the Society must be grateful to Mr. Wallis for the clearness with which he had brought certain facts before them, and he should not venture to contravene the principles which seemed to be involved in the statement, because he was not sure how far certain other principles might be accepted, though not stated by Mr. Wallis. There were many things which he had stated that he (Mr. Ruskin) should feel it otherwise his duty to oppose, but he thought they afforded rather the materials for a subsequent paper. He would rather request information from Mr. Wallis as to the exact sense in which his principles were to be received, for he could not arrive at any definite notion as to what the general idea of excellence was, by which each branch of art was tested. They had heard, for instance, an ungallant attack upon the ladies for promoting a base manufacture of carpets, admitting the complete imitation of flowers. He could not blame the ladies in this, chiefly because he knew a most respectable and long-established firm, engaged in carpet manufacture on an extensive scale, which conducted its business on the principle Mr. Wallis opposed. He referred to the firms whose head partners, the months of April and May, supplied a large part of the world with green carpets, in which floral design was largely introduced, and he believed generally to the satisfaction of the public. Nor could he see, since the first thing we usually did to make the ground fit to be walked upon by any

* The above was the title of a paper read by Mr. George Wallis, head master of the Birmingham School of Art, at a meeting of the Society of Arts. The remarks of Mr. Ruskin formed part of a discussion which followed the reading of the paper. The *Birmingham Gazette*, March 17th, 1856, also contained a brief report of the meeting. In this report it is stated that on Mr. Redgrave suggesting that much good would arise if, as a test of the quality of Art, a code of laws could be drawn up from the best works of the good masters and the best writers on Art, Mr. Ruskin warmly supported this proposition.

festive procession, was always to strew flowers upon it, why we should refuse to have flowers on our carpets, lest we should stumble over them, any more than we should refuse to have pictures on our walls lest we should knock our heads through them; and he was astonished, presently afterwards, to hear Mr. Wallis speak with exultation of success in imitation of Palissy ware, since assuredly, if appearance of projection were wrong in a carpet, real projection must be wrong in a dish. He had profound respect for Palissy, and delighted in his work—as work merely; but, of all the useless dishes that ever were invented, Palissy's were the most so. You could not cut your meat on them, you could not get a spoonful of gravy out of them; and if we were not to be allowed to have flowers on our carpets, why were we to be allowed to have vipers on our plates? He wished also to hear from Mr. Wallis more explanation of his meaning in saying that beauty was as cheap as ugliness. In a certain sense it was so, as referred especially to manufactures which might be multiplied by machinery; but there were some kinds of manufacture which could not be multiplied altogether by machinery. He repudiated in all earnestness the allegation of not wishing that noble works of art should be brought before the public. He could only say that he had taken a great deal of trouble, and gone to considerable expense, for the purpose of getting the best he could of Turner's "*Liber Studiorum*"; and that those very impressions he (Mr. Ruskin) had given into the hands of engravers, that they might be copied, and rendered thus attainable to the general public. But he was, nevertheless, prepared to maintain briefly these points: first, that good art should not be cheap; secondly, that it, in one sense, could not be cheap; and thirdly, that if in any sense it could be cheap—that is, accessible—they were not going the right way to make it so. First, that it ought not to be cheap. The body required no change in its food: the soul did. That was one main difference between them. All who possessed any dear piece of art they liked, would feel that every time they looked at it they liked it better, because there was always in it something new—some new element for instruction. But if they saw continually elsewhere the same picture, they would soon be struck with a feeling of dislike for that which otherwise it would be their delight to look upon. Also, when art was too common, it would fail to excite attention. The great enjoyment of art was when the whole mind was bent upon it. Great art ought to be accessible, but not to be multiplied in a way which would diminish the power of attention. Further, he believed great art *could* not be cheap. Some kinds of it could be so by being multiplied; and no person had greater sympathy than he had for those inventions which would enable copies of good works of art to be placed within the reach of the people. But let there be a careful discrimination between *multiplication* and *production*. Multiplication might be very ingenious and very useful, but we were not artists because we multiplied the works of others. And the highest art was more or less to be defined as the expression of a great human mind by the body that contains it—expression of brains through the *fingers*. In no way, therefore, could good art ever become cheap in production: we ought to desire only that, when produced, it should be thoroughly accessible to all, and that the people, as far as they had the power of producing it themselves, should be assisted and encouraged to do so. The paper had seemed to dwell wholly upon the advantage of art to the consumer, or only to the producer as a mercantile matter. He was sorry it did not show the effect of the production of art upon the workman:

surely the happiness of the workman was a thing which ought to be considered. And that brought him to the third point—the way in which, so far as art might be cheap or accessible at all, it might be by what we did for our workers. He had some knowledge of what could be done by the workmen, and of what talent they possessed, and therefore he feared the tendency to depreciate this imitation of nature which ran through Mr. Wallis's paper; for all that he (Mr. Ruskin) had been able to do with any success was by directing the workmen expressly to nature. Mr. Ruskin fully accepted *two* of Mr. Wallis's principles—namely, that the *material* and the *use* of the object to be produced should be first consulted: he heartily wished that those two rules were accepted by all, and steadily adhered to, and that in one branch of art especially, now coming daily more and more into practice—painting on glass—it were always remembered by the workman that the use of a window was to let in light, that the virtue of the glass in a window was to be transparent, and that all art which tried to represent it as opaque—as a picture, instead of a window—was mistaken and absurd. But, accepting fully these two laws laid down by Mr. Wallis, and holding always that no art production was right unless first of all serviceable for its proper purpose, he pleaded beyond this, for the direction of the mind of the workman straight to nature, whenever he had to introduce ornament at all. All the true nobleness of art had come from people loving nature in some way or the other, expressing their sentiments about nature; and exactly in proportion as the reference to nature became more direct, the art became nobler. So, then, art was to be encouraged, not by multiplying productions of past times, but by educating the workmen of our own, and, after having filled their minds with knowledge of natural objects, leaving them free to invent continually new forms of objects and new applications of their knowledge. And, by thus proceeding, we should elevate our workmen, and make them happy; and the ends of commerce would, at least, be answered far more effectually by producing thoroughly new articles than by multiplying forms of old ones.

Later on in the discussion, Mr. Ruskin rose to explain that he was anxious to lay before the public all the good works of art, though not to such an extent as to allow them to become distasteful. He believed that, if all men of dignity and standing in the arts were to meet and settle a few principles, and make them the goals of art in all schools of design, it would be of incalculable advantage. They had to fulfil the duty of imparting a true taste in design, not only to the producer, but also to the consumer; but this duty could never be properly performed until all were agreed upon some principles which should form a basis.

II.

THE OXFORD MUSEUM.*

[Delivered at the Workmen's Reading Rooms, Oxford, April 18th, 1856.]

MR. RUSKIN, after a few prefatory remarks, expressed the great pleasure which Dr. Acland had afforded him in giving him the opportunity of meeting so large an assemblage of working men and others on that

* This address was delivered to the workmen engaged in erecting the University Museum at Oxford. We are unable to give the reference to the paper from which we reprint this account, but the address was reported in several papers at the time, e.g., in the *Morning Post* of April 21st, 1856, where, however, it is said to

occasion; but as he had only come down just to see how the building of the Museum was going on, he hoped they would not be so unjust as to expect from him an entertaining lecture, because he had had no time to prepare a subject, and did not like to speak in public without previous thought. He was only going to tell them what had been done in London, and he thought they would like to hear how their brother-workmen were going on there; and it must be borne in mind that what he might say would be the result of his own thoughts and experience, and must not be taken as the sentiments of his colleagues in the Working Men's College in London; because it so happened that the work he had to do left him very much to himself, and he could scarcely be acquainted, therefore, with the current of thought which directed their labours. In the first place, he would tell them with what feelings he entered on his plan of tuition in the College at London. He saw that there was a great misapprehension pervading all classes as to the mode by which the life of the workman was to be mended. He found that, in all addresses to working men, it was said that their avocation was the most honourable in the world; that they ought to be proud to contribute to the benefit of their fellow-men by the work of their hands; and that they were far happier in their constant employment than those who knew not what to do with their time or riches. He agreed with all that; but he found also, at the end of those exhortations, that, although they had been told theirs was an honourable position, it was always held out to them that they ought to endeavour to get out of that position; that a man, having laid up his savings, having denied himself in his youth, having denied his stomach and his throat, by saving money for himself and children, was not to be a workman any more, but a master or a gentleman—one, in fact, of that less honourable class who rode in their carriages. There he saw a great flaw: either the workman's avocation was honourable, or it might be made honourable; or if, on the other hand, it were dishonourable, it was vain to exhort him to follow an occupation under such a fallacy. His desire was, that the real truth should be put before the workman: that his avocation was an honourable one, and he should be advised to stay in it, because, in his (Mr. Ruskin's) opinion, nothing was more honourable than a workman in his proper sphere, contributing to the welfare of his fellow-men; and he would not say so if he did not believe that such a life was an honourable one. He would not say that they should work all those hours, from six in the morning until seven at night, separating themselves from their fellow-men, deprived of all knowledge, and submit to all this in order that towards the close of their days they might come into the light of sunshine. The thing they had to do was to be happy in their youth, and he believed it was the time when men were the happiest—happiest in hope, if not in accomplishment; then was the time when an occupation should be chosen, and persisted in to that period when the workman should bequeath it to his children, and so from generation to generation, that the honour of good craftsmen might descend to posterity. Then he saw another wondrous mistake or confusion which prevailed among their political economists. On the one hand, they were told that great undertakings could not be accomplished, because

have been given on Tuesday, April 15th. On the interest taken by Mr. Ruskin and Dr. Acland in the museum, see the little book by the latter, entitled "*The Oxford Museum*," containing two letters from Mr. Ruskin, reprinted in "*Arrows of the Chace*."

people could not pay for them; and next, because they could not bring workmen enough to bear upon them. He saw that, in a case like this building, the decoration was shortened in shaft and capital, because they could not find enough active workmen, and men to put their genius into the work. On the other hand, political economists on the other side of the water, in France, had been making curious experiments of another kind: there they had not too much work; they said they would give these men work to pull down the Abbey of St. Omer, and accordingly men were paid for pulling down one of the most interesting buildings in France. In these cases, they had a striking illustration of the misapprehension of the theory of political economy in the two countries. In the great revolution of 1848, when the doctrines of labour, in a modern point of view, began to be discussed, the doctrine started among the socialists was "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." This was accepted and acted upon by the political economists of France in a singular way; for they set men to dig earth, and wheel it one side of a road, and, having deposited it there, then to wheel it back again. That was their idea of a fair day's work for a fair day's wage; but it was only carrying out in a different way the story of pulling down the Abbey of St. Omer. He did not think it often happened than an honest and willing man came forward and was ready to work, when there was no work for him to do. It was difficult for him, inexperienced as he was among workmen in general, to come to a proper conclusion in the matter. He had intercourse with none but well-conducted workmen, and consequently his views of that class were more liberal than perhaps they otherwise might be. There was seldom a well-conducted man who could not get work, but he was perfectly aware that there were cases of misfortune which might have been brought on by the folly of the man himself in his early days, which might have been averted by care and teaching on the part of his betters, but had not been contended with, because they did not admit the right that a fool should be saved from his folly; but he thought that that was but a narrow-minded charity which held out its hand only to the wise and good. Therefore, any mistake of this kind in the lower classes must be pardoned, and the only surprise was that, generally speaking, they conducted themselves so well. He was speaking to Thomas Carlyle, the other day, of a class who were exposed to considerable suffering—namely, the needlewomen. Mrs. Carlyle, who took great interest in this class, had been making some experiments, and said that the reason of their suffering was that because, generally speaking, they could not stitch, and that was the secret of their not getting work; but when they could work in a plain way and a proper way, then they could get employed. That made a great impression on him, and led him to think that there were other cases where workpeople were suffering, though not from their own folly, and therefore it was the more incumbent on them to endeavour to help them out of their difficulties. One of the chief obstacles to doing this was, not seeing the way how work might be made profitable to all classes; the great mistake of the day was, not distinguishing between work which was calculated to have a permanent and beneficial effect for the good of society, and that which was of a transient nature, expensive at the time to the employer, but, nevertheless, did no good to himself nor anybody else. In illustration of this point, Mr. Ruskin adverted to the cost of certain luxuries, and observed that if the money so spent were directed to drainage, the erection of comfortable dwellings for the poor, or decoration of buildings, which would be not only gratifying to

the eye, but also be instructive, it would have a permanent and beneficial effect. In that way they might trace the source of complaint of the poor against the rich ; if the poor man said to the rich that he had no business to ride in his carriage and indulge in luxuries, that was not the right way to put it, because he had the right to spend it as he chose ; but if the poor man said that God had given the rich man wealth, and that he ought to distribute it for the benefit of his fellow-men, that plea would be attended to, especially if the poor man showed that he was doing his duty in his own sphere, and taking advantage of every opportunity of bettering his own condition. There were two things which he wanted to impress on the minds of the working men in the London College ; it was rather difficult to do so, because his business was not of a utilitarian character, in the common sense of the term ; but yet one of the arts which he studied and taught presented one phenomenon—namely, an exceeding distinctness as to the way in which work might be made the most available—which was not to be found to the same extent in any other art that he knew. He alluded to architecture, which was of a social character, and the peculiar results which emanated from it were characterised by a socialism which could not be brought out in any other art. This seemed not to have been overlooked in the architectural teaching of several centuries back, when the architect did not draw out his designs, and then treat the men who were to execute them as mere machines. They all worked together as one man ; and nothing great had been done in architecture, save by associated bodies, in which every man had some connected work to do, and where all the faculties of the mind and hand were brought out to the utmost. They might depend on it that it was the best architecture which brought out, not only the mind, but the hand, in that sense in which it was obedient to the mind. Therefore it was that architecture of which they were raising such a picture in Oxford, claimed to be recognised with gratitude and respect for the influence it had had ; because he did not think they could calculate the enormous results which Gothic architecture, as exemplified in cathedrals throughout Europe, had given rise to, in elevating the mind of the traveller, and in giving an impetus to the genius of the artist, as well as the workmen. In former ages, people became either monks or labourers ; thoughtful men became monks, but those who turned their attention to mechanical pursuits were thought the most of, because it raised them to a particular dignity, inasmuch as the hand of the workman, as well as the mind, was employed. They heard it often said, that if they objected to machinery, why not object to the chisel and the hammer, which, after all, were but machines ? They might, however, rest assured that exactly in proportion to the degree in which the hand in every particular conveyed the touch to the canvas or the stone, in that degree did the art rise in dignity ; because the hand, next, perhaps, to the eye, was the most wonderful part of the human body ; it could do things which machinery could not, and the way in which the mind worked upon it was marvellous in regard to the delicacy in which any impression of the mind could be conveyed through it to the canvas or the stone, and that tool could only be a good one which gave effect to that impression accurately. Therefore it was that painting had a dignity over sculpture, because the brush was more flexible, more easily handled, and better adapted to work out a preconceived idea than the chisel. According to the distance of the soul of man and the touch, the spirituality of the work was regulated, and on this principle, if a man could paint with his fingers, the more successful would be the result.

In order that the individual minds of workmen might be brought out they must get them to agree together, and socialism—it was an ugly word to use, but it was excellently applicable if rightly understood—was the principle which should regulate them. What he understood as the right meaning of socialism was the Christian principle of helping each other, and bearing witness against the saying of “every man’s hand against his neighbour,” which was the common law of their modern commerce, and was making it more and more a degradation instead of an honour to them. It was that feeling which induced Mr. Maurice to establish the Working Men’s College in London, and it was easy to understand how all the faculties of a man could be quickened and ennobled by sympathy with his neighbour. They might depend on it. God meant them to live thus together, and He had rendered it perfectly easy for them to do so, and told them plainly that man should seek, not his own, but others’ welfare ; and in that way each man’s interest would be promoted in the best possible way. So soon as they recognised the great principle of social help, so soon would they attain the great object they wished the upper classes to adopt, and accomplish all they wanted, in conformity to God’s will, and the highest destinies of the human race. Among the impediments to this perfection of socialism, there were two which he had discovered—namely, jealousy and dishonesty ; both were exceedingly difficult to get rid of, and nearly all the associations of working men in London had been more or less foiled by a want of honesty on the part of their members. That was beforehand to be anticipated, because they could scarcely expect, in a society of fifty or sixty men, that all would be honest ; they could therefore understand how one man could do a great deal of harm ; and also how by associating together, teaching a little honesty and acting up to it, they set an example which would be of far greater practical value than all the doctrines in the world. But were they to be discouraged because they were such children in political economy ? (In further illustration of these views, Mr. Ruskin read a long extract from a work of Dr. Acland’s, now preparing for publication.) He continued : As he had already said, jealousy was another hindrance which must be got rid of ; and he exemplified it by stating that he was at a friend’s house where his cook would expose herself to the heat of the kitchen fire, of which she complained, rather than permit the scullery-maid to learn cooking ; the cook was in ill health, and was an illustration of a woman’s dying of jealousy. There was one thing more which, perhaps, they would be surprised that he asked for, and that was pride ; there was not half pride enough on the part of the working men of England. He alluded to the fact that in the mediæval ages various towns were distinguished for their staple manufactures, and no town contended with the trade of its neighbour, but every town tried to make its own better, and that was what he wanted to see carried out now throughout England. He further observed that God had implanted in man a love of natural history, which was evident from the interest with which he viewed the variety and beauty of the handiworks of nature wherever they were beheld. Applying this to architecture, he showed that he who followed that occupation had two blessings—that of being able to appreciate the beauties of nature, and of interpreting them to others ; and stated, moreover, as a singular fact, that skilful imitation of a natural object, such as a leaf or a flower, often awakened admiration where the object itself failed to excite a corresponding feeling. Having briefly referred to the superior adaptation of some materials over others for the purposes of artistic imitation, he

proceeded to show that architecture in particular was best calculated above any other art to develop whatever genius a man might possess. They could never tell what they were capable of until they studied nature attentively, and tried to imitate her, and that was one of the chief things he wished on that occasion to impress upon the minds of the workmen whom he saw around him. His plan of instruction was to teach people to see first and imitate afterwards; and it was wonderful to observe the results which ensued, because each man, knowing the toil it took to accomplish it, directed all his energies to it, and surpassed the ordinary efforts of the more highly educated classes. They had an immense advantage in knowing what work was, and having hands skilful enough to embody the conceptions of the mind. The workmen employed on the decorative part of that building would have an opportunity of displaying their talent in this respect, because he knew that Mr. Woodward* was preparing designs in Dublin, for capitals which were unrivalled for their originality. Mr. Ruskin afterwards impressed upon the working men the influence which they might exercise on the upper classes for their own benefit by inducing them to contribute out of their wealth to the decoration of buildings, which would have the effect of developing their latent talent, of which he had been speaking. Mr. Ruskin concluded with a few remarks to the workmen on the utility of the edifice on which they were engaged, which, he observed, would supply that deficiency which the University had laboured under in connection with the study of natural science; and every man who was employed in piling stone upon stone should bear in mind that he was laying the foundation of a structure which was calculated to exercise a very beneficial influence on succeeding generations.

III.

THOMAS SEDDON.†

[From the *Journal of The Society of Arts*, May 8th, 1857.]

MR. RUSKIN commenced by remarking that it was no part of his intention, in appearing before them, to enter into a general consideration of the views which had actuated the formation of the committee which had been set on foot, relative to the purchase by the nation of Seddon's

* For other mention of Mr. Woodward see "Sesame and Lilies," in the lecture on "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," §§ 103, 104.

† Upon the death of this artist some of his friends met together at the house of Mr. Holman Hunt with a view of founding a memorial to his memory. At their meeting* the above remarks were delivered. Ultimately the memorial took the form of a purchase and presentation to the National Gallery of Seddon's picture of Jerusalem (see E. T. Cook's *National Gallery*, vol. ii., pp. 540-41). In the *Memoir and Letters of T. Seddon* (London: Nisbet & Co. Ed. ii., 1859) is quoted the following extract from a letter of his to a friend:—"14, Berners Street, March 19th, 1855. . . . Mr. Ruskin also came and stayed a long time. He was very much pleased with everything, and especially 'Jerusalem,' which he praised wonderfully; and in good truth it is something for a man who had studied pictures so much to say, 'Well, Mr. S., before I saw these, I never thought it possible to attain such an effect of sun and light without sacrificing truth of colour.' He said that my interior at Cairo was the most perfect thing that he had ever seen, and admired the Turkey carpet as much as your mother. . . ."

In the same volume is an account of a meeting held at the house of Mr. W. Holman Hunt, at which Mr. Ruskin addressed those present, remarking that "the

great picture of Jerusalem, which was now exhibited before them. There were associated in that committee men of various opinions, and of various professions, and there was such a contrast in the characters of the individuals who had united to further this object, that it could hardly be expected that he should appear before this meeting in any way as the exponent of all their various views. He might, perhaps, be allowed, in some measure, to express the views of that portion of the committee who began the movement, with whom he entirely sympathised. He believed that some objection had been taken to the idea of placing this picture in the national collection of paintings, because it was said that they sought to bring it forward as a unique picture, or as one so admirable that they were never likely to look upon such again. For his own part he differed from that view. It was not because he considered it remarkable, but because he considered it *not* remarkable, that he wished this picture to become the property of the nation; he regarded it as the type of a class of pictures and of works which might be understood and imitated by other men, and the understanding of which would be advantageous to the nation in future. In like manner it had been said that it was sought, as it were, to canonise Seddon as a saint—immortalise him as a hero—that they wished to bring forward his death as a martyrdom to the cause of painting. But it was not so. The death of Seddon had nothing remarkable or extraordinary in its character, but was merely a type of a class of deaths which were being continually offered up to the nation by great and good men, but which, in this case, a concurrence of pathetic circumstances justified them in bringing before the public notice. The simple sacrifice of life had in it nothing unusual—it was, on the contrary, a melancholy thing to reflect how continually we all of us lived upon the lives of others, and that in two ways, viz., upon lives which we take, and upon lives which are given. It was a terrible expression to use—this taking of life, but was a true one. We took life in all cases in which, either for higher wages, or by the compulsion of commercial pressure, men were occupied without sufficient protection or guardianship in dangerous employments, involving an average loss of life, for which life we paid thoughtlessly in the price of the commodity, which, so far, was the price of blood. Nay, more than this, it was a well recognised fact that there was scarcely an art or a science in the present day, in which there was not some concomitant circumstance of danger or disease, which science had not striven to abate proportionably with the endeavours to advance the skill of the workmen. And thus, though we had abolished slavery, we literally bargained daily for the lives of our fellow-men, although we should shrink with horror at the idea of purchasing their bodies; and if these evils, arising

position which Mr. Seddon occupied as an artist appears to deserve some public recognition quite other than could be generally granted to genius, however great, which had been occupied only in previously beaten paths. Mr. Seddon's works are the first which represent a truly historic landscape art; that is to say, they are the first landscapes uniting perfect artistical skill with topographical accuracy, being directed, with stern self-restraint, to no other purpose than that of giving to persons who cannot travel trustworthy knowledge of the scenes which ought to be most interesting to them. Whatever degrees of truth may have been attained or attempted by previous artists have been more or less subordinate to pictorial and dramatic effect. In Mr. Seddon's works the primal object is to place the spectator, as far as art can do, in the scene represented, and to give him the perfect sensation of its reality, wholly unmodified by the artist's execution."

partly from pressure of population, but more from carelessness and cruelty in masters and consumers, from desire of cheapness, or blind faith in commercial necessities—if these evils went on increasing at the rate it seemed but too probable they would, England would soon have to add another supporter to her shield. She had good right still to her lion, never more than now. But she needed, in justice, another, to show that if she could pour forth life blood nobly, she could also drink it cruelly; she should have not only the lion, but the vampire. These remarks applied to what was only too justly termed the taking of life; but in other cases lives were given, as by the active and enterprising explorer of unknown regions, and the brave and devoted soldier and sailor. These sacrifices we might accept, if the cause in which they were offered was a just one. He had to bring before them that evening an instance of such a sacrifice, and to explain and justify its cause. Mr. Ruskin then graphically reviewed the progress in the art of painting from the eighth and tenth centuries up to the time of Raphael, and exhibited some of the early specimens of English art, which, by their quaintness of design and colouring, created considerable amusement amongst the audience. He also called attention to remarkable specimens around the room of the pre-Raphaelite style, tracing the development of that style by an analysis of the state of Italian art when the pre-Raphaelite principle first began to operate upon it. The whole secret of the progress of Italian art from the eighth century up to the time of Raphael, was to be found in the simplicity and truthfulness of the principle followed throughout—simplicity of principle and earnestness of purpose. Art was then unembarrassed by the disputes of critics. There was an intense religious purpose at the root of it, and an intense simplicity of approbation in the minds of the people. They received all that was done frankly, and frankly admired it. There was richness and truth in the decoration, and they never restricted their inventive genius for fear that anything might be overloaded. The richer their work was the better they liked it. They made their walls as gorgeous as they could; they innocently and always loved bright colours and beautiful forms, striving, however, chiefly to add more and more of truthfulness to their representations. It was not the pursuit of beauty that led from “The Serpent beguiling Eve” up to the Madonna of Raphael, but it was the greater accuracy of perception, and greater veracity of the lines, which led the artist on. He need not dwell upon the powers which the Italians had, up to the fifteenth century, of bringing forward the greatest arts. After that period both the principles to which he had adverted were broken through. They reached the climax of power and then yielded to the abandonment of the principles which led to it. They lost their love of truth, and pursued beauty instead of it. They lost their earnestness of heart, and aimed only at amusement. Hence, in Italy an art falsely beautiful, and in Flanders an art meanly imitative. Modern pre-Raphaelitism was a reaction against both these errors. It sought veracity more than beauty; but such veracities only as were useful to mankind. Pre-Raphaelitism was simply to be defined as “the pursuit of truth in art, with a useful purpose,” and one of the main advantages of its system was to bring into service minds of every class; for, in all ages, there were the two great classes of artists, men of inventive minds, and men of more or less prosaic minds; and the great danger of following the theory of beauty only, was to make the matter-of-fact minds comparatively useless, and yet they were the most

common amongst them. There were more men capable of pursuing a simple problem, or representing a simple fact, than there were men capable of following at any distance in the path of the great inventive painters. The object of a nation should be to make all artists equally useful and happy, and to bring the gift of every man into effective service, and make his life honourable, worthy, and useful to the nation to which he belonged. The pre-Raphaelites had been regarded as one class of men only. He wished to explain to them that they were composed of two entirely separate classes. There were the poetical pre-Raphaelites and the prosaic pre-Raphaelites, and the prosaic were the more important of the two. The spirit of the present age was strictly scientific, and all that they could do more than was done in the earlier ages must be on the side of truth, and could not be on the side of imagination. The earlier times were what the brilliant, active imagination of youth was compared to the seriousness and earnestness of old age, when it was earnest—for frivolous old age was the most frivolous of all—but it was most true that as they were aged amongst nations so they might become greater than those which had gone before them, if they brought out the peculiar character which God had impressed upon them. The peculiar power of poetry upon them at present was more or less lost from the quantity supplied. They did not want an unlimited number of poetical fancies, but they wanted a continuous advance in the knowledge of facts; and, without denying the use of all that had been done by our great poets, still they did not want an increase in the quantity of poetry. Their habits were getting more superficial in literature, because they were constantly seeking to add to the stores of imagination, whilst they had not time enough to add to the stores of fact. Thus they were too much neglecting the gifts which had been bequeathed to them by their ancestors, and they would be wiser to turn their attention in some degree away from modern imagination, and preserve more perfectly that which was produced when the nations of Europe were young. Science had brought forward the disposition to test facts more accurately, which was adverse, more or less, to imagination, but which should direct to the grasping of the facts around them; and it was this special direction of painting which, he believed, ought to be cultivated. They too often wasted intellect now by trying to make it imaginative. They might waste the life of a man by leading him to imitate the powers of another; but they could not lead one inventive mind to greater powers than it had originally, or to grasp a greater range than that which God had appointed for it; but what they could do was to prevent persons from wasting their energies, and attempting that of which they were incapable. If they imparted knowledge and industry enough, the imagination would come out. Without knowledge and industry none of those feelings would be nobly or justly expressed. The works of Thomas Seddon had to his (Mr. Ruskin's) mind arisen at a period of momentous importance to the whole of Europe. In proportion, it would seem, as nations advanced in mercantile importance, as commerce advanced, so the influential persons of all countries seemed bent upon destroying whatever stood in the way of modern improvement, and the work of destruction was going on fatally throughout France and Italy. In England it had been accomplished already, but it was taking place, in proportion to the prosperity of a country, over all Europe. Therefore it was that he was anxious that pictures in modern days should be addressed to the representation simply of facts, to the representation either of

architecture or scenery, of which the associations were likely to be swept away by what was called modern progress or improvement. This was the cause which the committee had it in their minds to bring before the Society of Arts on the present occasion. This cause had been advanced by many men, before the sacrifice of Seddon's life. But there was this, at least, of singular and pathetic in what Mr. Seddon had done—that he had turned away, of his own free will, from the paths of imagination to those of historical and matter-of-fact representation. They would see, on one side of the room, the noble picture "Penelope." That was the first which Mr. Seddon painted. It was noble in every possible way. It showed inventive genius of the highest order; yet Mr. Seddon, deliberately measuring his own strength, and measuring the importance of the two tasks which lay at his choice, sternly turned from the temptations of Fancy, and set out on a journey of danger and long self-denial, in order faithfully to record the scenery of the Holy Land. Not only was Seddon peculiar in the direction which he gave to his pre-Raphaelite endeavours, but it was to be added that Seddon took a peculiar interest in the welfare of the workmen of England. Mr. Ruskin proceeded to narrate the establishment by Seddon, with the co-operation of Nevill Warren, of the first school of design in London, called the North London School of Design for workmen, in Camden Town, the principal superintendence of which devolved upon Seddon himself, conjointly with the satisfaction of the other arduous claims upon his time, attention, and hard labour. His great exertions during that period of his life, it was believed, impaired his constitution, and were regarded as the primal cause of the failure of his health in Syria, and his dying there. Mr. Ruskin then entered into a recital of the labours of Seddon in his last great work of "Jerusalem," and concluded by appealing to the Society and those present to aid in doing justice to one of our greatest artists by the recognition of his genius. It was the object of the Committee to purchase for the nation, from Mr. Seddon's widow, his picture of "Jerusalem, with the Mount of Olives," and to present it, in memory of Mr. Seddon, to the National Gallery. The picture was valued at the price of four hundred guineas. A subscription for that purpose had been opened, in which all persons were invited to join who either felt respect for Mr. Seddon's genius, or desired to promote the objects to which he had sacrificed his life. What sum might remain after the picture (poorly valued, Mr. Ruskin thought, at such a price) had been purchased, it was intended by the Committee to ask Mrs. Seddon to accept; and Mr. Ruskin hoped that the Society of Arts, which had honoured him with their permission to bring these circumstances before them, would set the seal of their approval to the merit of the painter, and thus grant the only comfort which was now possible to his widow, whose sorrow must be deeper and more poignant in proportion to the greatness of the hopes she had cherished, as she watched the unfolding genius of her husband. It was for the Society now to decide whether they would further this noble cause of Truth in Art, while they gave honour to a good and great man, and consolation to those who loved him, or whether they would add one more to the victories of oblivion, and suffer this picture, wrought in the stormy desert of Aceldama, which was the last of his labours, to be also the type of their reward; whether they would suffer the thorn and the thistle to choke the seed that he had sown, and the sand of the desert to weep over his forgotten grave.

IV.

THE VALUE OF DRAWING.*

ADDRESS TO THE ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.

[From *The Building News*, April 10th, 1857.]

MR. RUSKIN said that he was under some discouragement at that moment from what had fallen from the excellent artist (Mr. George Cruikshank) who had just addressed them. He (Mr. Ruskin) came there that evening in great exultation at the advancement that had been made in this school; and, having come to the meeting, he had heard from one of the greatest artists in some particular lines, that he in his youth had no such benefits whatever as were conferred by this school. That was a first discouragement. If great artists regretted that they were not greater, and if good artists regretted that they were not better—and such there were, for he thought that Mr. Cruikshank lamented the loss he had sustained in the deficiency of his early education—yet he did think, and was glad to have that opportunity of telling them that, in his opinion, the etchings of that great artist (Mr. Cruikshank) were amongst the most instructive models they could have before them in reference to the peculiar characters of every-day life, of a clinical education, or the general subjects upon which the artist treated. He did think that the value of Mr. Cruikshank's works was greater, more precise, more profound in illustration, than that of the works of any other living etcher—so far as he was acquainted with their works. And he could not impress too much on the students he addressed the advantage they would derive from paying great care to Mr. Cruikshank's works, for that artist never turned a bad work out of his hands. Well, he hoped that, however good Mr. Cruikshank might be, he would have been better had he been brought up at a school like that in which they were assembled. He was very glad to meet the audience he had the honour to address in so large, so convenient, so well-decorated a room. It was a good thing that such a room as that in which they were met could be spared for drawings in the midst of the great Metropolis—there was a time when such was not the case. In our principal towns there were certain rooms for public purposes—one for the transaction of public business, and another for public gaiety, a room generally associated in the minds of people as the assembly-room. There was also a room known as the ball-room, and there was a room generally in a great hotel which was known practically as the dining-room. But amongst all such rooms there was not one which, in an unequivocal and proper sense, could bear the appellation of the drawing-room. While they had such a place as that in which they were assembled for earnest study now, there was not at the time to which he referred a room for study with any earnestness. And we were just at this time emerging from a period the most unfortunate as respected the promotion of the arts. The whole history of art among the nations of Europe, especially those of Western Europe, might be generally divided into three distinct epochs. First, there was an epoch in which people were either soldiers or labourers; then they were either educated or had no education at all, and cared nothing about art, but lived simple, unpretending lives in

* This address was delivered at a *soirée* given by the students of the St. Martin's District School of Art, Castle Street, Long Acre, on Friday, April 2nd, 1857. Amongst the other speakers was Mr. George Cruikshank.

the country. But then those who lived in the towns, and who were associated together for the purpose of defence against violence, took a thorough interest in art, and they were supplied with art chiefly by the monks and others of those times, who made this vocation not a matter of gain, but did what they did out of love for art; they did not act as they did from religious feeling, he was sorry to say—at least they did not do so to any extent, but chiefly from a love of art, and he believed that that was the main source from which good and lastingly beneficial results could flow. Indeed, he believed that that was the only way by which success could be achieved. After that period came a time when all over Europe education became more common; and, lastly, it became almost universal, when art became a passion which it was necessary for a person calling himself well-educated to see and take a love for, and to reach enough to prize it. Of course, that change of feeling led to the increase and the spread of art, and in time that led to a demand for art, which produced a supply that was totally inadequate until late years, when mechanical modes of production were introduced. To a great extent the mechanical mode of production had been used, and it was to be feared that there was a great chance of the legitimate effects of art being retarded by receiving mechanical directions. Before he went further he wished to enlist their sympathies against such a result. Mr. Cruikshank had just told them that his early studies in art were animated by providing sustenance for his mother and sister. And it was perfectly right that students should look to their art as a means of support, and if they could render themselves independent, or assist others through the means obtained from their art, it was right to do so. But still that feeling must be a secondary point with them while they were at work in the art. It was just that they should rejoice when they could sell a picture for a good price, or when they could get a good salary for their labour; but while they were at work they must not think how much money they could get for it. While money was properly paid for hard work—work which was inflicted upon man as a punishment for sin—money was paid for digging and hammering—still they must not give their soul for money, they must not give up the noblest feelings of their hearts in regard to their art for money. They knew how long, in many parts of civilised Europe, traditions existed respecting the people and their love of Mammon. They knew the German stories about people who met the Devil and sold their souls to him. Now, literally, though not visibly, that could be done. The lovers of art knew, and should remember, that the giving up of the soul to Mammon, “the least erected fiend that fell,” was the greatest degradation of an artist, and whenever the noblest faculties of his spirit were in any way subject to that spirit, he became degenerated, the faculties of his soul were lowered, and he did so far actually sell his soul to the Devil. Now, all the prosperity of their art depended upon their keeping free from those baneful influences. And while he hoped there were many present who would become rich, and acquire an honest independence by the exercise of the profession they took up, he hoped that there were some who were coming forward to this school, not altogether considering what they were to earn as a means of livelihood, but under feelings like those they had when they learned to read. They were very properly to learn to read, in order that they might acquire knowledge, and be able to communicate knowledge. This ought also to be the first motive with every student of advanced years who sets himself down to work—this ought to be his first great desire and motive for exertion, the obtaining of knowledge himself,

and the best means of expressing and communicating knowledge to others. For all art might be compared to other means of gaining knowledge.

Art enabled them to say and to see what they could not otherwise say or see, and it also enabled them to learn certain lessons which they could not otherwise learn.

First, it enabled them to say things which they could not otherwise say. There were thousands of things in this world which they could not say, unless they drew them. They might write long journals, they might write long descriptions; but if they could not draw, they could not exhibit to others the forms of things, the aspects of places, or the effects of machines. If organic existence were required to be described—if they wanted to depict the most important facts connected with any country—they must be able to draw; and hundreds of other points of information might be required to be described, and yet such a description could not be given unless they had the power of expressing themselves by their pencils. In a hundred ways they could communicate information to other people by the pencil, which they could not do by any other means. And that was the way reading first became popular. The man to whom England owed so much to this day—whose skill and knowledge were so great, who was almost her best scholar—was induced to read his first book by the promise of his mother that she would give him one having beautiful pictures in it; and because of the beautiful pictures on the margin of the book King Alfred learned to read. In that way drawing was to this hour of enormous influence with the art of printing and of reading. And that especially because it was not so misleading. It was very difficult to get good literature, and bad reading hurt students two ways—it told them false things, and it wasted their time and faculties; and he was not altogether sure it was a greater certain advantage for people of a certain class of mind to know how to read than the contrary. He was not quite sure whether there were not agitations of mind, tumults of heart, waste of time, acquaintance with things which people should not know, excitement of feelings, and many other evils which might be set against the good of good and serviceable books, which were not always of the popular taste. The greatest good was to be derived from the reading of one book, which he hoped was, and would continue to be, of the popular taste. Some classes of books ought to be burned altogether. The power of expressing and the power of obtaining knowledge ought to be taught to every child, according to his powers of acquirement.

He had said that drawing enabled them to say what they could not otherwise say; and he said, secondly, that drawing enabled them to see what they could not otherwise see. By drawing they actually obtained a power of the eye and a power of the mind wholly different from that known to any other discipline, and which could only be known by the experienced student—he only could know how the eye gained physical power by attention to delicate details. And that was one reason why delicate drawings had, above all others, been most prized; and that nicety of study made the eye see things and causes which it could not otherwise trace. But the main way in which they were led to see things which they could not otherwise see was owing to the tastes which such a mode of study gave to the mind. A person who had learned to draw well found something to interest him in the least thing and the farthest-off thing; in the lowest thing and the humblest thing. The uneducated person in art went only to look at the fine streets and places, and thought all the streets and places in London ugly except such as Regent Street, Belgrave Square, and the

parks; but the educated person in art saw the really handsome part of London in the houses of the town, around Covent Garden, and so forth. Those who really knew about drawing knew that there was something about Covent Garden that was infinitely greater than was to be found in the great rows of streets or numbers of squares. In all the least and most despised things the educated artist took pleasure. It seemed intended by Providence that people should always be paying great attention to what they were about, and attention was always intensely rewarded—above all, that attention which was paid to the smaller works of Nature. It was a curious thing that in the smaller works of Nature, though all were beautiful, the Creator more perfectly brought out their forms to our human “instinct;” and He did that that we might learn to despise nothing. He had just been looking over some of the drawings of the students that were peculiarly accurate and peculiarly beautiful. Now, one of the great points in those drawings was that of defining a curve; and in Nature the *least* creature had the curve *most* beautifully defined. The elephant’s trunk was rough and unsightly. But look at the gnat’s proboscis, magnified to the size of an elephant’s trunk—they would find no ugliness there. Let them look at any animalculæ magnified to the size of an elephant, and yet the more they were magnified the finer they looked. It was perfectly marvellous how the Creator manifested His power and wisdom in the smaller works of Nature. They might depend upon it that there was a marvellous character about the smaller creatures of Nature; and by studying that they would become sensible of its value, even to the dust under their feet. And such a course of study would lead them to see larger things to greater advantage, and they might then look at Regent Street and the clouds with more benefit. The earth man could meddle with, but man could not meddle with the clouds. The earth was put under the power of man, and the noblest scenes of the earth were within the power of man. When they were bent upon travel, and visited, amongst other places, Switzerland, they would find that the loveliest rocks there were blasted down. He did not say that there were not still some grand places there which might be reached by painting; but with some most glorious and romantic spots at the foot of the Lake of Geneva man had meddled in the exercise of his power. Man could meddle with the earth; it was curious to notice with what ease and goodwill he could divide a lake or split a mountain. Luckily, man could not always get to the clouds. There was one thing he could do, which God specially disliked to see him doing—that was to mix gunpowder smoke with them; but man could not split the clouds as he had the most glorious mountains that could be looked at. And when they got wearied with the turmoil of the great metropolis, and when they got sick at heart, as he knew they sometimes would do, for the artist was more subject to that than the members of other professions, but that brought with it its own compensation—with the conflict of the busy metropolis ringing in their ears, and when they got sick at heart—when that feeling came over them, let them go to the bridges, look westward, and catch the sun going down and the reflection on the river, and, seeing the jagged masses of the houses, remember the verse of Jeremiah, and exclaim, “Oh thou that dwellest upon many waters, abundant in treasures, thine end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness.” And when they saw the clouds rising out of the west—those clouds that were going far away, going to give shade to the weary traveller, and water to the thirsty land, and purification to the pestilential air—they might then think of the differ-

ence between man's treasures in the city and God's in the clouds, and of the verse that follows :—"There is a multitude of waters in the heavens ; and he causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth ; he maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of His treasures,"* In that way drawing taught them to see what they would not otherwise have seen.

And, in the third place, drawing taught them to learn what they would not otherwise have learned. Thus art was eminently the creation of the human part of them. Other creatures could do almost everything that man did. Man could read, and teach animals to know letters and characters, to read and to understand them. The lower animals could dig and build very well, as was exemplified by the beaver, the rat, and the bee, and they all knew that birds could sing very well. But he did not know any animal that could draw very well. Wonderful ! it was a wonderful thing ; well, in proportion to the humanity of it, they might depend upon it, were the lessons that they could gather from it. He did not know anything connected with drawing that had not something interesting about it. He would confine himself to one or two things. He would first take the simplest thing—their drawing materials—and say something about what they should generally see and learn from them. And he would tell them a few words about composition, which was of great importance in this school. The drawing materials were, comparatively, of little importance, and composition was of great importance, but both gave lessons. Now the drawing materials were supplied in a curious way by Nature. Nature supplied the drawing materials very cheap indeed, as it was evident that Nature intended every man to draw. The colours black and yellow—Titian's colours—were supplied in a very singular way. This world that we lived upon might be generally defined as a ball of solid substance, surrounded by an atmosphere and sunshine. That atmosphere modulated, checked the light of the sun, and the atmosphere and the light together were the source, mechanically speaking, through which our life was derived. Here, then, was a great round ball, and outside of it were the air and the sunshine ; and wherever air and sunshine came they could have light and life, and wherever they were not they could not have life, but dead matter. This air round the earth could not but suggest soul and body. The air might be called the earth's soul, and outside of that was the breathing thing, the atmosphere, and the glowing thing, the sun. Thus they had the soul and body of the earth. Now all living creatures—all animals whatsoever—all plants whatsoever—derived their nourishment not from the earth ; they were not meant to feed on the earth, but to take up the air, and that air contained all the things that were necessary for them. And plants and animals exchanged the air ; the animals taking what the plants gave forth, and the plants taking what the animals gave forth. They were strengthened by the earth, and needed some salts from it ; but they were not nourished by it—they were fed by the air, not by the earth. They all lived on the soul of the earth, not on its body. But, though they all lived mainly on the air, they had a good deal to do with the earth, and the earth was prepared for them by having a soul upon it, which was the air. By the atmosphere, the earth was prepared for all its good, kindly uses. There were metals on the earth, and amongst them gold was much coveted

* See Jeremiah, Chap. LI., vv. 13 and 16. The latter verse, correctly given here, is not accurately quoted in the report.

by man. Very few of the metals were of much use to man except iron, and none of them in their pure state were necessary. It was true they could not cut their crusts without knives, but they could scrape them with oyster shells. There was no metal which man could not get on without, and some of them were injurious—arsenic, for instance. Amongst the metals on the earth he might mention sulphur, phosphorus, charcoal; and the gas which we burned was another. And they were more or less lively because they were very fond of the soul of the earth—that was the air. Whenever they got to the air they made a fuss about it. Light and heat were developed on meeting with the earthy soul, and when that light and heat were developed we call it burning, and the thing always became more useful after it had got its soul, or, as we call it, “been burnt.” Sulphur and charcoal were useful, but the main use of all those things was when they had got the air added to them. And when sulphur got the air with it, it simply formed all the medicinal salts in the world, with certain other elements—soda, magnesia, and plaster of Paris. When sulphur got air with it, it formed a most useful thing, and that was sulphuric acid, and that, joined with other things, formed the plaster of Paris, and all the sulphates provided by Nature. He named sulphur, not as the most striking instance of the effects of combination, but he had to come back to it as a drawing material. Then he might next mention phosphorus, which was very useful in the manufacture of matches, but before the introduction of that manufacture we managed very well with the tinder. Well, when phosphorus got the air with it, it became phosphoric acid, and joined with other things to make our bones. Then the third thing he mentioned was charcoal; and charcoal, when joined with air, became carbonic acid. In that form it became stones in the earth, and all that most perfect arrangement of rocks which produced the most picturesque and most habitable places of the earth, all those places being brought into the soul to live upon and love them by the charcoal getting to the air, or soul of the earth. That was done by the limestone. The last subject on this head he mentioned was the gas which we burned, and when that got to the oxygen of the air what did they think came forth of it? All the seas and rivers of the earth were caused by the gas joining with the air. With charcoal added, all wood was produced, and thus all the wood and water of the earth—all the soul and body of it—might be said to be mingling with those dead elements. He did not know whether the subject he had just been considering was tiresome to them, but he hoped that it had not been so. Well, he had next to speak of the metals. Carbonic acid (or charcoal joined with the soul of the earth), added to lime, formed limestone. Well, lime was nothing but the rust of a metal. They had all been troubled about rust as being an emblem of decay, but it was not only an emblem of decay—it was an emblem of resurrection as well. The earth of clay, as well as that of lime, which, when mixed with various other ingredients, formed this habitable ground, or world, was also the rust of a metal; and the breath of the earth joining with the cold metals produced a thing that was a blessing to man. He now came to a point which he wished to speak to them specially about, and that was the peculiar colour that was of immense importance as expressive of life—that was the gold colour. They might often be led astray by the discoveries of new colours and the production of extraordinary effects, some in one way and some in another way; but he knew that a great many of the best effects of Titian were produced by simple means. He would endeavour to make them understand

how Nature made the earth convenient for us, and she wanted to make it comfortable as well. Nature made the earth agreeable to us, and then she painted it; and in doing so, she used one of the metals with her soul put into it: she took iron, put her soul into it, and then produced a beautiful colour. If they were long in a perfectly white country or chalk country, where there was not much vegetation, they would find that that white was not good for the eyes; and that would especially be the case if the white was of an opaque kind. It was necessary it should be mixed, and not very pure. When mixed it was always ugly, in the form of dust, but that was not so when in the form of crystals. After remarking that the old red brick was the grand thing for architecture, he observed that if they were at the quarries of Carrara they would find the work there hotter and harder work than drawing was here. Very well: Nature did not want to leave those things too white for them; and what did she do to effect her object? She took the rust of iron, and with it painted and coloured the rocks—some red, some golden, and so on. And they would remember what Shakespeare said:

Come unto these yellow sands.

And these effects were produced because Nature used the despised rust of iron, and with it accomplished the object she had in view. Well, not only did Nature do that, but she provided one of the most precious stones in every sense—that was the agate. He would stop to tell them how precious agates were. Nearly all precious stones were precious because of their rarity. But this agate was precious, not simply from its rarity, but on account of its own beauty; it was an exquisite thing to witness the precision with which the lines were drawn, and a subject of endless entertainment and wonder how it all was done—liquid colour, as it were, thrown into solid colour—all that was in the agate, of which the jasper was a component part, or the Scotch pebbles. All these had the patterns in them, which were painted chiefly with this rust of iron—that is to say, iron with the soul added to it, material strength with the breathing soul. But it was not only a yellow colour they got from this true gold of the earth. After noticing that he had introduced sulphur as being very useful in drawing, he said the best black they could use—at least, the black that was most useful to mankind in general—was, he supposed, ink; and if they used the pen well in blackening paper with ink, they ought to be able to produce as good a picture as anything they could in any other colour. Ink had had rather an influence in this modern world of ours. And what was ink? It was sulphuric acid joined with oxide of iron. The metal or the iron being essential, and the air, the soul, being essential—that produced the ink. Let them think of that when they used it, and take care that they did not waste it. It struck him that printer's ink was made with lampblack, and not with gall or sulphur. Then that which the author wrote with, and which the painter used, had the iron and the soul of the earth in it; but that which the printer used had no soul in it—it was mere charcoal. Well, iron was the best yellow and it was the best black. It was a very fair blue; but it was especially a beautiful blue in nature, as well as a beautiful yellow. Well, he supposed that in these days of fast travelling they would sooner or later take trips to Scotland or Wales, and they would remember that they had heard of their blue mountains. But those mountains were not blue merely because they were far off. They would find that nearly all the Welsh and Scotch hills were composed of

tenderly grey stones. The rock itself was blue, and that was owing to the presence of the iron. Then, again, let them just think what was the most precious red pigment in the world? what was the most precious red? Some of them might think that it was the Tyrian purple, others that it was oxide of gold, while some of the poetically-minded might think it was the ruby. But not any of these was the most precious red pigment. What red had we Englishmen written with, on the walls of Sebastopol, and on the other fortifications of tyranny, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther"? That was the most precious red—a permanent red, too, he trusted. Well, that red of the blood which rose, "glowing all over noble shame," in the cheeks of true men when the war was terminated without the work being fully done—that glorious red was all owing to the same things of which he had been speaking. The iron entered into the soul in a different sense from that commonly received. All men had iron as they had life in them; it was essential to the blood of the earth—it was a necessary element. That great colouring substance was used by Nature, and he hoped they might use it also, in another way than they ever used it in the highest kind of painting; and the kind of painting they most wanted in London was painting cheeks red with health.

So, then, to sum up the matter, this is the lesson they had to learn from the chemistry of their drawing materials. They found that all the best of them are composed of some metal united with the air—that part of the air also, he should have told them, which was most essential to their own life. Ink owes its blackness to iron and sulphur, united with the air. Black chalk and white chalk are peculiar metals (which formed the bases of clay and lime), united with charcoal and the air. And the great and most useful body of the yellow and red and brown ochres were simply iron united with the air. So, then, they might receive all this as a symbol continually before their eyes of what their art must be if it was good. It must be made of iron, with the air; strength and perseverance, with soul. The imagination and spiritual part was useless without the iron of perseverance; much worse was the perseverance useless without the living breath of the soul. Let them take care, therefore, not to stint the labour; take greater care not to sell the soul. This, then, being the lesson they had to learn from the least things they dealt with, there was another lesson to be learned from one of the greatest things they had to do—from the nature of composition.

There was another word he wanted to say to them, and that was the more solemn lesson to be got out of the great principles of composition which they were taught in the school. The first law of composition was that there should be a difference in the ingredients; it was important to learn this, that all composition depended on the difference of the things they were going to get into it. It might be necessary that two qualities of a thing should more or less resemble or balance one another; but composition was to make the things a united whole. In music there were loud and low notes, and long and short notes, and all in their places were fitted together so as to produce something more beautiful than any could by themselves produce, for no repetition of the single notes could effect what the association of notes did. Then this was applicable throughout all composition, that before you compose a thing you must get difference in it. A kindly nature would have us live together happily and in peace, and without wrestling and contending together; but it was difficult to do that. And so in every ornamental work

we were engaged in this fact came out, that God intended there should be different places, and different forms and magnitudes to occupy those places.

Our English constitution and education stimulated us each one to advance as far as he could, both in service to himself and to others, in what he might consider advantageous to himself. So he would say to those he addressed, let them take the highest places if they found those most suited for them; let them strive to excel their fellow-students, and, doing nothing to repress others, advance their own class; but let them not be discontented, though it might seem hard in Nature or in Art to take a less or lower place. In doing the part that was assigned them, let them follow complete harmony in the position in which they were placed. In six lines written by that poet, who, though not a popular poet of the present day, and not a passionate poet, yet, when any logical truth was to be expressed, was the most accurate of all writers—Pope*—in those lines he would say:—

“Such is the world’s great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things.”

It was not the mere order; not mere symmetry, nor order; not the mere union, but the consent, the willing union, the agreeing to live together, the “union, full consent of things.”

“Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, bless’d.”

V.

THE PRESERVATION OF ITALIAN PICTURES.†

MR. RUSKIN addressed the meeting after Mr. Layard had concluded, and gave eloquent confirmation to all Mr. Layard had said of the progress of destruction among the great mural monuments of Italian art. He impressed on the meeting the facts, first, that fresco preserved to us the best thoughts of the greatest painters. Secondly, he pointed out that this work was just that which could be reproduced with best effect by chromolithography and outline. Then he dwelt on the peculiar danger to which such works were exposed, and the duty that lay upon us to save, if we could, these records of a time when art and literature were the only exponents of men’s best thoughts and noblest energies. If any of us, walking in the street, saw a picture flung into the carriage-way, who would not pick up the dishonoured canvas and set its face to the wall for safety? Still more, if we saw a man so flung under the horses’ hoofs, and if he called to us, and said he had to impart some truth he believed it of import for men to know, would we leave him to die and carry his thought to the grave? Even so Italy is calling to us to save these relics of her greater and happier time from that dissolution through which she herself must pass to what of new life may be in store for her. He did not believe the Arundel Society would be deaf to her appeal.

* Essay on Man, vv. 295-300.

† Observations made by Mr. Ruskin after an address given by Mr. (now Sir Austin) Layard before the Arundel Society, in June 1857.

VI.

ARCHITECTURAL CARVINGS.*

[South Kensington Museum, January 12th, 1858.]

MR. RUSKIN (who, on rising to address the audience, was received with great cheering) said he felt it to be a matter of the greatest gratification to himself to be associated in any way with the efforts which had inaugurated the institution on behalf of which they had assembled—the Architectural Museum—and which had brought that institution to the position which it now occupied in the most suitable building in which they were then assembled. He felt that most deeply; but he also felt it more deeply that they were permitted to meet that evening under the auspices and presidency of the venerable Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy—one of the most graceful and distinguished designers in the school of classical architecture—a style distinguished for grace and beauty of design. He felt this the more deeply, because he knew that the Professor of Architecture could not countenance some of those things which he (Mr. Ruskin) might have audaciously, or perhaps ignorantly, advanced, either in the impulsive haste of a young man, or in a state of mind in which he referred to things which he felt to be false and evil, and where that was not perceived which was associated with the right, the wise, and the good. He knew that Professor Cockerell had much to forgive him, and he felt his forgiveness, though he could not adequately give expression to it; he could not tell them exactly how he felt about Professor Cockerell's kindness that night, and so he was desirous to proceed at once with the main business in hand. And that business, he regretted to say, had proved, on his own part, somewhat of a failure. And yet he was not so sorry for that, for he often found that things which took a long time in doing were much better than those which were done at once, and might, at first sight, appear to be of a prosperous character. There was oftentimes some unforeseen difficulty to surmount, some unexpected and revengeful Nemesis in the state of human things to thwart and interfere. If a thing began too swimmingly, and flourished to a great extent at first, it very often happened that it did not go on prosperously. A little difficulty, or even failure at first, was much better than premature success, in order to carry out any long or great effort with a success which should be beneficial and permanent.

In this way disappointments had acted as corrections, so as to make men cautious, and taught them to go on unweariedly in the face of difficulty and of apparent disappointment, to the successful issue of effort and ambition. Now, he must confess that he had met with considerable disappointment in reference to the prize which he had offered for the best specimen of stone-carving; and he was afraid that he had been the instrument of doing injury to some persons to whom it was his ardent wish to do good. He hoped it might not be so, but he would explain the circumstances under which they were then assembled. It was not, strictly speaking, a prize that was to be delivered that evening, but some reward in

* From the *Building News*, January 22nd, 1858. Also reported more briefly in the *Builder* of January 16th, 1858, under the title, "Opening Meeting of the Architectural Museum." These remarks are referred to in the note to the first lecture ("Conventionalism in Art") in the "Two Paths," where, however, the *Building News* is miscalled *Building Chronicle*.

the way of compensation to two intelligent workmen for the loss of time they had endured, and the labour they had sustained; and which, he believed, was much more owing to his fault than to theirs. The circumstances of the case were shortly these :—He felt, in common with many persons interested in the progress of architecture at the present day, that a building differed from all other works of art: that it was the work of many instead of one; and he thought that that was one of the most essential differences between architecture and all other arts. Whatever was done in the other arts was done by a single hand operating under the influence of a single mind; but in architecture there were many hands, all operating in the service of one single mind, that guided them all in their operations. Now, he did not think that that should be so. He thought that if they brought many hands to bear on a subject, they should bring the heart and the brain to bear upon it also; he thought that for every hand they occupied they should also engage the heart—that they should call forth the value of the heart, and the whole value of the man, as well as the value of his manual labour. If they paid a man for his time and labour, they should also pay him for his thought, for spirit, for heart, and for all he did in the promotion of art. The result would be great advantages to art, and that they would get from the workmen all that they could desire, and they in their turn would be benefited thereby. In this way, much good would be done to the art itself, and to the men employed in it. It appeared to him that for a long time we had wholly neglected these peculiar characteristics of architecture; it seemed to have been the general notion that the idea he had shadowed forth was an impracticable one—was an idea which could not be carried out successfully. It had seemed to us that only one ruling mind should be employed in the construction of a building, and that all the inferior workmen should only bring in the subsidiary aid of their dexterity and skill in manual labour. Did they not see that, whether a man were skilful or not, the best part of him was always thought; the most interesting part of a man, and that which we most always like to get at, was thought; and we did not gain by refusing to take any part of his thought? It would, in his opinion, be better if, instead of making some parts of a building entirely uninteresting, and such that they could not bring the superior mind of the architect to bear upon them, they allowed mind amongst the workmen to bear upon all the subordinate parts of the building—if they left parts for the development and expression of the intelligence of the workmen, by which means they would both educate their minds and bind the whole building into a true and sublime expression of the mind and soul of the multitude. In order to gain the accomplishment of this object it was, of course, necessary that the workman should be accustomed to express himself in stone; and as it was one of the objects of the Committee of the Architectural Museum, so was it one of his objects, to ascertain exactly where the English art workmen were at the present time, to ascertain precisely what they could do, and what they understood by expressing themselves with the chisel, so that they might open up the minds of the workmen, and develop their executive skill and intellect in dealing with the inferior and subordinate departments of a building. He was wishful to see what field there was in this department, and what mind there was amongst the artisans in the department, in the wish to set the crowd of workmen free, and to ascertain what amount of beauty and of truth could be imparted by the workmen to the inferior portions and departments of a building. Accordingly, in 1855, he offered a prize for a small capital of original

design. For that prize there were five competitors. Working carvers were more accustomed to carve capitals than anything else ; one of the carvings offered in the competition was very beautiful, and he had great delight and pleasure in giving a prize for it. Last year he offered a prize for a carved panel, and, with the view of making the test more complete and satisfactory, he requested that it should give a representation of some historical event that had taken place during the year.

He knew that our workmen read the papers, that they were interested in and acquainted with all the leading events in the history of the nation, and that the means he had adopted would bring their intellect out ; and he was under the impression that the opportunity which he had offered them would have induced them, in the spirit of pride, to take advantage of that opportunity, in order to display their talent and facility in that peculiar department of art. But he was sorely disappointed, for there were only two competitors for the prize which he offered. Two zealous and intelligent workmen, however, had produced pieces of sculpture, each of which he should not think unworthy of a prize or acknowledgment of merit, although neither of the productions had come up to what he should have desired to see ; but the failure might, in a great measure, have been his fault, in not having explained to those who intended to compete the great principles upon which stone-carving in architecture was based. As he had not done so on a previous occasion, he wished that night to state distinctly what he meant, so that hereafter there might be no mistake, and that workmen might waste neither time nor talent in competing for the prize which he offered for the best specimen of stone-carving. He was afraid that the two competitors for the prize which he offered this year would not be very well pleased, neither of them receiving the prize which he offered, and both receiving lectures instead. He, however, begged their pardon, their patience and forbearance.*

On the Restoration of Ancient Churches.

SUCH readers of this journal as have devoted time to the study of those parts of Ruskin's writings which deal with architecture and archæology cannot fail to have noticed his passionate denunciation of the restoration of ancient churches. But though Mr. Ruskin has criticised restoration with an eloquence of which he alone is capable, and though a society has been formed for the protection of ancient buildings, the work of destruction still goes on. It is not, indeed, in the hope of adding anything like an original contribution to a great controversy, but rather in the belief that—to use a Tennysonian simile—there is no rock so hard but a wave may beat admission in a thousand years, that I have ventured to raise my voice in the chorus of lamentation and protest which is led by John Ruskin and William Morris.

In setting out, we may at once allow that repair of some sort is absolutely necessary to ancient buildings. Not even piles of stone

* Mr. Ruskin then proceeded to read the paper on "Conventionalism in Art," published as Lecture I. of "The Two Paths."

remain unchanged in this ever-changing universe: the hardest rocks go down before the wear-and-tear of ages. In the face of public opinion it is impossible to let our national churches crumble into heaps of dust, though such an inactivity would be less deplorable than the zeal which is responsible for restoration. To get an adequate idea of the evils attending the process, let us ask ourselves, "How *are* churches restored, and why?" The answer will not be difficult, for it means simply an appeal to facts. I will afterwards attempt to arrange the ideas of others so as to form a reply to the question—"How *should* churches be repaired?"

The churches of England are restored for three reasons. Firstly, because they are dangerous or unsightly; secondly, because they are ill adapted to the Anglican ritual; and thirdly, because it is considered desirable to complete some early plan which has been laid aside in the course of time. Now, it is obvious that the fact that a church is dangerous is quite sufficient to justify repair. Human lives are of more consequence than Gothic towers, and there are some hard practical reasons which outweigh all æsthetic or archæological considerations. Renovation is, then, here not merely justifiable, but, in fact, essential. This, however, is the only reason which makes restoration a virtue: no simple feeling that a church is not so handsome as the local builder and contractor could make it, no mere desire to complete some original plan, justifies us in laying hands on the shrines which are the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of our forefathers. In the second case, where the church does not adapt itself well to ritual (as, for example, the absence of a chancel or side chapels), we are presented with a wholly different aspect of the affair. Here the building is attacked, not because foundations dug by Norman serfs under a Norman priest at last refuse to bear the mountain mass which has rested on them for centuries, but because the village priest has no place in which his choir can sing, or no chapel in which to perform his week-day service. The good man suddenly thinks he will enlarge his chancel or extend a transept. Already, doubtless, his weekly discourse has gained for him the title of the New Solomon, and now he wishes to emulate the work of the Judean ruler as a temple-builder. But money is necessary for building, and in order to obtain it, a committee of ladies is called, who are in their turn seized with the restoration mania, which, like other ills, is contagious. The ladies in question commence the production of "articles useful and ornamental," some of the latter being the wonder of innocent people and the horror of the *dilettanti*. When at length enough has been done with needle and cotton, the

stage-carpenter is called in and instructed to convert the largest room in the place into "The Piazza, Venice, for six days only." And then the fair girls of the parish, dressed as picture-book Venetians, sell raffle-tickets in the porch of St. Mark's, and button-holes under the arcade of the Ducal Palae. So it happens that a work begun with a deplorable, though doubtless honest motive, is carried out in frivolity, and ends in the ruin of a church built when architecture was a living art, and to which time has added a dignity which only time can bestow. Now, I am far from blaming the zeal of a clergyman for the fitness of his church for the service he conducts in it: speaking for myself, I should be only too glad to see every inch of wall-space glowing with fresco, and every altar laden with a noble masterpiece. The simple addition of removable ornaments of a suitable character is a practice to which nobody could object, on architectural grounds at all events. But against all changes in the structure of an ancient church because it is ill adapted to modern requirements, or in order to carry out some early plan, a most vigorous protest should be made. The history of England is to some extent written in the stones of her churches. Only beneath the vault of some Gothic temple, only as we watch the rigid effigy of some old knight on his tomb, only as we gaze at some jewel-studded window of other times, do we feel to the full the reality of the past. Not even the genius of Carlyle can make us appreciate to the same extent that the past was once the present. If we cannot add to the vaulted library, we can at least hand down the colossal volumes untouched by the hand of the vandal. But perhaps you are practical, and are asking "What is the clergyman to do? He must have a chancel for his choir, and if he does not add one to his church where is his choir to sing?" I would reply that he had better wait till he can build a new church, or let his choir sing in his family pew, or (as Ruskin might suggest) beneath the blue vault of heaven, than make an addition to his church which will be a lie and a farce. If, indeed, an addition must be made, let it be frankly modern, let it not be a mechanical imitation of some ancient work of which no noble imitation is possible. By this means we shall at least be guilty of no fraud: we may, indeed, be performing a duty by building work which will, in its turn, become historical. "There are two duties respecting national architecture," says Ruskin, "which it is impossible to overrate: the first, to render the architecture of the day historical; and the second, to preserve as the most precious of inheritances that of past ages." *

* "Seven Lamps of Architecture." Fifth ed., 1886. Aphorism 27, page 178.

architect has no thought for the morrow, just as he has no reverence for the past! Of all forms of selfishness and self-gratification, this system of crushing out the story of bygone centuries in order to suit present convenience is, perhaps, the vilest and the meanest. In this much-vaunted age, we are every day depriving unborn generations of the advantage of study of the works of the past: we give them instead our own miserable imitations, which are as square blocks of marble to an Athenian sculpture.

A perfectly scandalous example of vandalism at St. Albans should be mentioned. The ancient slype has been knocked to pieces in an utterly ruthless fashion, and the fragments have been inserted "as curiosities" in the new structure which takes its place, and in the wall near the great window of the south transept.* Would that St. Albans were an isolated example of the ruin which is wrought by restoration! If a man of culture like Lord Grimthorpe can produce such a state of things as exists in this august church, what is to be expected of the ordinary country vicar with a pack of Philistines at his back? At the risk of being tedious, I must give a few particulars as to the extent to which restoration has been carried in England during the last hundred years. At Canterbury, the northern tower was rebuilt in 1834. In 1840 York Minster received a new roof. At Durham, to use the words of Mr. Tristram, "frightful acts of vandalism were perpetrated" in 1844-5. At Winchester, the altar screen has just been supplied with a new set of statues. The wooden towers at Lincoln were removed in 1807, and we are told by Canon Venables that this was the result "of an ill-judged attempt to secure symmetry." A radical restoration is still in progress at Lichfield. A writer in the *Builder* tells us "that no architect has been employed, and, apparently, the new figures (in the west front) have been placed, in most cases, with but little regard to any comprehensive system." Sir Gilbert Scott lived to complete a "thorough restoration" at Hereford. Worcester is to all intents (externally) a new church. Sir Gilbert Scott had a free hand at Christ Church, Oxford. He has also rebuilt the spire at Chichester, and "partly remodelled" Rochester Cathedral. The new work at Salisbury has cost £40,000; while at Bath £35,000 has been spent, and £13,000 has been used in restoring the famous west front at Wells. Peterborough is still being operated upon. Chester is practically a new church. The restoration of Ely was completed in 1879. A vast sum has been spent at Exeter. The lady chapel

* Cassell's "Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches," 1889. *Vide* "St. Albans."

at Gloucester is to be undertaken as soon as funds will allow the other parts of the church have already been "beautified" by Sir Gilbert Scott. At Bristol the western tower was completed a year ago, and a restoration of Westminster Abbey is still in progress.

Such are a few facts as to the restoration of the great churches of England. I do not say that in some of these cases repair was not necessary, that discretion has not been occasionally used, but I believe it to be a fact that the average result has been a serious injury to the fabric restored. The defenders of restoration are never tired of bringing in the work of the past in adding to and repairing churches as a precedent for their own practices. But as a matter of fact the principle on which the old Gothic builders worked when employed on an existing edifice was a wholly different one from that upon which contemporary architects proceed. They put on the new piece *as a new piece*; they cared nothing about making it uniform with the old; they added their own style to a former style, but they did not produce a wretched *pot-pourri*. When they wanted to build a new nave in the place of an existing one, they frankly accepted the situation and boldly began the new work, unfettered with the idea that they should flatter what was originally there by imitating it. The power of genius, not that of imitation, was the power which guided them. The situation may be summarised by an extract from a recent memorandum of the Society of Antiquaries of London:—"The Society does not overlook the necessity of adapting the buildings to the wants of the present day, but it contends that the greatest part of the mischief that has been done to our churches has not added to the convenience of the buildings, which is in no way aided by destroying the more recent portions of a church and rebuilding them in a style which imitates the older portions. New work to suit new wants, and not pretending to be older than it is, will carry on the history of the building in the same manner as did the old, and the Society has no wish to prevent that from being done. It only urges that the ancient record should not be wiped out to make room for the new, nor falsified by making the new a servile imitation of the old. Uniformity of style was rarely a characteristic of our old churches; and a part of the building is to be judged, not by its conformity to this or that style, but by its fitness for its place and for the work it has to do. It is feared that the use of the word 'restoration' has been the cause of much mischief, and has made men think that the destruction of the later features of a building is a gain by itself; and the Society therefore urges that these later features are just as important in

the history of the building as the older, for it is by them that its continuous history is recorded. To replace them by modern imitations of the earlier work not only destroys so much of the record, but discredits what is allowed to remain, by confusing it with that which is not what it professes to be."

There remains to be noticed another very grave and ruinous practice which results from the "beautifying" of churches. Monuments and painted glass, inscribed slabs from tombs, early brasses, paving tiles, old pulpits and fonts, and other antiquarian objects, are cleared out of the churches because it is found that they do not harmonise with the new plan. Curious communion plate and altar tables are sold (too frequently without a faculty, notwithstanding that such a course is illegal). During the recent restoration of Stratford-on-Avon church it was stated that a monument directly connected with the history of the Shakespeare family was left exposed to rain and frost in the churchyard for months.* The case of the slype at St. Albans has already been alluded to. A whole series of brasses in a Derbyshire church, which were copied by Mr. A. H. Brown in 1875, appear to be missing.† A fine tablet has disappeared from St. Mary's, Rougham, Bury St. Edmunds. A grand slab at East Horndon has been torn up from the floor and set in the wall. It was broken into four pieces at the time. The present vicar happily has no sympathy with the *cacoëthes* of improvement, so the monument will be well cared for. The brasses at St. John's, Maddermarket, Norwich, are completely ruined by being fastened to walls, the lime of which has burnt out the engraving on the metal. But, indeed, these examples might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. I have quoted them only as samples of a great mass, which, if collected, would in itself constitute a colossal indictment against restoration and restorers.

So much for what has been done. The futility of crying over spilt milk is proverbial :—

"It is a good and soothfast saw—
Half-roasted never will be raw.
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock new-shapen by the wheel.
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor 'Now,' by wishing, back to 'Then.'"

The highest service which the past can render us is the service of giving us stars by which to steer into the dim future. There happily remain churches which have not yet had to undergo the

* Since writing the above, the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon has informed me that this has not been the case in his time.

† Letter to the *Standard*, September 17th, 1889.

humiliating experience which has rendered so many of our island temples subjects for deep sorrow and sincere regret. But the already far too small number is decreasing year by year. Against the "restoration" of any of these the whole English people should speak with no uncertain voice. But there are cases in which repair is undoubtedly necessary, if the churches are not to fall into ruin. If proper care had been taken of the churches year by year, the necessity for "thorough" renovation could never have arisen. "A few sheets of lead put in time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a watercourse, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation; count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid; better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly and reverently and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. Its evil day must come at last; but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonouring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory." Those wise words from "The Lamp of Memory," the sixth of the "Seven Lamps," contain the only Church Restoration principles which will gain the respect of the future. They alone are perfectly honest, facing a difficulty boldly, treating the past with reverence, dealing with the present without selfishness, and looking with foresight into the future. They are not heroic, but they are solidly useful. They sound well in theory; put them into practice, and it will be found that they sound no better than they work. Where new works are about to be undertaken, let restoration mean neither more nor less than this—that measures are being taken to keep the fabric together. Let no old niches be filled up with new statues; let no old tracery be patched up with new; for between the old and new there will be the difference between life and death. The old sculptor-builder worked with his heart, his head, and his hands; the new uses the last, and forgets the other two. To make old carving uniform with new is impossible. The new may have been wrought with the cunning of a master; the old has been worked at for centuries by the greatest of masters—Time. We may not, perhaps, have much for our money; we shall beyond doubt have our money's worth. But we shall have a reward which shall excel all present recompense—a reward which may well afford us the joys of anticipation. When the future is the present—when we have passed off the stage, and a new company

of players are in our places—our age will be considered an age of sagacity and foresight. It shall be said of us, that if we had not the genius to create great monuments, we had at least the wisdom to conserve them. If, on the other hand, we continue the victims of a wild mania for restoration, our children and our children's children will look upon us with the pity and contempt which are the just deserts of folly and selfishness.

CHARLES T. J. HIATT.

The "Return to Nature."

THE "Return to Nature" is a theme which, in one form or another—notably in the various traditions of a past Golden Age—has from time immemorial exercised a powerful attraction on the minds of poets and idealists. Considered more especially as a modern movement, it is commonly, and rightly, associated in its origin with the name of one man—Rousseau. It was in Rousseau that the study of natural scenery and natural instinct, released at length from the thralldom of mediæval superstition, which had for centuries laid its ban on wild nature as the supposed ally and stronghold of the Evil One, found its pre-ordained champion and evangelist. It was he who first, among eighteenth-century philosophers, transformed and elevated what had hitherto been at best but a pious opinion, or a poet's fancy, into a religious creed, a deliberate ethical conviction. His strong insistence on the superiority of the country life, at a time when culture and intelligence were assumed to be inseparable from the city; his thrilling descriptions of mountains, forests, waterfalls, and the great forces of nature, in an age when wildness was held to be almost synonymous with deformity; his rapturous praise of simplicity in education, dress, diet, manners, and the whole system of living, when society was steeped in every sort of artificiality and self-indulgence—this it was that marked the commencement of a new spirit of reverential sympathy with nature, a passionate appeal from the conventional to the innate, which was one of the most characteristic features of the revolutionary era, and was destined to have momentous consequences for European politics and literature. Of nature-worshippers in general there had been many instances before the days of Rousseau; but of the "return to nature," in this particular sense of a desire for natural living and natural freedom, he was beyond doubt the earliest, the most enthusiastic, and the most successful advocate.

The influence of Rousseau, in the direction of greater simplicity

and naturalness, showed itself in many branches of English thought. Wordsworth and the Lake school owed much to him; Godwin, Shelley, and the revolutionary writers no less; while the "poet-naturalists" of a later period, among whom Thoreau, Richard Jefferies, and Edward Carpenter are the most prominent examples, must be considered his lineal descendants in their treatment of all problems relating to the comparative merits of nature and civilisation. However crude some of his arguments may now appear, in comparison with the more elaborate reasoning of his successors, it must be recognised that the propagation of a distinctive gospel of Simplicity dates unmistakably from Rousseau's "Discourses." "Simplification of religion," says his biographer,* "by clearing away the overgrowth of errors, simplification of social relations by equality, of literature and art by constant return to Nature, of manners by industrious homeliness and thrift—this is the revolutionary process and ideal, and it is the secret of Rousseau's hold over a generation that was lost amid the broken maze of fallen systems."

And here, at the outset, we must face that crucial question, which it is so much easier to ask than to answer—what is nature? What is the natural as contrasted with the civilised state? It is said that Lord Ellenborough, hearing an advocate descant on some principle which, he said, was written "in the book of nature," inquired, with imperturbable gravity, "On what page?" The vagueness of the sense in which such terms are used is universally admitted; and that in this particular instance the complaint is an old one, may be judged from Rousseau's observation that "we cannot without surprise and disgust remark how little the different authors agree who have treated this important subject."

It may well be doubted, however, whether it is possible to avoid some indefiniteness of this kind; certainly Rousseau's own definition of the "state of nature" is not conclusive. "It is by no means a slight undertaking," he avows, "to distinguish properly between what is originally natural, and what is artificial, in the actual constitution of man; to form a just notion of a state which exists no longer, perhaps never did exist, and probably never will; and of which it is nevertheless necessary to have just ideas in order to form a proper judgment of our present state."† In other words, the "state of nature" is an ideal, and not a fact; it cannot (so much must be admitted) be defined with any approach to logical or verbal precision. Yet the difficulty lies more in the

* "Rousseau," by John Morley, i. 5.

† Preface to "Discourse on the Inequality of Mankind."

expression than in the thing itself, for it is certain that there *is* a reality behind the concept of nature, as behind that of civilisation, though it is equally impossible to limit either the one or the other by any strictly-drawn line.

In an early passage of his "Emilius," Rousseau describes man's nature as his "original dispositions,"—that is, the intuitive promptings of his likes and dislikes before habit has enslaved them. The essential goodness and innocence of these primitive tendencies form the cardinal point of his creed. "Let us lay it down as an incontestable maxim," he says, "that the first emotions of nature are always right; there is no original perversity in the human heart"; and elsewhere, "*Men* are naturally wicked; *man*, however, is naturally good." It is in this idealisation of the unsophisticated man within the sophisticated,—in this appeal to the emotional rather than the purely argumentative faculty,—that we find the key to a right understanding of the ethical doctrines which may be conveniently summed up under the title of the "return to nature." We shall see, as we proceed, how later writers have largely developed and strengthened the views of which Rousseau was the first exponent; but this is the one central conviction that underlies them all. "Old as the world is," says Walt Whitman, "and beyond statement as are the countless and splendid results of its culture and evolution, perhaps the best and earliest and purest intuitions of the human race have yet to be developed."

"Civilisation," be it noted, is itself as loose and indefinable a term as "nature"; the attempts to formulate and classify it have been singularly infelicitous and inconsistent. Guizot describes it as "an improved condition of man, resulting from the establishment of social order in place of the individual independence and lawlessness of the savage or barbarous life"; Buckle as "the triumph of mind over external agents"; Bancroft* as "a progressional principle"; Mill† as "the capacity for co-operation"; Mitchell‡ as "a complicated outcome of a war waged with Nature by man in society, to prevent her from putting into execution her law of natural selection." The sheer impossibility of giving it any comprehensive and logical definition is frankly avowed by Sir J. Lubbock and Professor Max Müller. "Every generation," says the latter writer, "is apt to consider the measure of comfort which it has reached as indispensable to civilised life, but very often

* "Native Races of the Pacific."

† "Dissertations and Discussions."

‡ "The Past in the Present."

what is called civilised to-day may be called barbarous to-morrow. . . . For carrying out the chief objects of our life on earth, very little of what is now called civilisation is really wanted." *

In the discussion of this subject much confusion is caused by the fact that, in common parlance, civilisation is often assumed to be identical with progress—an assumption which tacitly evades the very point which is at issue. But when civilisation is considered more precisely as the state which is the opposite of that of savagery, it is admitted, even by its warmest eulogists, to carry with it certain undeniable disadvantages of its own. Since the time when Rousseau paradoxically asserted that "cities are the graves that swallow up the human race," there has been a growing sense of the many and far-reaching evils that result from man's desertion of nature and the instincts of nature, and a growing inclination to regard the so-called "civilised state" less as the final aim of human endeavour, than as a temporary phase, which is itself destined to be in turn exhausted and abandoned. "Civilisation," says Bancroft, "has its vices as well as its virtues; savagism has its advantages as well as its demerits."

What, then, are these advantages of the savage state as compared with the civilised? It is to be regretted that Rousseau, while eloquently declaiming in praise of a natural life, did not specify more particularly the causes of this preference; but, as his biographer has remarked, he "lacked logical persistency enough to enable him to adhere to his own idea, and work out conclusions from it." Nevertheless he indicated, if only in outline, the theory which his successors have more fully developed—viz., that uncivilised man, whatever his inferiority in other respects, possesses, what the lower animals also possess, a greater unity and instinctive inner healthfulness. "The savage," he says, "lives within himself, while the citizen constantly lives beside himself, studying only how to live in the opinion of others"; and elsewhere he insists on the physical advantage of the uncivilised state, that "of having all our forces constantly at our disposal, of being always prepared for every event, and carrying oneself, as it were, perpetually whole and entire about one." This is the main ground on which a nature-student of our own time has based a most powerful indictment of the evils consequent on civilisation. "It is a temporary perversion," he says, "indicating the disunion of the present-day man—the disunion of the outer self from the inner—the horrible dual self-consciousness, which is the means ultimately of a more perfect and conscious unity than

* *Nineteenth Century*, 1875.

could ever have been realised without it—the death that is swallowed up in victory.”*

If this theory be correct, that disease—one of the apparently inevitable conditions of what we call civilised life—is the corruption by self-consciousness (necessary perhaps, but painful and degrading while it lasts), of the natural primitive unity, then we can understand how it is that there are certain qualities, of physical hardihood and moral innocence, in regard to which the civilised man may well envy the uncivilised. The “noble savage,” as every one knows, is a personage who has been, and probably will long continue to be, the subject of the widest differences of opinion, which may be supported, on either side, by the divergent testimony of travellers and anthropologists. But it seems almost impossible to resist the conclusion that the wild races, on the whole, were (and, in some cases, still are) more healthy than the civilised, and that the savage, as one of his vindicators has expressed it, “lived more in harmony with himself and with nature than does his descendant; his impulses, both physical and social, were clearer and more unhesitating; and his unconsciousness of inner sin and discord a great contrast to our modern condition of everlasting strife and perplexity.”

This being so, must we not admit, with Montaigne, that the term *savage* (in its secondary sense of ferocious) is an absurd misnomer, as applied in particular to the uncivilised tribes? “They are savages,” says Montaigne, “at the same rate as we say fruits are ‘wild,’ which Nature produces of herself and by her own ordinary progress; whereas in truth we ought rather to call those ‘wild’ whose natures we have changed by our artifice.”

It is to be understood, then, that the return to nature is simply a relapse into mere animalism and savagery? “No one,” wrote Voltaire to Rousseau, in reference to the “Discourse on Inequality,” “has ever employed so much intellect in trying to make us beasts; it makes one long to walk on four paws when one reads your book.” It must be admitted that Rousseau’s earlier essays lent some point to this sarcasm, which has long proved to be the most serviceable weapon of the champions of civilisation. In the “Discourse on the Arts and Sciences,” noting the fact that the highest culture has often preceded the worst social decay, he paradoxically attributes the one to the other, as effect to cause; and again, in the “Discourse on Inequality,” he throughout speaks regretfully of the natural state as being preferable to that which displaced it,—“it has cost us not a little,” he opines, “to make ourselves so miserable

* “Civilisation : its Cause and Cure,” by Edward Carpenter.

as we are." But, at the same time, he indicates plainly that he was under no delusions as to the possibility of any actual return to this primitive condition, his view of social history (very fully expressed in the second "Discourse") being that of a gradual progression out of barbarism to civilisation. In his later writings he clearly safeguards himself against any further misconstruction. "There is a great deal of difference," he remarks in *Emilius*, "between the natural man in a state of solitude, and the natural man in a state of society"; and, again, "In departing ourselves from a state of nature we oblige all our fellow-creatures to do the like; no one can remain there in spite of the rest." In the "Social Contract" there is still further testimony to the same effect. But for the abuses of the new state, he says, man would have reason to bless the moment which, "out of a stupid and unthinking animal, made him an intelligent being." It is clear, then, that even Rousseau, the discoverer and most ardent admirer of the "noble savage," did not interpret the proposed "return to nature" in a literal sense; while Thoreau, who has been called "the American Rousseau," with the "poet-naturalists" of a later date, was still more explicit in his disavowal of any such retrogressive tendency.

The question before us, therefore, is not an alternative of modern civilisation on the one hand or primitive savagery on other, but the feasibility of combining, on a still higher plane, the advantages incidental to either mode of life,—a possible solution which seems to have escaped the notice of most writers on anthropology. "If some of the best qualities of the highly civilised," says Sir A. Mitchell,* "are to be detected in the savage, and some of the worst qualities of the savage in the highly civilised—if there are good things common to both, and evil things common to both—if the two conditions are mere degrees of each other—if the same human nature appears in both states—if these things are true, then perhaps there may also be some truth in the saying that 'civilisation is as much the natural state of man as savagism.'" A sounder conclusion would appear to be that both states—that of savagery and that of civilisation—are necessary stages in human development, but that we are destined hereafter to reach a third and altogether higher condition, in which, while retaining the vast intellectual advantages of civilised society, we shall recover what we have now temporarily lost—the self-contained calmness and superb physical vigour of the "noble savage."

It is the tendency of modern scientists to assume that the evils

* "The Past in the Present," by Sir Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D.

of civilisation (for, as we have seen, they admit the existence of such evils) are inseparable from its benefits, and that the civilising process is destined to advance, unmodified and unchecked, until mankind is wholly dependent on artificial contrivances for its shelter and subsistence. There will be no demand, it seems, for physical vigour and hardihood, since science and civilisation will render such qualities superfluous; and the intellectual man of the future will accordingly be "a toothless, hairless, slow-limbed animal, incapable of extended locomotion." The theory of Rousseau and his successors directly traverses this forecast of human development, or rather of human retrogression, and maintains that the future race will be both natural and civilised—civilised in its retention and enjoyment of the self-knowledge which intellectual culture can alone bestow, and natural in its still greater regard for the sacred innocence and healthfulness of unsophisticated instinct. The return to nature is an abandonment, not of the benefits, but of the evils of the civilised state—a reversion, not to the vices, but the virtues of wild natural life.

In what direction, then, and on what lines, is this "return" to be effected? "To natural liberty through natural living" might be taken, perhaps, as the motto and watchword of the movement. Among those primal intuitions on which Rousseau laid such emphasis—those up-wellings from the inner fount of human feeling—none are more strong and frequent and unmistakable than those which prompt us to what is commonly, and not inaptly, called the practice of "natural living." Now, simplification of life has in all ages had its advocates and panegyrists among the more thoughtful and earnest of mankind—it was incidentally preached and practised by Buddhist and Pythagorean, by Stoic and Cynic, by mediæval monk and religious anchorite. But not till comparatively recent years—in fact, as I have already stated, not till the time of Rousseau and the revolutionary epoch—did it begin to acquire its present moral and social significance, and to transform itself from the vagueness of a theme to the coherence of a system. At the very time when modern society is the victim of a plethora of civilisation and artificiality, when we see everywhere a very mania of over-building, over-dressing, over-eating, and the rest of it, there appears a contrary and corrective movement towards a more wholesome and natural mode of life, an unwrapping of the social bonds which are affecting mind and body with the atrophy that results from prolonged artificial restriction.

The affinity of natural living to natural liberty is intimate and

* E. Kay Robinson, in *the Nineteenth Century*, May 1883.

unmistakable. For luxury on the part of one man must necessarily involve some proportional drudgery on the part of another man, since every *plus*, as Mr. Ruskin has expressed it, has its corresponding *minus*. Grand houses, costly furniture, fine clothes, dainty foods—these are things which *some one* must produce (if they are to be produced at all) with labour over and above the labour that is equitable and universal, and the question *who* that some one is, cannot ultimately be evaded. Leisure being an essential condition of liberty, a free people (in any true sense of the term) must dispense with all useless labour and idle self-indulgence; there are no greater oppressors of themselves and their fellows than those who live luxuriously.

Furthermore, simplicity is connected, directly and by its very nature, with individual freedom. The simplification of politics means, ultimately, the abolition of the whole complex machinery of modern government, together with all the arbitrary distinctions of class prejudice and sham respectability; and this is the final goal and consummation of the return to nature. In this matter, as in some few others, the ignoble civilisee must bring himself to learn a lesson from the "noble savage." "I have lived with communities of savages," says Wallace, "in South America, and in the East, who have no laws or law-courts but the public opinion of the village freely expressed. Each man scrupulously respects the rights of his fellows, and any infraction of these rights rarely or never takes place. In such a community all are nearly equal. There are none of those wide distinctions of education and ignorance, wealth and poverty, master and servant, which are the products of civilisation; there is none of that widespread division of labour, which, while it increases wealth, produces also conflicting interests. . . . All incitements to great crimes are thus wanting, and petty ones are repressed partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by that natural sense of justice, and of his neighbour's right, which seems to be in some degree inherent in every race of men. Now, although we have progressed vastly beyond the savage state in intellectual achievements, we have not advanced equally in morals." *

So the ideal of the "return to nature," it will be said, amounts in the end to anarchism! True; but "anarchism," does not imply, at any rate in this connection, those blood-and-thunder doctrines of massacre and violence with which it is too often, and very absurdly associated, any more than "individual freedom," rightly understood, implies a reckless licence of internecine competition

* "Malay Archipelago," ii., 1160.

The "state of nature," viewed from a social and political standpoint, is a return to the old communal habits of primitive times, with the addition of the immense intellectual advantages of culture and self-knowledge. Private property is clearly recognised by Rousseau to be a development of that "civilisation" which is in direct antagonism to nature. "The first person," he says, "who, having enclosed a piece of ground, bethought himself of saying, 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society"; and, again, "From the moment in which it appeared advantageous to any man to possess the quantity of provisions necessary for two, all equality disappeared."

The restoration of equality is one of the crowning objects of the return to nature." Now, there is no phrase in connection with all this topic that has been more criticised, and, I think it may be said, more misunderstood, than that of "natural equality"; it seems to be supposed in some quarters that Rousseau and the "natural" school have been so short-sighted as to overlook the obvious consideration that men are not born equal in physical and intellectual endowments. But, as a matter of fact, this point has never been overlooked by them—indeed, at the very opening of his "Discourse on the Inequality of Mankind," Rousseau is careful to distinguish between physical inequality on the one hand and social inequality on the other, and to show that it is the latter only which is the object of his reprobation. The sense of natural equality—the conviction that it is iniquitous for any man to profit at the expense of his fellows—is instinctive and innate, and cannot possibly be confuted or set aside by a reference to the undeniable but quite irrelevant fact that men vary in strength, and health, and wisdom, and eloquence, and a thousand other particulars. I have quoted Rousseau on this subject; let me here again cite the words of the most recent, and in many respects the ablest, exponent of the gospel of nature.*

"Equality"—in that region all human defects are redeemed; they all find their place. To love your neighbour as yourself is the whole law and the prophets; to feel that you are "equal" with others, that their lives are as your life, that your life is as theirs—even in what trifling degree we may experience such things—is to enter into another life which includes both sides; it is to pass beyond the sphere of moral distinctions, and to trouble oneself no more with them. Between lovers there are no duties and no rights; and in the life of humanity there is only an instinctive

* "Civilisation: its Cause and Cure," by Edward Carpenter.

mutual service expressing itself in whatever way may be best at the time. Nothing is forbidden, there is nothing which may not serve. The law of Equality is perfectly flexible, is adaptable to all times and places, finds a place for all the elements of character, justifies and redeems them all without exception; and to live by it is perfect freedom. Yet not a law: but rather, as said, a new life, transcending the individual life, working through it from within, lifting the self into another sphere, beyond corruption, far over the world of sorrow."

Love is, in fact, the final word of the whole appeal to nature—love has been the inspiration of all the great nature-students, from Rousseau onward. Whatever antagonism may exist between nature and civilisation, there is none between nature and humanity. The human ideal must be sought not in man only, but throughout the great universe of which man is but part; it will be found, as St. Francis and Thoreau found it, in beast, and bird, and reptile, and insect, and in the whole framework of so-called inanimate nature. *Unnatural* is a synonym for *inhuman*; and it is a significant fact that humaneness, in the largest sense of the word, has been one of the distinctive features of the "poet-naturalist" school, who have not loved man the less but nature the more, and have derived from their intimacy with nature an increased sense of sympathy and solidarity with all sentient beings.

This, then, is the purport of the "Return to Nature"—an extension of the ideal of humanity from the narrow limits of mankind, until it embraces life in all its boundless forms and capabilities—a sustained conviction that all social institutions which are alienated from sympathetic intercourse with wild nature are thereby doomed to decadence and disease; that natural instinct is a sacred thing to be studied and revered, not distrusted and suppressed; and that the elaborate "civilisation" of the present era, far from being an end in itself, is but a means and stepping-stone towards the more natural state of the future, when man having been naturalised in nature, and nature humanised through man, their final reconciliation shall be complete.

HENRY S. SALT.



Professor Masson on Carlyle.

ON Saturday, July 25th, in presence of a select company, Professor Masson, Edinburgh, performed the ceremony of unveiling a bust of Carlyle, which an anonymous donor has gifted to the custodiers of the Wallace Monument at Stirling. Professor Masson drew the cord, and the drapery which covered the bust of Carlyle fell, and disclosed the well-known features of the Sage of Chelsea. Mr. Macgillivray, the sculptor, has succeeded in catching the expression of Carlyle's face, and there is an indication of strength and character in the features which, according to Professor Masson, are admirable. After gazing at the bust with fixed attention for a while, the Professor addressed the company at some length upon the position occupied by Carlyle in the literary world. Carlyle, he said, was not only a great man of letters; he was a great man of letters of a rare and very extraordinary kind. His books were not only examples of splendid literary art and workmanship, exhibitions of a powerful intellect transferring itself from subject to subject, and always with masterly result: they were all this, but they were much more. Collectively and connectedly they were manifestoes and expositions of a system of doctrine, a mode of thinking and feeling, which came upon his contemporaries at first as a perplexity and astonishment, but took possession of them whether they would or not, breathed a new soul into all British literature round about him, and had affected to this day the thought and even the language of the whole English-speaking world. What chiefly distinguished him from his literary contemporaries was the intensity of the moral force in his writings; their blazing moral fervour, the ardour with which they inculcated a new ethical creed, almost a new religion. At first, in the Edinburgh circle round Jeffrey, it was enough to call him a mystic or a German mystic, and so have comfortably done with him. Later, when the succession of his greater books, the perfection of their execution, and the beauties and melodies interspersed with their roughness had made the original estimate seem insufficient, there was a licence in his favour to persevere in breaking established literary conventions, and so on, till they ended by calling him "the Chelsea Prophet," and imagined him as the aged tenant of a shrine, whence nothing could come, but at longer intervals than before, and in gradually feebler form, the same thunderings and the same lightnings. Always it was

THE MORAL FORCE IN CARLYLE,

the vein of peculiar spiritual and ethical teaching contained in his writings, that made him the unique man he was in the British

literature of the Victorian era. His peculiar spiritual and ethical creed might be described generally as a never-ceasing effort to resuscitate, among his countrymen and others, certain structural or elementary faiths of the human spirit, which he conceived to have become lamentably dead or dormant in modern times; or, describing it more particularly, it was a fervid natural theism, with its immediate moral derivatives. The man himself was coequal with his teachings. For an adequate conception of him, indeed, it was almost necessary to have known him to some extent personally, to have been for some hours in his company, to have listened to his marvellous talk, to have heard his great laugh, to have had cognisance of samples of his behaviour in the daily round of his opportunities and duties. But what about his reported sternness and harshness, his capacity of being savage and rude; and what again about his perpetual dolefulness, the melancholy of his views of things, the eternal wailing with which he was said to have gone through the world? In Professor Masson's opinion, there had been much exaggeration in the posthumous descriptions of Carlyle in both of these aspects. Of his sternness and harshness, far less would have been heard but for the unfortunate publication, which he never would himself have sanctioned, of some of his private self-communings about particular things and persons; but so far as his demeanour through life did exhibit this characteristic, how much of it might be resolved into the very largeness and fearlessness of his honesty? But suppose that this would not cover all, and they attributed as much as they liked to mere irascibility and a habit of contradiction, what of that in relation to the total of which it was a part? He knew Carlyle, and averred that his heart was as large and generous as his brain was powerful; that he was

ESSENTIALLY A MOST LOVABLE MAN,

and that there were depths of tenderness, kindness, benevolence, and most delicate courtesy in him, with all his seeming ruggedness and sternness, such as he had hardly found throughout his life in any other. As to the gloominess and melancholy of his habitual mood, those about him saw much which could not be called melancholy. What an eye he had for the humorous in every form; how he revelled in the humorous; and if there were sighings and tempests and blasts of denunciation in the course of his conversation, he always recalled himself to placidity, and always with a laugh. In newspaper paragraphs about Carlyle of late, both in England and Scotland, there was a habit of imagining him as an eccentric, absent-minded and feeble-bodied old gentleman, who habitually talked Scotch, and might be heard muttering

to himself such phrases as "Ech sir," "O mon," "Na, na," "Dinna, dinna." That imagination was totally incorrect. When he first knew Carlyle, he was a tall spare man of close on six feet in height; he was a formidable-looking man then, and he remained formidable-looking to the last. So far from being absent-minded, he had a remarkable boldness of eye for the observation of whatever was around him; almost the wide-awakeness of a hawk; and though he could speak a racy Scotch when he liked, his own habitual vocabulary was choice and even stately English. His intonation, however, betrayed him. He moved among the Londoners for nearly fifty years an unabashed Annandale man, and talked his splendours wherever he went, in the unabashed accent of that Scottish region, only modified into a kind of lyrical chaunt peculiar to himself, and with one or two minute peculiar pronunciations. Nor was he less of the Scotchman in many of his ways of thinking, in some of his strongest affections, and in the memories most pregnant with him, and from which he drew his kindest inspirations. It was in company with Burns and Scott that they placed Carlyle in effigy; and where more fittingly than in this high hall of a tower rising from a famous crag in the centre of Scotland, expressly to commemorate what had been best and most characteristic in Scotland?

Professor Blackie sent a characteristic letter of apology from Boat of Garten. He said—"Professor Blackie is sorry that it will not be in his power to be present at the unveiling of the bust of the great Scottish prophet called Carlyle on the 25th. He was a giant, and if he had used his club with less severity and more discrimination, he would not have been less of a giant but more of a human brother."

Regret.

ONE asked of Regret,
 And I made reply—
 To have held the bird
 And let it fly;
 To have seen the star
 For a moment nigh,
 And lost it through
 A slothful eye;
 To have plucked the flower
 And cast it by;
 To have one only hope,—
 To die.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

The Hazel Tree :

A Symbol of Hope.

MOST of us have a favourite tree—one that reigns paramount in our minds as the most beautiful for form, or perhaps for the sake of old associations. Some put the elegant and slender silver birch first and foremost ; some, the pretty but melancholy-looking weeping ash or willow ; while others prefer the strong and sturdy oak, type of Old England, unassailable and everlasting ; others, again, select members of the hardy and beautiful larch and pine families as those to be preferred above all others. Amongst these last-named I think I shall not do wrong in classing our great master, John Ruskin, who has always some sweet words to say from under the shadow of his larches and pines at Brantwood ; and then, see how grandly he speaks in *Fronde*s of the pines in Switzerland. Coming down to my own associations, and the subject of this paper, the trees which always take their place first in my mind are the catkin-bearers, and in chief the homely and interesting hazel. These trees give us the ever-pleasant consciousness of being, as it were, continually beside us, companionable in the time of winter storms as well as in the summer sunshine, like the dear little robin, which, according to Keble, is—

“ Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world’s autumnal time,
’Mid withered hues, and sere, its lot be cast.”

With their pretty tassels hanging out on the branches, waving in the winds that blow all the winter through, so green and bright and fruitful, no matter what frost or snow comes ; like the robin again, after all else is gone to silence and rest for the time being, they come forward and keep beside us to cheer and to comfort. Our wonderful Bard of Avon, in that fascinating “pastoral symphony” of his, tells us how—

“ . . . this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

And indeed he says truly, for those who live in the country have a continual feast and delight, far more exhilarating and enduring than anything that the town-dwellers can search out and provide themselves with.

In its most comprehensive sense is this the case with regard to the regular succession of the seasons as they roll round,—spring, summer, autumn and winter following one another year after year, and year after year, according to that promise of long ago—that

“seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, shall not cease.” It is at those times in particular when the face of Nature is daily, and indeed hourly, undergoing even to our dull sight a very gradual but decided change, leading on to a full and complete transformation, that we have our keenest pleasure therein. The tender, delicate, transparent leaves slowly unfolding themselves bit by bit in the spring-time of the year; or those wonderful and gorgeous tints when not only perfect, but passing thence to decay, which they assume in the autumn, making our beautiful world one shining sheet of gold and bronze,—that is, where man’s polluting touch has left it alone: these indeed provide us with material for reflection and food for enjoyment. The watchful dweller in the country not only notices these transformations in detail, and sees and hears every minute change as it occurs, but long intimacy with them causes him to see that yet most enjoyable of all their phases—the anticipation of what is coming on. This is like expecting to see once more the face of an old and dear friend; we have received the message that he is coming, and we feel that he will not fail us, for he never yet did; and at a certain moment we go out to meet him in the full assurance that he will be there—for Nature never does, never did, and never will disappoint us, whatever may occur. But now we may draw another simile (though it sounds rather like contradiction after the last few words): alas! we most of us know by experience what it is to be disappointed, and deprived of some hope to which we have looked forward; and so here it works round, that the person who trusts in the pleasures and the beauties of the world of Nature will find them the only sure and certain staff and support to lean upon.

Taking up again our inimitable *Frondes*, we read: “We shall find that the love of Nature, wherever it has existed, has been a sacred and faithful element of feeling; that is to say, supposing all circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves Nature will be always found to have more capacity for faith in God than the other.” But alas! again, how many—indeed, what countless numbers of persons—there are who go up and down the world seeing nothing, carelessly passing along with no heed of the rich stores on all sides! To them the spring is just the season in which the trees and plants come into leaf, and the autumn the season when the leaves fall away; and that is all. I recollect hearing or reading somewhere about a little child, who, being out for a walk with his mother one autumn day, exclaimed when she lamented the fall and death of the leaves on their path, “Oh, never mind, mother: the trees will all come out green and pretty again in a few weeks.” That child

certainly taught its mother a lesson of hope and of an unflinching certainty of renewed joy.

This brings us now to the lesson that was in my mind when I began to think of this paper—namely, that of Hope, and the place it fills in the trees around us. For many years now I have watched the never-ceasing changes of a favourite old hazel-tree. It is, perhaps, rather a fine specimen of its kind; anyway, I have heard many persons say they are not acquainted with another so large. Its girth is, comparatively speaking, not great for trees in general; but doubtless the reason we meet so rarely with good-sized hazels arises from the fact of their being considered somewhat of a plebeian kind of tree (what a mistake!), and of their being cut down for the purposes of trade. The tree on our lawn has, however, remained undisturbed for many long years, standing as it does in the garden of an old parsonage, and having been, no doubt, an object of regard and affection to others as it has been to ourselves. It is clearly worthy of this regard, for it is at all times an interesting tree. In the winter, whether bare or covered with fleecy snow or hoar-frost, its form and the pendant catkin tassels render it a pretty object. In spring it puts forth its tender, crumpled green leaves as early as any tree beside it. All through the summer it is graceful in appearance, and also useful in affording a pleasant shade under its branches from the hot sunshine. In the autumn, long before its leaves have lost their brightness, if we look it carefully over we find that good promise of hope and anticipation held out to us for the coming spring yet in the distance, and the return of its pleasures and joys. The little pendent catkins and the tiny, wee flower-buds are all there. The latter require searching for, it is true; but along the boughs they will be found if they are looked up, saying to us, with those “tongues in trees,” that we must not think too much about the fall of the leaves by-and-by. That is all a matter of small consequence, for it is only putting off old clothes to make way for new; and everything will come round again and right, if we will but wait for it—the lesson the child taught its mother.

To these remarks I am fully aware that a botanist will say this is only what happens to any tree or any object in Nature; but here I lay the plea that I am not writing for botanists, but for those not so well instructed in such matters, and pointing out the morals in the more apparent and clearly expressed objects about us. Every tree and every plant shows us more or less that its old leaves are cast by the pushing forward and the appropriation of sap by the new buds still in a state of incompleteness. But in the catkin-bearing trees we have the fact of next year's flowers and

preparation for fruit literally hanging out before our eyes while yet the leaves of the present year are green and firm on the boughs, the one beside the other, all full of life and flourishing together at the same moment. In the spring, then, we find the little flower-buds very pretty and interesting, with bunches of crimson thread-like pistils arising from the centres, the male catkins meanwhile being powdered over with pollen, which in course of time, before the arrival of the hot summer months, all fall to the ground, having then fulfilled their humble mission. Not long, however, are the branches bare of catkins, for the young ones in their turn very soon come out; and so the continual process goes on, one year the same as the last, and so on, never idle.

Although there are several kinds of trees that may be classed as catkin-bearers, most of them are those belonging to the forest, and I think I am right in saying that only two of our own orchard trees are entitled to come under this same head—namely, the hazel and the walnut. To these, as catkin-bearers, we may in a kind of secondary manner add the Spanish or edible chestnut, the oak and the beech, as these trees all bear a fruit or nut which is certainly palatable and eatable, but not to be compared with the hazel or the walnut. Although a great favourite with us in some respects, the popularity of the walnut is nothing compared to that of the hazel or filbert-nut, for this prolific little fruit appears to crop up on all sides, associating itself with our earliest years. Who is there that does not recollect the grand red-letter days when he went a-nutting? or I may say for those who were born and brought up in the town, who cannot call to mind saving up pence for the forthcoming treat, when they were to be taken to the shops or stalls to buy nuts as the October days began to shorten? Then, in the times of courtship, did not nuts play an important and anxious part in the matter of fortune-telling, and by their obligingly remaining on the bars to consume away to cinders for our delectation, so foretell the constancy and faith we so fervently hoped to be existent? And then, alas! when we are drawing near to old age, will not these same nuts be one of the first things to warn us that our digestions, and, indeed, our teeth, are not what they once were, and not to be trifled with any longer? Yes, we all know these facts connected with the different stages of our lives. Perhaps, also, there is no fruit and no flower more blended and associated with the quaint and curious folk-lore of England, than the hazel-nuts. The tender superstitions connected with Hallow-e'en we have referred to, and to these we may add the ancient practice of showering nuts at weddings—perhaps a shade more to be deprecated than the present obtaining one of showering rice,

both a representation of fruitfulness. But it should be borne in mind that the "nuts" of the ancients, that is to say the Romans, as well as those we read of in the Bible, were not the homely little hazels, as we understand by the term, but the larger walnuts.

There appears to have been an old superstition in some parts of Germany (very possibly also in other countries), that if nuts were sown in the ground along with corn, they would act as a charm towards ensuring a prolific crop in harvest time. In some parts of Scotland, on the contrary, the hazel was apparently considered an unlucky tree; though at the same time, as something of a contradiction, it is fortunate for any one to gather a double nut, and so much so that a specimen would be worn about the person as a charm. Another curious belief was prevalent two hundred years ago, if we are to credit an old writer, to the end that a good year for nuts was sure to be a good one for marriages; and another bit of folk-lore tells us that an increase of nuts betokens an increase of population. I am aware, personally, that in our northern counties the hardy old folks always say that a prolific crop of nuts betokens a forthcoming winter of severity; but I think we may safely put this prediction on one side, in company with that which gives the same reason for an excess of red berries, which, to any keen observer of Nature, is quite unfounded.

It is interesting, while considering this subject of the hazel, to notice how very frequently it appears in the verses of our English poets. Shakespeare, to name him first, makes many allusions to it. For instance, Kate, the fascinating shrew,

" . . . like the hazel-twigg,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels."

In *Romeo and Juliet* we read—

"Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes."

And again—

" Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner-squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers."

Then Titania says,

" I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrels' hoard, and fetch thee fresh nuts,"—

alluding, as any one at all acquainted with the habits of the woodland animals knows quite well, to that of the squirrel in hoarding up a supply of its sweet food for the winter; "new nuts," too, for naturalists tell us that these provident little creatures are generally too hasty with their harvest work (in the same manner as birds will so rashly consume red berries in the autumn), and will

gather the nuts while still green, or anyway not ripened. However, they appear to appreciate hazel-nuts as well as we human beings do. There are more references to nuts in Shakespeare, but we will pass on to the other poets.

Thomson says :—

“The clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade,
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk—
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown
As are the ringlets of Melinda’s hair.”

Then see what poor Richard Jefferies says, our poet of prose and one of the small number of subjects that ought to bring a blush to the face of an Englishman :—

“There is something nutty in the short autumn day, shorter than its duration as measured by hours, for the enjoyable day is between the clearing of the mist and the darkening of the shadows. Nuts are not really nuts unless you gather them yourself. Pull the boughs this way. One or two may drop of themselves when the branch is shaken—one among the brambles, another outwards into the stubble. This large brown nut must be cracked at once; the film slips off the kernel, which is white underneath it. It is sweet. The tinted sunshine comes through between the tall hazel rods. . . . There are no such nuts as those captured with cunning search from the bough in the tinted sunlight and under the changing leaf.”

Another of our sweet prose-writers, Miss Mitford, says :—

“One of those delicious autumnal days when the air, the sky, and the earth seem lulled into a universal calm, softer and milder even than May. ‘Ah, there are still nuts on that bough!’ and in an instant my companion has hooked down one of the lissome hazel stems and cleared it of its tawny clusters. In another moment he has mounted the bank and is in the midst of the nuttery; then on we go, scrambling and gathering with all our might and all our glee. Oh, what a pleasure nutting is!”

In the same sweet strain, Leo Grindon says :—

“The mere mention of the pretty name *Corylus Avellana* brings with it an odour of romance, for the hazel-nut goes shares in association with that of the blackberry, carrying one back to those days long since left in the rear, those shining ones when life seemed to offer no greater blessedness than the filling one’s satchel with the ruddy treasures; the holidays, sweet autumn afternoons, which after all it is quite possible, though forty, aye fifty years have sped away, to renew to one’s self.”

Further, our good botanist remarks upon the catkins of the hazel, a favourite subject with him, as I am aware personally :—

“By Christmas these become conspicuous, and attain their full length, from one to two inches or more, then hanging from the bare brown branches in the most beautiful manner, heralds of the coltsfoot and the crocus. On a fine sunny forenoon—

‘While yet the wheaten blade
Scarce shoots above the new-fall’n shower of snow’—

a hazel copse presents one of the loveliest spectacles then afforded by awakening Nature. Spring does not begin in March. It begins in the bright autumn days, when the catkins hang out on the trees, a promise of the summer yet in store for us."

To come back to verses, we find Keats also alluding to the hazel thus :—

"To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel."

And now, in conclusion, we must note the beautiful passage in Wordsworth, that which opens with one of the poetic gems that have come to be household words amongst us :—

"One of those heavenly days which cannot die ;
When forth I sallied from our cottage door
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand. . . .
Beneath the trees I sat
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played.
. . . And the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being. . . .
. . . From the bower I turned away
Exultant, rich beyond the wealth of kings."

CATHERINE MOSS.

The Silent Bird.

A Carol.

WHAT wonder if sad,
Or silent my strain,
For what can be had
From a bird in pain ?
On a vanish'd day,
In my thorny bush,
From my heart the lay
A rillet would gush.
Then I piped day-long,
In shade or shine ;
Ah, my life was a song,
And that song divine !
From love—not duty—
The music sprung,
And I sang of Earth's beauty,
Her glory I sung ;
Of the morning light,
Of the dying day—
When heard aright,
Yet rang my lay ;

Of the heath-clad hill,
Of the hyacinth dell,
And the gurgling rill,
My song would swell ;
Of the swan-haunted mere
Wherein, spell-bound,
Would the daffodil peer,
My song would sound ;
Of the lily who'd yearn
All day on the lake
For the moon's return,
Would my song awake ;
Of each flower that blows,
Of the bee that clung
To the mouth of the rose,
I piped and sung :
And many who heard,
Were touch'd with the lay,
And bless'd the bird
As they went their way.
Then a joy was born
In the aching heart
Of the weary and worn
And woe-engirt :
Nay, my song had a spell
To soothe the pain,
And the trouble to quell
Of the madden'd brain :
Then under the sway
Of the heart-trill'd stave
The grave were gay,
And the giddy were grave ;
And fickle youth,
And uncouth may
Grew noble in truth
Or golden in grace !
So I bless'd and was blest,—
Till ah, by the thorn,
'Gainst which it press'd,
My heart was torn !
Heart-bleeding, now sad,
Or silent my strain ;
But what can be had
From a bird in pain ?

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

Some of Ibsen's Women.

IN studying the plays of Henrik Ibsen, our attention becomes arrested by the reality of the characters we encounter. They do not appear as personages flitting to and fro upon the stage, whose individuality is sacrificed to the action and motive of the plot. This is the case in many dramas, the writers of which have plenty of imagination and descriptive power, and a high appreciation for dramatic situation, together with the skill and artistic perception which has rendered their work a success. Interest is awakened in the opening scene, which continues throughout complication and resolution, without flagging, to the climax; and yet the play cannot be called a work of art in the highest sense. How is this? There is wanting that knowledge of human nature, without which the creations of the dramatist, though not necessarily unnatural, do not appeal to the depths of our natures, inasmuch as their characters are not unfolded to us with that subtle skill which awakens all our sympathies. It is here that Henrik Ibsen excels, and perhaps pre-eminently so in the case of his women. The most successful studies of women will be found in his domestic and social dramas; for in some of the plays we get little or no feminine interest. The best instance of this is *The League of Youth*, written in 1869, which deals with socialism and politics; and all the female characters are essentially subordinate to the main action.

Those plays which will yield the best material for our present study are *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *Rosmersholm*, and *The Lady from the Sea*. In each of these we feel the women to be actual living realities, which reveal themselves to us, with their many thoughts and aspirations, without reserve.

Of Nora, in *A Doll's House*, so much has already been written, that it may be expedient to refrain from any detailed criticism or further research; but a comparative study of her character may prove interesting. Mrs. Alving, in *Ghosts*, appears at first sight to be a totally different woman from Nora; yet it is strange to discover how many points of similarity there are, both in their characters and experiences,—how, in fact, they practically attain the same goal, though by widely divergent paths. Nora and Helen both enter upon their married lives with natures simple and confiding, each content to live in the present, with a quiet happiness that asks not for aught beyond; they are absolutely without thought for the future, neither are they in the least interested in the burning questions of life and living. Subsequently they arrive at a point from whence they obtain a bird's-eye view of their

whole past ; they have a rude awakening from a calm and peaceful life, to discover that it was not peace, but stagnation—a ghastly and horrible mistake ; and they at once combine action with the discovery of individual responsibility. They become masters of the situation, shrinking not from the duties involved, and ready to obey to the full the dictates of their newly-awakened consciousness. The difference between them lies in the circumstances which lead each to advance in thought, and ultimately adopt a broader basis for action and a wider and nobler outlook upon life. Nora sees it all suddenly and vividly, and to her poor heart it must have come most cruelly and tragically. The great pain of her life was not an aching sorrow, that gradually eats into the system as an insidious disease ; but an unlooked-for arrow, piercing her with one sharp dart, and inflicting a wound that could never be healed. We can more fully realise how awful to Nora must have been that momentary insight into her husband's real character, if we judge by the effect it had upon her, and its consequences. We see her, after a brief interval of silence and unnatural apathy, suddenly appear a new creature,—determined, resolute, and without a shadow of misgiving in the rectitude of her actions ; whereas before she had appeared so gentle, yielding, and easily led. It had come upon her as a flash of lightning, but a flash so brilliant that it had illuminated her whole past, showing her everything in its new and searching light.

With Mrs. Alving it is altogether different ; and though likewise born of a secret sorrow, yet it has taken her years of thought and study to arrive at the fixed principles and ideas she now upholds : in her own words, “ Here in my loneliness I have come to think these things.” She is holding conversation with Mr. Manders, the rector of the parish, and telling him some of her views. He upbraids her with having read horrible free-thinking writings. “ Nay,” she replies ; “ you are mistaken, my dear sir. You yourself are the man who drove me to think. When you forced me under the yoke, which you called Duty and Obligation ; when you praised as right and proper what all my senses rebelled at as a something abhorrent ; it was then that I began to examine your teaching in the seams. I only wished to undo a stitch ; but when I had got that undone, the whole thing came to pieces. And then I found that it was all chain-stitch sewing-machine work.” By this one speech we gain an insight into the struggle and inner conflict that had been going on for years, which, in order to estimate her character aright, we must couple with the noble unselfishness that led her to bear harsh and unjust thoughts from all around her, so long as the family skeleton might thereby remain in its cupboard,

and her son grow up with unshaken faith in, and admiration for his father, whose life, alas! merited neither.

Ellida, in *The Lady from the Sea*, was a lighthouse-keeper's daughter before her marriage with Doctor Wangel; and there always seems something weird and uncanny about her—a something that is far-away and dreamlike, as if she pined for her ocean home, and could not find rest away from the sound of the waves she loved so well. Her husband and step-daughters cannot understand these strange moods, though they are very fond of her, and seek to know her better; and by reason of these things they come to call her "The Lady from the Sea." Ellida is indeed a strange creation of Ibsen's imagination, and as we read the play for the first time we are apt to think her most unnatural, though we are bound to confess that the working out of her character to its logical conclusion justifies the author in his method of procedure. She is almost as much a puzzle to herself as to those with whom she lives; she yearns for something, she knows not what. That which she really needs is perfect sympathy, and in its longing for this her nature pines for that which it is not in the power of those around her to give. Her husband is devotedly attached to her, and longs to see her perfectly happy; but he does not realise how high are all her thoughts and aspirations, and is lavishing a childish affection upon her, whereas her nature demands a manly sympathy. Then the climax comes, and she is given perfect freedom to act and choose her own path. In a few splendid passages in the last act we are able to feel with Ellida, to understand all that freedom and responsibility mean to her. At last she can breathe pure air—the air of freedom—and in one brief moment she is able to live. After this comes perfect happiness and rest, and she is able to live on in exactly the same surroundings, perfectly happy and contented. Nothing outward and visible is changed, but inwardly all is different. She has at last inhaled her own native air—the freedom of the sea. All her possibilities are now unfolded which were before narrowed and cramped, and she becomes the very joy of the house, and for the first time her husband's companion and friend.

Of all Ibsen's women the most difficult to understand is Rebecca West, in *Rosmersholm*; and she is perhaps his only heroine who is not heroic. She has a tremendous amount of will, but without the necessary backbone for its support. We are tempted to credit her with the determination of a Lady Macbeth, though without the accompanying amount of ambition; but we cannot help seeing that her evil purposes were not planned out, as were those of Cawdor's spouse; neither do we feel these evil purposes to have been so

bad upon a closer examination of her character ; there is a subtle something dawns upon the reader as he reads, which grows almost into a belief that he has misjudged her. Certain it is that upon first making her acquaintance, with the plot as yet unknown, one is likely upon reaching the sudden climax to pronounce her utterly bad. But her character is revealed in another light, and her speeches have a different meaning, when we are acquainted with the changes her mind undergoes ere the final action is reached. All that was best in her had been awakened, as she tells Rosmer, by fellowship with him ; and just as she is beginning to realise her own possibilities for good, and to inhale a purer atmosphere, which must have inevitably resulted in a nobler life, Kroll swoops down upon her with his false accusations and unjust insinuations. This has a sudden and immediate hardening effect upon Rebecca. All the good that has just come to life is irrevocably sealed up, and what she has previously undergone rushes upon her with the effect of blank despair. She feels she must *do* something or go mad ; and her immediate determination to go away is the effect of this.

For the rest, she is led on as before by the march of events, together with her wonderful reverence for Rosmer. The character of Rebecca West, as a whole, is a strong study of the effect of the environment upon the individual.

To read Ibsen's plays, with no other object than to study the characters of the women to whom his genius has given life and reality, will result in not only pleasure and profit, but give us a clearer knowledge of the many and varied possibilities of our existence, of which we may not before have been cognisant, both those to cultivate and those to suppress. In the whole gallery of Ibsen's women, no one of them can be said to display bad drawing. Some there are for whom we feel the profoundest admiration, and there are others for whom we have little respect ; but, whatever our feelings may be, our judgment must pronounce them to be a splendid collection of studies, which none but a master mind could have produced.

MARGARET HUNTER.



Confirmed Reflections on Great Writers.

1. Sir Walter Scott.*

ACCORDING to an old Greek proverb, "Death divides not the wise ; thou meetest Plato when thine eyes moisten over the Phædo." With an equal amount of truth it may be said that on every page of this Journal the reader meets with Scott. Ever since the reading world began to know him it has been anxious to meet with him. And no wonder. The nearer we get to him the greater is our gain. Of what the benefit consists only those who have not yet got it require to be told. To be without it is *now* to be without excuse. Although we say *now*, we are not forgetful of what had been formerly done for the admirers of Sir Walter. Few books on the lives of great men have served their purpose so well, and hardly any book has served it better, than Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," in ten volumes. It used to be thought that about their subject those volumes afforded all the information that one could desire. Even in its abridged form the work was deemed sufficient. What it contained has recently been still further and very well condensed in a little treatise by Mr. Richard H. Hutton. The same may be said of another small book, fresh from the pen of Mr. Charles Duke Yonge.

It must not be supposed that by the Journal now before us the above works have been displaced or rendered unnecessary. On the contrary, they impart interest to the Journal, and it imparts interest to them. Unitedly they do for us all we require. They bring us close to the man. Pre-eminently is this the case with the Journal. Nowhere so clearly as on these pages can we see Scott himself. To see him is to love him. As we read, our old affection is rekindled and intensified. Elsewhere readers have sometimes felt that perchance his reputation exceeded his character ; here we are compelled to feel that, brilliant as was his reputation, his character was more brilliant still. A scholarly critic has lately affirmed that pride was one of the deepest things in Scott's nature. "With dizzy head and fluttering heart, with aching limbs, with a haunting fear that the battle was going against him, with a sense of waning power, with doubts as to the continuance of public favour, with apprehension of the failure of his own inventive genius, he still held his ground ; he still maintained a face of cheer before his children and his friends, he still was the kind master and companion of his dependants, he still proudly

* "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott." From the original manuscript at Abbotsford. (Edinburgh : David Douglas.)

fronted the world." "Proudly!"—we should prefer to say bravely. A man who is always the kind master and companion of his dependants can surely have no extraordinary amount of pride. Of the spirit of independence Scott had enough and to spare; of pride he seems to me to have had little; and of vanity he seems to have had less. The proud man is self-centred and self-satisfied. He lives on his own good opinion of himself; he disdains the opinion of others. Far from being self-centred and self-satisfied, the vain man is miserably self-exercised about what others think of him. He hungers and thirsts after flattery. Scott just escaped this weakness. Appreciative as he was of the good opinion of his fellow-men, he had no wish that it should go beyond his merits. His freedom from vanity is all the more remarkable when we take into account the praise which was heaped upon him. Moreover, there are foreigners who affirm that vanity is one of the natural and almost national infirmities of Scotchmen. It is said that we are peculiarly prone to self-adulation. That the charge is not wholly baseless may be inferred from the lavish commendation which professional politicians often pronounce upon everything Scotch. If it be the case that, as a nation, we are highly susceptible to flattery, then all the more honour is due to our men of genius who prove themselves superior to the common failing. Comparatively free from pride and vanity, Scott, we take it, was also wonderfully free from jealousy—the besetting sin of men of letters.

This point has been so briefly and so admirably dealt with by a recent critic that I shall take the liberty of repeating his words: "No man was ever more free from all jealousy towards those who might be considered rivals, and his was not a mere passive good-nature, but a cordial, genial friendship. There is no sort of ability which he failed to appreciate. Wordsworth and Moore, widely different as they were, were greeted with equal warmth; as also were Southey, the rigid Tory, and Hallam, the champion of the Whigs. Foreigners fared equally well. He corresponded with Goethe and Washington Irving. . . . Byron never returned to Scotland after the days of his childhood; but that there was no one to whom the doors of Abbotsford would have been more gladly opened may be seen in his correspondence, and in the zeal with which Scott more than once stood up in the defence of his works and of himself in the *Quarterly*; though a man of less generosity of soul might have felt, if not envy, at least some soreness at the recollection of the degree in which the popularity of his own Scotch poems had been overshadowed by the preference of the public for the Eastern tales of his younger rival. It may easily be

supposed that many whom he did not himself seek out, sought him, and to those who hoped to rise by their literary talents, but to whom nature, or it might be fortune, had been less propitious, his ear was never closed. His sympathy with their aspirations and hopes was shown in warmth of encouragement when encouragement seemed judicious, in other cases by advice, and not unfrequently by gifts from his purse."

Confirmed as we are in our belief that Scott was singularly superior to jealousy, vanity and pride, we reluctantly admit that in his morality and religion there is a "shade of distinct conventionality." On the subject of duelling, in practice although certainly not in theory, he curiously prefers conventional to Christian morality. The same conventional feeling seems to have been powerful enough to make him assume what to his kind nature must have been a very painful attitude toward his unfortunate brother Daniel. Rightly or wrongly, Sir Walter believed that Daniel had been guilty of cowardice. In some way or other he had failed to comply with what was called the "law of honour." For this, or at least chiefly for this, Sir Walter would never see him again. Daniel died when he was yet a young man, and our esteem for his big brother does not increase when we learn that he refused either to attend the funeral or to wear mourning for him like the rest of the family. At the same time we have to bear in mind that, while he paid so much regard to what was conventional in religion and morals, he paid extremely little to what was conventional in connection with funerals. In his *Journal*, pages 171-2, he writes: "Laidlaw's infant . . . is buried to-day. The people coming to visit prevent my going, and I am glad of it. I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce full of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry, but glad, that I shall not see my own. . . . I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that distance! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdities, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of imagination!"

Strange that a man so good and great should detest conventionality, and at the same time be in some respects quite subservient to it. A conventional religion is in no danger of leading to enthusiasm or fanaticism. And of religious fanaticism Scott had a healthy horror. Perhaps this may account for his verging

towards the opposite extreme. What would he have said of the "corybantic" Christianity which is now in such high favour with many? Or what would he have said had he lived to read as follows in the *Scotsman* of August 21st, 1891?—"The ceremony of exposing the Holy Coat of Treves 'to the veneration of the faithful' was performed yesterday with great impressiveness and solemnity in the cathedral of the town. The building was densely crowded by a miscellaneous gathering from all parts of the world, most of whom were in a state of religious fervour."

We do not suppose that Sir Walter Scott at any time elaborated for himself a complete religious creed, but he certainly built up within himself a manly and so far a truly religious character. On reading his *Journal* we are anew and more deeply than ever impressed with the manliness of the man. His sense of duty manifests itself at every turn. In his wrestle with misfortune his efforts to discharge his obligations are perfectly sublime. No man is perfect all round; and though we do not find perfection in Scott, we find many qualities that, so far as we can venture to judge, come marvellously near it. His novels make us love him for what he says; his *Journal* makes us love him for what he is. I would remark that no "review" of this *Journal* can be a substitute for itself. He who has not perused its pages has not yet become acquainted with the inner life of its author. We esteem it as a sort of sacred privilege and delightful duty to read and re-read these wholly honest and highly refreshing utterances as they come welling up from the depths of one of the most beautiful of human souls. Refreshed by his utterances, we are at the same time stimulated by his diligence. In this respect he has perhaps no recent equal, unless it be Carlyle.

Very appropriately and tastefully the publisher of the *Journal* has given as a vignette on the title-page "The Dial Stone" in the garden, with its *νύξ γὰρ ἐρχεται*. "I must home to work while it is called day; for the night cometh, when no man can work. I put that text, many a year ago, on my dial-stone; but it often preached in vain." Not very often in vain, good Sir Walter!

Clearly the editing of the *Journal* has been a labour of love. The editor, who is also the publisher, deserves, and doubtless will receive, the gratitude of thousands of readers.

A. B. M.



The Pope and the Labour Question.

IT is now forty-one years since Carlyle in the first of his "Latter-Day Pamphlets" commented on the strange portent which had appeared in the horizon of those now far-away days—a Reforming Pope. He treats the subject after his wonted manner, with abundant insight and sarcasm. It is to him "a real miracle, not hitherto considered possible or conceivable in the world," "something pious, grand, and awful, revealing once more the presence of a Divine justice in this world." Referring to Pio Nono, the Reforming Pope of the time, he says: "A simple pious creature, a good country-priest, invested unexpectedly with the tiara, takes up the New Testament, declares that this henceforth shall be his rule of governing. No more finesse, chicanery, hypocrisy, or false or foul dealing of any kind: God's truth shall be spoken, God's justice shall be done, on the throne called of St. Peter." To thinking men "it was clear how this poor devoted Pope would prosper, with his New Testament in his hand. An alarming business, that of governing in the throne of St. Peter by the rule of veracity! By the rule of veracity, the so-called throne of St. Peter was openly declared, above three hundred years ago, to be a falsity, a huge mistake, a pestilent dead carcass, which this Sun was weary of. . . . What this Popedom had to do, by the law of veracity, was to give up its own foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men; honestly to die and get itself buried."

We are all too good Protestants to object to this vigorous denunciation of the Popedom and all its works. One likes to see the biter bit, the bully bullied. Carlyle annoys the majority of quiet-going Britons when he attacks the institutions which are dear, perhaps I should say, familiar to them; but he has our entire sympathy when he attacks an institution which we neither know nor love. It was altogether incredible to the brave Border peasant's son, who was the clearest mind in Europe of his time, that an institution like the Popedom, which for three hundred years and more had been crying aloud for death and burial, should be the means of reforming the world and infusing new life into it. The only service it could render mankind was to die and get itself decently buried.

And yet one other service the Popedom could render, and did render, as Carlyle himself pointed out. It could, and did, light a conflagration which spread over the length and breadth of Europe. The Pope set up the standard of truth, and said that in their politics, and in all matters of trade, people must learn to cast aside their reverence for venerable falsehoods, humbug and impostures

of all kinds, and aim at being honest, straightforward, conscientious in their transactions. He ventured, foolish man that he was for himself, to take the New Testament from its sanctuary within the Church, and, holding it in his hand, to say to the astonished nations: "By this rule ye must direct your goings." No one perhaps was more horrified than the Pope himself when people proceeded to take him at his word. "For, sure enough, if once the law of veracity be acknowledged as the rule for human things, there will not anywhere be want of work for the reformer." The memorable year 1848 followed, with its splendour and squalor, its heroisms and manifold revelations of baseness—the year fatal to kings, the birth-year of modern European democracy. "Kings fled precipitately," to quote Carlyle again, "some of them with what we may call an exquisite ignominy,—in terror of the treadmill or worse; and everywhere the people, or the populace, take their own government upon themselves; and open *anarchy* is everywhere the order of the day. Such was the history, from Baltic to Mediterranean, in Italy, France, Prussia, Austria, from end to end of Europe in these March days of 1848. Since the destruction of the Roman Empire by inroad of the Northern Barbarians, I have known nothing similar."

I am not going to discuss the transactions of that tumultuous time. Opinions probably continue to differ, and it might not be found impossible to rouse passions which have been happily now long asleep. The sympathies of one section of us go naturally and spontaneously with the institutions which in time of revolution are condemned and desecrated because of their vices which are patent to all, and in spite of their virtues which are known to but few; while the sympathies of another section go as naturally with the new-born institution whose beauty is vastly heightened and whose crudities are gloriously transfigured in the light of dawn, and which ever appears in the waiting eyes of those who have fought and suffered as the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven "arrayed as a bride for her husband." Time mellows all opinions, and some day we shall be able to review dispassionately the events of 1848, which decided the question between Monarchy and Democracy, and decided it in favour of Democracy. For our present purpose it is enough to emphasise the fact that, in Carlyle's reading of the facts, it was the Pope who, at least, precipitated the decision of this momentous question, and may consequently be styled the Godfather of modern liberty.

Once again, and only the other day, a Pope has intervened in the high debate of the hour—a debate which engages the thoughts and stirs the passions of every one in Europe who has either

intellectual or emotional interest in the social condition of his fellow-men. In personal respects there is a wide difference between the "simple, pious creature, the good parish priest" of Carlyle's days, and the finished scholar, graceful poet, and expert man of business, who to-day occupies the throne "called of St. Peter." There might also be difference traced between the objects proposed a generation ago and those of to-day ; but, deeper than all differences, there is the fundamental identity in the two cases that in each the Catholic Church, through its recognised head, has come forward to assert its right, as embodying the conscience of Christendom, to a determining voice in all disputes that arise in the workshop and the market. In either case it has set up a standard of right and wrong which is wholly independent of and indifferent to the warring passions, interests, and opinions of the hour. In the current disputes of our time, crueller in their results than any national war, concerning hours of labour, rates of wages, employment of children and of women, the right of organisation, the conduct of strikes,—in these and cognate questions there are involved great and everlasting principles of right and wrong which cannot, and ought not, to be left at the mercy of the embittered partisans who are hurrying Europe into a universal war of classes. And for this statement of fundamental fact every thoughtful man ought to be devoutly thankful to the Pope. In the picturesque language of Mr. Stead, himself a kind of Puritan pope, "The social question is primarily a question for the Church, that is the great assertion of the Encyclical ; and it is almost worth while having a Pope to have so true a word uttered in tones so loud and clear in the great whispering gallery of the world."

If we feel disposed, as probably we do, to join with Carlyle in ridiculing the idea that the Church of Rome, that strange survival of Mediævalism, can do anything effective in the way of reforming the modern world, we ought also to join with him, if we are wise, in regarding it as highly probable that she may at least be potent to destroy, and to hasten a conflict we would willingly delay. However lightly we may esteem the Church of Rome as a teacher of theology, it would argue strange ignorance on our part to make little of her influence in the social and political life of the time. She may be no safe guide in matters touching the spiritual life ; but, in information touching the practical affairs of this life, in the astute manipulation of parties, and in the power of striking at the right moment, and in striking hard, there is no court or cabinet in Europe that can match the Vatican. Her merchandise may be as bad as you choose, but her business books are written up to date ; and when she takes the side of the labouring classes against

the capitalist we may take it for granted that she has abundantly good reasons for supposing that she is not backing up the weaker party. The question of the Labour Vote is hardly more important to politicians than to Church leaders. No Church Congress is complete without a discussion of it, and it must be rather annoying to those religious bodies which are so loud in their professions of the democratic faith to find themselves outbid by an organisation of which we are so ready to say that it can have no future in a democratic world. The Church of Rome has put herself right with the working classes, and her rivals will find it a hard task to depose her from the leadership to which she has so confidently avowed herself heir. One could have wished it otherwise, and that some Protestant Church, true to the spirit of the Reformers, had imperilled its immediate interests by being the first to apply the principles of the gospel to questions of work and wages. But let us be thankful that the truth has been spoken at last, though by one that walketh not with us. In this matter, he that is not against us is for us, and it is something to be thankful for that the great question of Labour has been forced upon the attention of all those throughout the world who call themselves religious teachers. When Rome moves, other churches cannot stand still. If the question be taken up by the clergy as a class—as it cannot well fail to be now that Rome has spoken—the working classes may not have gained very enthusiastic recruits; but, at the very lowest, they will have got rid of an opposition which might do them great harm. The clergy are bad crows to shoot at. Their influence is still great with those philanthropic and kindly-disposed people who may not be what they think themselves, the salt of the earth, but who, under better guidance, might very readily become so. To have them on our side, with their clergy, soup tickets, charity blankets, the gospel of thrift, and all the other paraphernalia of fashionable religion, is a distinct advantage. It is a great deal safer to have their timid cautions directed at us than their denunciations. Preaching never harmed any one, but charges of robbery and atheism might well delay a good cause. On the whole, we have reason to be thankful that the churches are on our side, or are coming over to us.

Upon the general question of the position of the working classes under modern conditions of industry, the Pope is surprisingly frank. One could hardly desire a better statement than the following of the fundamental facts which have to be faced:—"The effect of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into two widely differing castes. On the one side there is the party which holds the power because it holds the wealth; which has in

its grasp all labour and all trade, which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply, and which is powerfully represented in the councils of the State itself. On the other side there is the needy and powerless multitude, sore and suffering, and always ready for disturbance." Again he says, speaking more specially of the tendency to concentrate many branches of trade in a few hands:—"A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself. The first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of grasping speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for making money. Religion teaches the rich man and the employer that their work-people are not their slaves, and that they must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian; that labour is nothing to be ashamed of . . . and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power."

No general statement of the social condition of the workers in large industrial centres has hitherto been found satisfactory to all parties; nor will the attempt at a statement made by the Pope form an exception to the rule. There is a party in all countries abundantly dowered with the faculties of speech and writing, who tell us coldly that, apart from the treasonable action of "agitators," there is no Social Question, nothing to amend in the position of the wage-earners, nothing even to discuss; but that there are great multitudes of lazy, incompetent, and drunken workmen, who, to excuse their own vices, exclaim against the injustice of employers. These people need not be argued with. In a free country every one has a right to form his own opinion, and there can be no law compelling a man to adjust his opinions to the facts of the case. One can only point to their inconsistencies. While one credits all the social evils of the time to drink, another credits them to laziness; while a third, aiming at higher game, pronounces nature to be responsible for broken legs, dull trade, low wages, and the workhouse. We shall leave them to fight it out among themselves.

Still, apart from these bigots, there are many responsible persons who will object to the statement that the yoke which lies upon the poor is "little better than slavery itself." These like to point to the prosperous artisan with his good wage, his moderate expenditure, his vigorous health; and to tell us, what is quite true, that he is richer than many a professional man, in the sense of having more to spend upon his pleasures. And they would have us take him as a typical working-man, and to measure the misery of the class by his abundant prosperity. Why, you might as well take

the Bishop of London as a fair specimen of the clergy of his diocese, and deny the existence of poverty among them because he has £10,000 a-year. So far is the skilled artisan in full employment and vigorous health from being typical of the class to which he belongs, that he forms an extremely rare exception. The typical workman has an average wage of from 10s. to 15s. a week, is fairly prosperous during the period of early manhood, and in his old age, after exhausting the charity of his friends, dies finally in the workhouse. He has no aim in life beyond retaining his employment; no possibility of independence; his few holidays find him without money to enjoy them; in sickness he cannot afford the sustenance that will restore him to health, nor in health find the means of joy. You may call it slavery or not, as you please; but if it be true that a man is free only in proportion as he is master of his own fate, then the average workman, if he be not a slave, is singularly lacking in the ordinary symbols of freedom. But what's in a name? Let us call workmen mere instruments for the making of money for other people, as the Pope does, and have done with it.

The Pope is perfectly clear as to the main causes of the present unsatisfactory state of affairs, though his classification may not be quite satisfactory to those who study the question from a more independent standpoint. Thus his statement that "the ancient workmen's guilds were destroyed during last century" will surprise students of the subject, who are accustomed to date the break-up, if we may not say destruction, of the Guilds much earlier. Of the general moral deterioration which he notes as his second cause, one can only say that it is not visible in these lands. He deals with more generally interesting matter in the third and fourth causes which he signalises: viz., Usury, "which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is, nevertheless, under a different form, but with the same guilt, still practised by avaricious and grasping men"; and the large method of production, which tends to throw undue power into the hands of the great capitalists.

The question of the organisation of labour was certain to prove an awkward one for the Pope, who has to consider the interests of "Religion" as well as those of the labourers. A Church aiming at universal dominion must always be jealous of associations which claim the hearty allegiance and support of the workpeople. For associations of workpeople are constantly called on to deal with moral questions, such as the right of resistance, obstruction, disturbance; and are apt to deal with them without any very slavish regard to the opinions of the scribes and elders. Accordingly, we find that the Pope takes up a position which is,

on the whole, conservative and safe. He asserts the Divine origin of the desire for companionship in labour and union in the pursuit of social ends generally, but regards it as a special gift granted to mankind which can be safely enjoyed only when exercised within the limits determined by the Church. Workmen must not join the nearest trade union merely because it affords the readiest engine to serve their purposes, but must join or form one which will serve their spiritual as well as their material interests.

"Christian workmen must either join associations in which their religion will be exposed to peril, or form associations among themselves," and the Pope plainly intimates that the former course is unlawful. It is probable, however, that those who are to be influenced at all by the Pope's utterances on the subject will attach more importance to his general assertion of the right of workpeople to combine than to his qualifying condition to combine on a religious, that is, in this case, a dogmatic basis. And if, following the example of Mr. Stead, they put aside the qualifying clauses as so many devout exhortations of no binding force, they will find in the Encyclical a very hearty commendation of trade unions. Trade unions are said to derive authority for their existence both from reason and Scripture. They arise out of the social instincts, the same instincts as created the family and the state.

"The experience of their own weakness urges men to call in help from without. We read in the pages of Holy Writ: 'It is better that two should be together than one. Woe to him that is alone, for when he falleth he hath none to lift him up.' And further: 'A brother that is helped by a brother is like a strong city.' It is this natural impulse which makes men band themselves together in associations of citizen with citizen." "Speaking summarily, we may lay it down as a general and perpetual law that workmen's associations should be so organised and governed as to furnish the best and most suitable means for attaining what is aimed at—that is to say, for helping each individual member to better his condition to the utmost in body, mind, and property."

This is the law of their being. They exist for the benefit of workmen, and are to be supported just so far as they succeed in lessening hours of labour, in increasing wages, in training their members to social duties, to joy and sorrow together, in breaking down that curse of the time, the individual struggle for employment. The State is bound, in the Pope's opinion, to do everything possible to encourage them. "For to enter into 'society' of this kind," he says, "is the natural right of man; and the State must

protect natural rights, not destroy them ; and if it forbids its citizens to form associations it contradicts the very principle of its own existence ; for both they and it exist in virtue of the same principle, viz., the natural propensity of man to live in society." The widest claims of the most enthusiastic trade unionists to perfect autonomy are heartily supported by the Pope. The State must defend these unions from attacks from without ; it must not interfere with their internal working.

"Let the State watch over these societies of citizens united together in the exercise of their right ; but let it not thrust itself into their peculiar concerns and their organisation ; for things move and live by the soul within them, and they may be killed by the grasp of a hand from without."

Indeed, he more than hints that trade unions exist to supplement the State's action, and to do the work which the State itself ought to have undertaken.

"It is the province of the commonwealth to consult for the common good. And the more that is done for the working population, by the general laws of the country, the less need will there be to seek for particular means to relieve them."

We cannot discuss the many interesting questions which suggest themselves in connection with the organisation of labour. The discussion would take us far away from the present to the trade guilds of the Middle Ages, and beyond them to the very beginnings of human history ; for from the beginning men have recognised the inevitable misery of isolation, the equally inevitable blessedness of union, and have never dreamed of questioning the fact, until it was discovered, in quite recent times, that the workers, if sufficiently disunited, would compete against each other, and provide cheap labour for the masters. And hence arose the theory of the noble independence of the worker ; his perfect liberty to sell himself to the lords of capital for less than his brother, to stoop lower than he, to eat scantier fare, to go shabbier, and die sooner. Instead of opening up this question further, I shall go at once to what the Pope's Encyclical has to say on the question of wages.

Evidently, when any one does a piece of work, he does it for the sake of the result. If he does it for amusement's sake, the result may be indifferent to him ; but all labour, properly so called, is undertaken for the sake of the result. It is equally evident that the result or product of the labour belongs to the labourer or producer. It embodies a portion of his life-energy : virtue has gone forth of him, and taken shape in some article of beauty or utility. There can be no right of property anywhere if I do not possess for my very own what I have created and called into being with my

own hands and intelligence. It is in this way that all wealth arises. It all arises from labour. Somebody must have searched for the diamonds that glitter in a queen's crown; somebody must have made the chair she sits in; somebody must have felled the tree that provided the wood. Labour is the creator of all value; and however high and lifted up any son of man may be, and however unfamiliar with the labour of the fields and the workshop, every bite he puts in his mouth and every coin he jingles in his pocket represents the life-energy of some one: it is the net result of somebody's toil.

Now, the question of wages is simply this—What proportion of the total product of labour shall go to the labourer? Where the whole labour has been done by one person, or by several persons working together, without aid or direction from any one, evidently the whole product ought without deduction to go to him or to them. But most labour is supervised, and the product is therefore subject to various deductions. The labourer performs only a part of the labour, and therefore can only claim a share in the total product. But the share of the total product which corresponds with his share in the total labour, that—neither more than that nor less—is the fair, just, and equitable wage of the labourer.

This fact, long forgotten among us, is proclaimed anew as with a trumpet in the ears of all by the strangely-stirring document we are presently dealing with. Every useful piece of work carries with it a just wage. There is some payment which will exactly indemnify the worker for his pains.

The Pope would have shown himself false to the best traditions of the Church had he given forth an uncertain sound on this matter. He has St. Thomas of Aquin to appeal to, and the consistent teaching of the mediæval Church, when he asserts the principle of a just price for every commodity and a just wage for every service. It is not always lawful to buy goods and labour in the cheapest market. On the contrary, "the employer's great and principal obligation is to give to every one *that which is just*. Doubtless, before we can decide whether wages are adequate, many things have to be considered; but rich men and masters should remember this—that to exercise pressure for the sake of a gain upon the indigent and the destitute (and all workers are such), and to make one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and Divine. To defraud any one of wages that are his due is a crime which cries to the avenging anger of Heaven. 'Behold the hire of the labourers . . . which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.' If through necessity, or fear of

a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will give no better, he is the victim of force and injustice."

In these statements of the Pope we have the principle clearly laid down that the minimum wage is not mainly to be decided by the needs and opportunities of the rival parties. There is a law of right and justice entirely unaffected by any private arrangement they may come to. A workman may, under press of poverty, agree to give his labour in exchange for the barest pittance on which life can be sustained—for the bread and water of affliction; and the laws of Britain, at all events, see nothing wrong in the contract; nor can our enlightened newspapers, nor can our churches or church leaders, nor apparently can the majority of our working men themselves. Men are free, all the great authorities unite in telling us—free to dispose of their own labour as they please. To interfere with a man's disposal of his own labour is an act of intolerable tyranny! It is in vain that we point out to the people who argue in this way that it is not the workman who makes the bargain which commits him to a condition of practical slavery, but his necessities, the insufferable cravings of nature for food; in vain we point out that the workman in our supposed case is not free to accept or refuse the proffered bargain, but is bound to accept or die; in vain we point out that, even were the workman free ten times over, he can have no right to barter away for a crust of bread, nor even for the wealth of the Indies, his own independence, the opportunities of self-development bought for him at so high a price, and *his* only in trust. Still less has he the right to degrade the conditions of employment for other workmen. No amount of prudence can entitle a man to become a blackleg. To quote from the Pope once more:—"Wages, we are told, are fixed by free consent, and therefore the employer, when he pays what was agreed upon, has done his part, and is not called upon for anything further. The only way, it is said, in which injustice could happen would be if the master refused to pay the whole of the wages, or the workman would not complete the work undertaken. When this happens the State should intervene to see that each obtains his own; but not under any other circumstances. This mode of reasoning is by no means convincing to a fair-minded man, for there are important considerations which it leaves out of view altogether. . . . Let it be granted that, as a rule, workman and employer should make fair agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages. Nevertheless, there is a dictate of Nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man—that the remuneration must be enough

to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." Reformers have evidently their work cut out for them if they are to secure to every casual labourer the means of reasonable and frugal comfort. For even in this country there are armies of men who never from birth to death know a single day's comfort. Unconsciously, in the following sentence, the Pope has pictured a workman's paradise :—" If a workman's wages be sufficient to enable him to maintain himself, *his wife*, and *his children* in reasonable comfort, he will not find it difficult, if he be a sensible man, to study economy ; and he will not fail, by cutting down expenses, to put by a little property. Nature and reason would urge him to this."

A few sentences quoted direct, without comment, from the encyclical will sufficiently convey the Pope's opinion on one of the burning questions of the day, which in this country has assumed the form of the "eight-hours movement." He treats the matter in general terms, but very suggestively.

"It is neither justice nor humanity so to grind men down with excessive labour as to stupify their minds and wear out their bodies. Daily labour, therefore, must be so regulated that it may not be protracted during longer hours than strength admits. How many and how long the intervals of rest should be will depend on the nature of the work, on the circumstances of time and place, and on the health and strength of the workman. In all agreements between masters and workpeople there is always the condition, expressed or understood, that there be allowed proper rest for soul and body. To agree in any other sense would be against what is right and just. . . . If the owners of property must be made secure, the workman too has property and possessions in which he must be protected ; and, first of all, there are his spiritual and mental interests. Nay, more ; a man has here no power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his right ; he cannot give up his soul to servitude."

I shall not comment on these statements, nor attempt to illustrate them from facts within our knowledge, further than by quoting the evidence of a railway engine-driver, recently given before the Commission now sitting. This delightful specimen of a working man stated that during four months of the year he worked seven days a week, or ninety-eight hours, and further stated that he was satisfied with his hours and did not wish them altered. There is no accounting for tastes. The Pope, however, has by anticipation told us what is wrong with that man. He is one who has, despite the laws of nature and of God, "given up his soul to servitude."

Passing from these questions to that of the employment of women and children in industrial pursuits, we find that as in the previous questions we have dealt with, so here, the Pope discusses the matter from a higher point of view than the common, and calls in for its decision principles which are rational, humane, and equitable. Hitherto in this country the interest of the employer has been paramount; the Pope, occupying the higher standpoint of reason and justice, declares that the paramount interest is that of the worker. Our factory laws, of which we are so unreasonably proud, have proceeded on the lines of slightly modifying the evils which are inherent in the employment of women and children, without interfering with the profits of employers. Every proposed amendment of the factory laws has had to enter the preliminary plea that it would not tend to lessen the total profits. The Pope boldly takes up the position—the only rational one—that profits must look after themselves, and that the interests, moral and physical, of the women and children, are alone to be considered by the legislature. He declines to place the life of women and children in one scale, and the profits which are made off their employment in the other, and then strike the balance. Human life is not to be bought and sold.

A representative of the workpeople recently gave evidence before the Labour Commission concerning the employment of children in the cotton industry of Oldham. He expressed himself as opposed to any limitation of age in the case of children employed in factories. "It would never do," he said, "to have the children at school until they were fourteen years old." Again, "If the females are to become proficient, they must commence work earlier than thirteen." Even twelve is too late an age, and he would prefer that children should enter the works at ten. A later witness gave evidence that it was absolutely necessary that children should begin young, in order that their fingers might be adapted to the very fine thread which was used. "A child starting at twelve or fourteen could never become expert." "There had been nine weeks of snow at Oldham during the past winter, and children of ten had to go through it to the mills at six o'clock in the morning."

And this is evidence given by men who are themselves workmen, but whose notions of what is just and humane have been so blunted by their daily experience of outrageous cruelty, practised on defenceless children, that they see nothing remarkable in such sickening details. And, in spite of all this grinding tyranny, Britain continues proud of her factory legislation, and is afraid that she may be undersold in the market by competitors less careful than she of infant life!

Let us ask the Pope to lead us back to the fresh air of sobriety and common-sense, out of this den of hypocrisy, avarice, and cruelty. He says: "Work which is suitable for a strong man cannot reasonably be required from a woman or a child. And in regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops or factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently mature. For, just as rough weather destroys the buds of spring, so too early an experience of life's hard work blights the young promise of a child's powers, and makes any real education impossible." Need we ask what the writer of these words would say were he told of little children of ten years of age trudging through the snow in the depth of winter, morning after morning, before the rising of the sun, to their long day's labour? God pity the little mites! into what a world they have been born! And Britain is proud of her factory laws, and fears that other nations more callous than she may undersell her. Dear old John Bull! what a depth of humbug there is in you!

When it was bruited abroad that the Pope was on the point of dealing in a comprehensive way with the Labour Question, it seemed to most of us that he would take the opportunity of bidding for the leadership of the Socialist party. Socialism from the moral point of view is the negative of Individualism. It points out that civilisation exists only in so far as individuals subordinate their special interests to the general interests of the community and of humanity,—precisely what Christianity teaches and what the Roman Catholic Church has been prominent in maintaining, in theory at least, from the earliest times till now. The question for outsiders was simply whether the Pope would prove himself strong enough to re-assert the best teaching of the Catholic Fathers, and the explicit statements of their Divine Master.

On the lower grounds of expediency and policy, it was equally an open question whether the Pope would not be effecting a clever move by bringing about that union of the Black International with the Red which Cavour predicted and Bismarck feared. Catholicism and Socialism are equally independent of nationality, and though the former has been accustomed for centuries to play off nation against nation, the ill success of late has been so conspicuous that she may well be tired of the game. There would, no doubt, be serious difficulties in the way of a real understanding between parties which have hitherto been rivals and antagonists. The Socialists, with their views full of the new wine of science, and an ancient order like the Catholic priesthood, could not fraternise without a good deal of friction. But both have much to gain by a mutual understanding. The Socialists might well bring themselves

to enter into a working alliance with a Power, with whose Mediævalism they might not have the slightest sympathy, but whose organisation would be invaluable to their cause ; while the Church, stranded as she is, might well hope to gain through alliance with a party to which belongs at least the immediate future.

It is possible that the Pope intended his encyclical to be a bid for the leadership of the Socialists, at least in Catholic countries. But if this was his intention it is safe to assert that he will be disappointed. He evidently does not fully realise the strength of the Socialist position, and has accordingly not bidden high enough. He will have to raise his offer if he hopes to be treated with seriously. There is no other Church that could not bid as high, and even the German Emperor has bidden higher.

Those Idealists who hoped against all experience that the Pope would rise to the height of his great argument will be yet more grievously disappointed. The first pages of the encyclical will convince them that the Pope thinks more of the immediate interests of his order than of the fundamental conceptions of his religion.

Socialists will not be greatly distressed by the criticism to which they are subjected. They will only think it curious and instructive that the Head of the Church should repudiate with such scorn the notions of brotherhood through the preaching of which Christianity has won all its triumphs. The first of his two main objections, that Socialism destroys the motives which compel to labour, amounts simply to the statement that society is impossible on Christian principles. We have long been familiar with the objection : the only thing remarkable is that the Pope should have adopted it. Lately Englishmen were scandalised by Bishop Magee maintaining the same thesis. We may now therefore take it that the dignitaries of the Christian world have voted Christianity impossible as a practical scheme of life.

His second objection takes the form of a vindication of private ownership in land. He even goes so far as to assert that ownership of land is essential to the full development of humanity. It alone can afford that security for the future which man as a rational being, dowered with forethought, craves. One does not see why the secure possession of the fruits of the earth, or the occupancy of the land under a State guarantee of permanency, would not serve as well. But let the Pope have it his own way. His argument condemns the land-laws of every European state. There is not one of them in which the vast majority of the citizens are not excluded from that private ownership of land which is declared to be one of nature's laws. Socialists will be the very

last to object to the question of the land-laws being opened up and discussed as the basis of natural right.

Still, when all deductions are made, the encyclical of the Pope remains a remarkably able and well-considered utterance. Coming from reactionary Rome, it reveals in a striking manner the strength of the movement which the reactionaries at home tell us is to destroy Commerce, the State, and Religion, and to hurl the world back into barbarism. Rome has been through too many revolutions to fear that which is coming, and is wise enough to meet it with the offer of peace in her hand. Whether her example be followed speedily by other religious bodies or not, it cannot fail to sweeten somewhat the spirits of many, who are bitter because the Churches which ought to be with them are against them in the battle they are waging for justice and pity.

H. CAMERON.

Book Gazette.

ECONOMICS.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL ECONOMY. By RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Political Economy in Johns Hopkins University. With a Preface by JOHN K. INGRAM, LL.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. *London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Hunt & Eaton.* 1891.

This is a singularly fresh and readable book, which the general reader may take up, sure of finding something to interest him in its bright pages. The young student of Economics will value it not less highly for its suggestiveness, and the closeness of its contact with the most recent developments of the science. Professor Ingram, in the short but highly instructive preface which he contributes, notes the leading characteristics of the new school of Economics, and amongst them, last but perhaps chief, that reaction against the heartless abstractions of the past which a French writer has hit off in the happy phrase "*un grand dégel*." In no recent book is this "great thaw" more in evidence than in Professor Ely's. A humane and genial spirit pervades it, and one wonders at the perversity of treatment which earned for Economics the name of the "dismal science." The study of the living organism of society in its economic aspects certainly ceases to be "dismal" when one rids one's mind of the scientific cynicism which could see in men and women only endless reproductions of "the economic man,"—surely the falsest abstraction that ever contrived to play a great part in human thought. There was perhaps something in the trade-conditions of the time to justify its existence. The passion of acquisitiveness could not fail to be abnormally developed under the influence of rapidly expanding commerce. When fortunes were being made in a few years, it was natural to regard those in whose hands the leading-strings of trade were found in their character of money-makers, a character which they did not themselves disown, and to study their operations as we

do the operations of nature. Economists did them little injustice when they made avarice their ruling passion. They themselves accepted the authority of no moral standard, and asserted their right as business men to follow their own self-interest, unfettered by "sentimental" considerations. With an expanding trade, and a working class that was dumb as to its higher claims and rights, it was hard to find an effective answer to them. But the conditions of trade have changed. The working classes, who represent the more purely human element in industry, are no longer either dumb or over-awed; and the lords of trade, with their apologists, have been compelled to admit that the conduct of trade is not an end in itself, but only one of the means of social welfare. The maxim, "The greater the trade, the greater the country," has given place to the maxim, "The juster the trade, the happier the country."

The course of development which has brought us from the arid regions in which economists strayed at the beginning of the century to the semi-socialism which is universal to-day is succinctly but clearly traced in one of the later chapters of Professor Ely's "Introduction." At the beginning of the century writers on Economics, full of the methods of physical science, generally contented themselves with an investigation, in the words of Mrs. Fawcett, of "the nature of Wealth and the laws which govern its production, exchange and distribution." In other words, the science of Wealth was a new physical science, to be studied, like astronomy or physics, without regard to any human relation, as though its "laws" were as little subject to human caprices, ideals and convictions as the weather or the ebb and flow of the tides. Later, notably in the hands of Mill, Economics began to emancipate itself from merely physical methods; but, while taking note of human relations, and even, in words, admitting their supreme importance, it still was so far under the spell of the past as to reckon these relations as at bottom merely so many disturbing elements. The assumption underlying the work of this transition school was, that there was a science of wealth ideally complete in itself, which, however, could never become actually complete, owing to the irritating idiosyncrasies of men and women. But, in the latest school, man, his needs and wishes, becomes the centre of interest, and Economics is less closely allied to the Mathematical than to the Biological sciences. We have returned to the definition of Political Economy given by Sismondi early in the century, as "the science of human happiness." Moral conceptions have grown to be of the very essence of the science; its methods have become historical and inductive, and its message one of deliverance to the poor and the enslaved.

Professor Ely has firmly grasped the idea that there is no more finality in the more recent conclusions of Economic Science than in those which have been discarded. Every stage in the Economic evolution produces its own theory, which at once renders the stage to which it refers intelligible, and prepares the way for a further step in advance. Economic Science no sooner evolves one "infallible theory" than it becomes conscious that society is already passing beyond it. The reason of this is plain. Our infallible theories are only the making clear to thought of the practices of particular periods, and no one can fully realise his own practice—hold it at arm's length as it were and survey it from all sides—without discovering possibilities of amendment. This makes it the more interesting to notice the attitude of so intelligent a writer as Professor Ely towards Socialism. His general attitude appears to be just a little in

advance of our present practice. He condemns the surrender by the community to private capitalists of such natural monopolies as railways, water and gas supplies, electric lighting, etc., but when he comes to expressly discuss Socialism takes up a position which would satisfy even a violent adherent of Commercialism. His account of Socialism, indeed, is amongst the least satisfactory parts of the book. He begins with a very insufficient definition of Socialism, and has little difficulty in demolishing his own conception on the ground of its antagonism to individual freedom. Professor Ely's cast of mind is eminently practical: had it been only a little more practical he would have seen the absurdity of charging modern Socialists with indifference towards personal liberty. To us, on the contrary, the majority of Socialists seem to be already half on their way to Anarchism.

It is, indeed, just in the more theoretical portions of his subject that Professor Ely is least satisfactory. An instance in point occurs in the first chapter. He quotes Homer and Professor Henry Drummond to show that Egoism is supreme in Economic matters among the less developed races of mankind. It is doubtful if either of his authorities will count for much with modern students of the ways of primitive man. But whether this be so or not, we ought surely to have done now with the theory which represents pre-historic man as a self-conscious, self-reliant individual who gave up his personal freedom and the more immediate enjoyments because of the dim visions which floated before his mind of the Bank of England and the British Constitution. With the fuller knowledge of our time, we have learned to picture our old friend as living in an unconscious and wholly inartificial communism of goods and wives, with notions as vague and shifting of personal rights and ideals as those of a child. But in America, apparently, they think that primitive man was a New Yorker, born within hearing of the din of Wall Street. We ought really to give up the notion that the process of civilisation shows a steady surrender of freedom, and that man in his wholeness and self-sufficiency is to be sought in the past. The opposite of this is the truth, as is perhaps sufficiently apparent when we remember that the relations into which primitive man first entered were those which were more general and comprehensive, and which concerned him chiefly on the animal side as a sentient being struggling for a mere existence, while the more intimate relations which concerned him as a moral and spiritual being came later. Thus, if the family and the clan are to be regarded as successive in their appearance among men, it is the latter which was prior in time. The clan came before the family; the necessity for defence before the craving for companionship and for personal possession.

On the whole Professor Ely has produced an exceedingly bright and readable book, which, if it cannot be expected to supersede the more systematic treatises on the same subject, will usefully supplement them and keep alive the student's interest in the actual forms of Economic life. It is supplied with an exhaustive list of questions and a full index, and each chapter has a useful Bibliography appended.

THE EIGHT HOURS' DAY. By SIDNEY WEBB, LL.B., and HAROLD COX, B.A. *London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane.*

Shortly before this book was published, some of our sapient leaders in the daily press heralded it sarcastically, saying that "the book of the century was in active preparation." We agree with them, keeping out

the sarcasm. It is a great thing that the closing years of the century should be devoted by our millions of workers, not to the getting of money, but to the quest of methods and means whereby they can lead and enjoy a nobler, healthier and wider life. This is a pregnant fact, speaking much for the spiritual development of the masses in late years, and saying more than volumes could of the deep-seated desire that is in human nature for much more than the bread that perishes.

"The Eight Hours' Day" is invaluable, both to the theorist and the practical man. It traces the history of the movement with a wealth of detail and a show of authorities that makes it of great use to writers or lecturers. It gives facts regarding the hours of labour, and then shows the probable economic and sanitary and social results of an eight hours' day. The question of overtime is discussed in a most reasonable spirit; and then, through English precedents for legislative action, practical proposals are put forth and discussed. To the practical man, perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the appendix, where there is quite a number of letters from employers who have already conceded the eight hours' day, and, what is more, have found it advantageous. There is also a good index, and a reference to all the recent literature on the subject.

LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING. By John Ruskin, LL.D. *George Allen, Orpington and London, 1891.*

In a note attached to the *Ruskiniana* in the June number of IGDRASIL, an interesting account was given of Mr. Ruskin's appearance as a lecturer in Edinburgh in 1853. A new edition of the lectures delivered on that occasion is now before us. Only two editions have been issued previously, the first on April 18th, 1854, and the second on October 4th, 1855, both by Smith, Elder, & Co. The second edition, with the exception of a few verbal alterations, was an exact reprint of the first, but contained additional notes. The present edition (the first issued by Mr. Allen) is a reprint of the second edition. There is provided in this new edition a very complete index, which adds greatly to the usefulness of the book in the hands of students, who, in the case of the smaller works, have had hitherto to prepare their own indices. It is to be hoped that at no distant date the "Works Series" will, like "Fors" and the larger works, be provided with an index, so that the student may be able to find without difficulty any reference he wants. We believe there is an index already in existence in manuscript, and we trust it will soon be printed. In a note, the compiler of the Index, referring to the account of the lecture given in the invaluable "Ruskin Bibliography" (the issue of which is conferring an inestimable benefit on its fortunate subscribers), gives the additional information, "that ed. 2 inserted the note to par. 105 (p. 186 of ed. 2, p. 179 of this ed.) in answer to a letter in the *Athenæum* of June 10th, 1854, denying the anecdote, which was supposed by this critic to refer to William Frederick Wells, of the Old Water-Colour Society. An important addition was made also on p. 230 (ed. 2), claiming Turner as the first and greatest Pre-Raphaelite. The published price of both editions was 8s. 6d. The volume contained mezzotint frontispiece, and 14 pp. of woodcuts, which were placed together at the end. The same plate and blocks have been used for this edition, and the same 'Plates' inserted opposite to the references to them in the text, except the frontispiece which remains where it was; the flaps to hide figs. 6 and 18 are

now omitted, as they usually face the plate, or were lost in binding" (pp. 236-7). This volume shows a marked improvement in editorial supervision on "Aratra" and "Val d'Arno," which were seemingly issued without any, and for this reason, if for no other, is really the most useful book of Mr. Ruskin's that Mr. Allen has issued since the appearance of the last edition of "Modern Painters." But as the first course of lectures ever delivered by Mr. Ruskin, the volume has a special interest in view of the recent unearthing from the pages of *The Builder* and the *Morning Chronicle* of the second course delivered by Mr. Ruskin. Readers of IGDRASIL who do not possess the early editions of "The Lectures on Architecture and Painting" will now have the satisfaction of being able to procure them and of comparing them with the "Lectures on Decorative Colour" reprinted in the June number of IGDRASIL.

ALFRED DE MUSSET. By CYRIL FRANCIS OLIPHANT. *Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.*

A melancholy interest attaches to this book, inasmuch as its young author, who had been engaged on it for several years, and who was a son of Mrs. Oliphant, died shortly after its publication. It is a charming study of the great but erratic French genius. Its author evidently understood his subject to the full, appreciating all sides of his wayward nature; and we have presented to us what is a critical as well as a sympathetic picture of De Musset's career. The arrangement of the work is a good one, and the studies of the "Poésies," the tragedies, the comedies, and the prose works are excellently done.

A FINNISH GRAMMAR. By C. N. E. ELIOT. *Oxford: The Clarendon Press.*

We gladly welcome the appearance of Mr. Eliot's excellent "Finnish Grammar," which the Clarendon Press has issued in so useful a form. It is excellently adapted for the use of a beginner in the study of Finnish, and, in addition to this, the philologist will find dealt with the chief phenomena peculiar to the language. The introduction consists of nearly fifty pages, chiefly philological; and an appendix is added, consisting of selections from Finnish literature, including parts of the Gospel according to St. John, the Kalevala, and a Finnish popular song. Finnish is well worth learning, if only to read the Kalevala!

LYRA ELEGANTIARUM. Edited by F. LOCKER-LAMPSON. *London: Ward, Lock & Co.*

GARDE JOYEUSE. Edited by GLEESON WHITE. *Derby: Frank Murray.*

The first of these two volumes is an English classic to go side by side with the Greek anthology; the second is an American classic to be, when it is older and more grown. Mr. Locker-Lampson's book has long been the *vade mecum* of the society versifier, and his "Preface" is the authoritative statement upon which all subsequent writers on the subject have based their variants. No more useful volume than this has ever been issued in the plethora of "series" which now form the greater portion of the book trade.

Mr. Gleeson White's "Garde Joyeuse" is a charming book, full of "pleasant delites," as its title implies. All the best blooms of American

vers de société have surely been gathered here, and as the collection is small it is necessarily exclusive. "A Theosophic Marriage" is "an entirely precious thing," as has been said of other matters; "The Ballad of Cassandra Brown" should be a warning to all who indulge in recitation; "The V-a-s-e" is distinctly clever; and the song which sings of the girl who will eventually marry "that young chap I hear her call 'Dear Herbert Spencer'" is clever too. Mr. Gleeson White has written a pleasant introduction to this most pleasant volume, which should certainly obtain a wider circulation. It seems too bad of Mr. Murray to limit such a charming volume.

A SICILIAN IDYLL. By JOHN TODHUNTER. *London: Elkin Mathews.*

Those who some fifteen years ago recognised in "Laurella and Other Poems" poetry of no mean order, and who have followed Dr. Todhunter's career since those days with interest, will be pleased to find that no diminution of that power is to be seen in the beautiful pastoral which its author calls "A Sicilian Idyll." "Helena in Troas," of 1886, proved that Dr. Todhunter could write a poetic drama which would act, and "A Sicilian Idyll" has confirmed the previous demonstration. The book is produced in Mr. Mathews' well-known and artistic manner, and the fine title-page which Mr. Walter Crane has designed adds greatly to the result of the whole, which is perfect.

BY THE SEA. By FRED HENDERSON. *London: T. Fisher Unwin.*

This unpretentious little volume contains some well-written verses, directed for the most part against the conditions which hamper life in most large towns. There is displayed a fine aspiration and a longing for more of Nature's quietness in our lives, which will find an echo in many a heart to-day.

FANTASY. By MATILDE SERAO. *London: W. Heinemann.*

This Italian story of passion is very modern and very lurid. Pippa might have witnessed such a drama instead of that other turgid tragedy that soiled her soul. That the story is true to life, that it is not even uncommon, must be admitted; but "Pity is 'tis true" must also be the thought of every one who reads it. The author is a close observer of existence, and is capable of reproducing living in literature. Her method is realistic, and she shrinks not from details, although they are not pleasant details. It is from the details that the force of the story is derived—the massing of trifles which brings about the final catastrophe.

THE DRAMAS OF SOPHOCLES, RENDERED IN ENGLISH VERSE, DRAMATIC AND LYRIC. By SIR GEORGE YOUNG. *Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.*

This is not a volume to be taken lightly; to be dealt with cursorily; to be dismissed with a casual word. Its author puts it forward as a standard edition of Sophocles, and in this he is right. It is a standard edition, for it is a complete Sophocles, as far as we know. But exception may be taken to the way in which the book is introduced. To start with, its aggressive title-page! "Sir George Young, Bart.," is surely a trifle too redundant even for a translator of Sophocles! not to mention other matters, which it is more common to find on title-pages. Then to pass to the preface, we have remarks many and various as to what translation

consists of! Then, still more remarks upon all the faults of all translators up to the time of Sir George Young, who, however, acknowledges his indebtedness to these earlier students of the art of translation in his own work. Potter, Dale, Campbell, Whitelaw, Donaldson and others, all come in for the criticisms of the new translator, who finds none of them perfect. But enough of this preface! Passing on to the translations themselves, which, as the title-page is careful to explain, are in "English Verse, Dramatic and Lyric," the first fault we find is the mediocrity of the language employed. It is only now and then that they rise into anything approaching the sublimity of their originals. Perhaps the "lyric verse" is to be preferred to the dramatic, but it is in neither that the value of the volume lies, but rather in the fact that Sir George has gathered together the *Antigone*, *Ajax*, *Electra*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Trachiniae*, *Philoctetes*, *Œdipus Coloneus*, and the fragments of the lost dramas into one volume, and thus rendered students of Greek Drama a service which they should not readily forget.

ENGLISH MIRACLE PLAYS, MORALITIES AND INTERLUDES. By A. W. POLLARD, M.A. *Oxford: The Clarendon Press.*

Here we have the very beginnings of the English Drama: the germ from which the greatest dramatic literature since that of the Greeks, and worthy to rank equal even with that world-wonder, has sprung. In giving us these specimens of the Pre-Elizabethan drama, Mr. Pollard has done an immense service in the study of English Literature. His Introduction is an admirably workmanlike performance and of great value, and the notes are equally to the point; while the glossary is well compiled and indispensable. The volume includes the York, Chester, Towneley and Coventry Plays, and "Mary Magdalen," "The Castell of Perseverance," "Everyman and the Interludes of the Four Elements," that of Skelton's "Magnyfycencé," Heywood's "The Pardoner and the Frere," Thersytes and Bale's "King John." We cannot say too much in recommendation of this valuable book.

In the ninth and tenth parts of the "RUSKIN BIBLIOGRAPHY" an account is given of the "Ruskiniana" published in IGDRASIL during 1890, which has been reprinted by the editor (who is *not*, as is commonly assumed, the editor of IGDRASIL), in a limited edition of ten copies, for private circulation only. It is entitled "Ruskiniana" (part i., 1890), and consists of the following divisions:—A (*Letters to Various Friends*); B (*Architecture and Painting*); C (*Minor Letters on Art*); D (*Railways and Scenery*); E (*Education and Pastimes*); F (*Political Economy*); G (*Politics*); H (*Books and their Writers*); I (*Miscellaneous Letters*). The editor's note (dated Christmas 1890), on p. v, is as follows: "This part of "Ruskiniana" consists of letters by Mr. Ruskin, first published in various places, but subsequently to, and not included in, "Arrows of the Chace." They were almost all reprinted in IGDRASIL during the year 1890, but in this edition some notes have been added, as well as one or two letters and passages not given in IGDRASIL."

In the tenth part, which concludes the first volume of the "Bibliography" and begins the second volume, Division B, Bibliography of "Modern Painters" is commenced, and is of great interest and value.

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Ruskiniana.

IN this number we continue our collection of addresses and speeches given by Mr. Ruskin at various times, but not included in his published works.

VII.

THE STUDY OF ART.*

[From the *Building News*, April 23rd, 1858.]

MR. RUSKIN said they knew that he had no business whatever to venture to address them that evening. He hoped, as he had no business, he might be permitted to say how great a pleasure it was to him to be there that night; and he had no other excuse to offer to them for coming to a school which he had been unable to attend during the progress of its studies in the course of the past year, and respecting which, therefore, it would be the utmost impertinence in him to express any opinion. Therefore, all the opinion he would express would be that of sincere admiration of what he had seen and heard since he entered the room in which they were assembled. He had come there, only as having been in some degree connected and associated with the work of another institution of a similar character,† to tell them of one or two principles that had struck him during the past year as affecting art at the school with which he was more immediately associated, and bearing on schools of art connected with the metropolis. He rejoiced to hear that St. Martin's was certainly a leading school in independence and zeal. The general principles to which he referred bore on the three classes of students spoken of by the Chairman. Those three classes were, of course—first, the class that desired to devote itself wholly to art; secondly, the class that hoped to bring to bear upon trades and professions the knowledge which they gained in the school; and the third class, which came to acquire a knowledge of art as it bore on practical life in general. As to the first class, that which intended to devote itself wholly to art itself, he did not think there would be many of that kind there, as such would probably be inclined to go to the Royal Academy; but he believed that the greatest number who obtained knowledge there would have the greatest effect on handicraft, which led to a greater degree of strength of hand and mind for higher branches of art.

* Delivered at the conversazione of the St. Martin's School of Art, Friday, April 15th, 1858.

† The Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street.

He believed it would be found that, when there was a real art brought into our handicraft, that real art was likely to increase into the highest art of all. He was sorry, by the way, to hear them receive with laughter the announcement that there was amongst the students at the school a confectioner. Why should not confectioners be employed in the lighter art of drawing, when they had so long and actively employed themselves in the raw art of architecture? There was very little architecture in London but the confectioners'. He thought the practical students were the most important of all. But he was only afraid they might lose sight of the main function of all art, even in the smallest matters—namely, that which was visionary, as well as practical; the great business of art being not only to produce things, but to see them, and to enable others to see them. And he trusted they would bear with him a little in dwelling on that favourite subject of his—the bearing that all art should have on the revelation of God in the works of creation, and the teaching of all mankind of His visible truth. Now, among the first class he had spoken of—the class of artists—they knew that there was a great schism at present, and that schism was chiefly between those occupied chiefly in painting things from Nature, and those who were more or less occupied in making fresh things, or inventions, as they called them. Invention and arrangement was the highest, no doubt, of all art; but there was a great work open to artists in painting things which were open to the observation of all around them. The means of travelling now enabled them to bring their fancies to bear on what was to be seen in the different parts of England, and even on the continent of Europe. Few students were now so poor as to be unable to enjoy a holiday and see some magnificent landscape or some objects having historical associations. If a student under such circumstances took the steamer instead of the rail, he might land at Havre, and sail up the Seine, witnessing objects of interest upon which he might employ his skill with the greatest advantage. The importance of bringing even inferior powers of art to bear upon perishable works of art was very great. He could not speak that night of the great number of subjects of precious historical monuments of art which were now perishable. Those who seized upon such subjects would confer a great benefit, not only upon the present generation, but the next generation and the future antiquary; and they themselves would acquire more spiritual power as they acquired the practical power. When they set their powers on an object that would be reproduced to all eternity, what was the advantage conferred by so doing compared with copying those things, or delineating historical objects, which might perish in forty or fifty years? On visiting exhibitions lately, he could see plenty of records of mushrooms, hedges, ditches, and things of that kind; but he had not seen in any one really useful historical record of ancient monuments. Some of the most important scenes that were interesting to Englishmen were to be found close by, in Normandy. Then, if they wished to have recalled historical recollections, they would go to a certain Norman tower, overhanging a French village, four hundred or five hundred years old. From a window of that Norman tower, a person whom we have all heard of at the Surrey Theatre, but do not perhaps know to have had much influence on our history—Robert the Devil—one day saw a miller's daughter at the door of her father's mill, fell in love with her, carried her away, and married her. Their son was William the Conqueror. That was a beautiful scene, notable for most interesting historical facts. The old tower stood jutting out into a woody dingle, the village

resting at its feet, the brook glittering beneath old bridges and turrets, which, though certainly not of the eleventh century, recalled distinctly enough the position and character of the ancient village. Above rose towers and cliffs of granite, purple with heather, mingling their flushed colour with the green of the valley, as the strong blood of the Norman mingled with our Saxon patience and grace. If they went to Calais instead of to Havre, and took an hour or two's journey into Picardy, they came to a wide plain, covered with ranks of poplar, broken by low hills. Along that plain, four hundred years ago, fled the wreck of a French army; and on the slope of one of those hills stood Edward III., watching his son in his great hour of trial. Many a hill and meadow they had seen painted; but had they any—even the slightest—idea what that hill and plain were like? Was it not better to paint that hill of Crecy, that dingle of Falaise, than banks at Hampstead, ditches in Essex? Let them not suppose he was teaching now anything contrary to his old teaching. He had said always to students in their early practice, "Draw the simplest things you can, and you will find beauty in them. Don't draw from the antique—you can't understand it; don't go to Rome—it's of no use. Draw anything simple and near—grass and watercresses—before you venture to draw heroes." But to students who had learned the rudiments of their art, and who were able to draw a bunch of grass or a bit of salad properly, he said further, "Don't draw the heath at Hampstead, but draw it at Crecy; don't draw the weeds of the New River, but of the brook at Falaise." This, then, was the kind of duty to which the truthful artist ought to set himself. But he wished to refer to the way in which the truth was to be used by the poetical artist. Poetry meant the making of a thing, which was the real, etymological, and proper meaning of the word. But they could not make anything unless they had materials to make it of; and the first thing in painting, writing, or speaking was to gather their materials. Let him clear their minds as to the sense in which he used the word poetry. Poetry was the sincere, simple, and entire statement of facts, calculated to excite noble emotion. If the statement was not clear and straightforward, it was not poetical; if it was not true, it was not poetical; if it was not calculated to excite noble emotion, it was not poetical. Mr. Ruskin then read Pope's celebrated passage describing a miser's death-bed, Scott's death-bed of Morton of Milnwood, and part of Robert Browning's poem, "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," showing how the poetical power increased in each example according to the extent and emotional power of the facts stated, and on the penetration of the writer into the movements of the soul, simply setting everything before them as it was; and the reader felt it because the author had put it heart and body before him. That schism which took place respecting painting took place respecting poetry as well. The same laws precisely which took place in poetry took place in painting; and the same laws of expression for language were just the laws of expression in colour. They had first to get their true matter, then to tell that in a proper way and in the right language, whether prose or verse. There was a right way of telling everything, and the language was poetical in precisely the same degree in which it was *right*—that is to say, it was short, and clear, and decorous. There was no such thing as a dialect for rhyme, or a language for verse; there was but one and the same language to the living words of a sincere man—that was the true poetical language; and when they understood that, they knew both how to write poetry and

how to judge it. Reserve and simplicity were two main characters in painting and poetry. The more reserved language was the more pathetic, and that was because the character of all deep feeling was to reserve itself. And exactly in the degree the language hints at more than it expresses in that degree it became pathetic; and the most pathetic themes had been painted by those who had got their language to tell in a few words—who had said much in a few familiar words. They knew the great master Wordsworth, who introduced language of that description in our time; but he was not the first that did so, or who taught the law. Molière was the first person who taught in modern days that the most simple language was the most royal, the most governing. (Mr. Ruskin then gave a translation of the two ballads introduced in Molière's play of *The Misanthrope*.) The last extract which he had read was the type of all poetical language—the simplest and the purest language was always the most powerful. They were all familiar with the poems of Wordsworth. He hoped the efforts now being made to depreciate that great poet would not be successful. (Mr. Ruskin then read, in an exquisitely beautiful manner, Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray.") They must have observed as he was reading, that there was not a single word which was not touching, and that because it was a simple telling to them of the solemn truth, the truth which they all could feel. But they might not have noticed how powerful, in the true sense, how *royal*, this simple language was; and how the poet, who rendered *all* character perfectly, made language always simple when he meant it to be kingly. Perhaps one of the most queenly of all Shakespeare's queens was Catherine, and he believed that the scenes in which she speaks were just those in which Shakespeare used the most simple language in all his works. (Mr. Ruskin then read extracts from the interview between Wolsey and Queen Catherine.) In that passage there was not a single word that any one of them, speaking from the heart, might not have used. Thus then, in men, first let them take care that their matter was true; secondly, let their expression be plain and unaffected; and then came the third requirement, let there be harmony. The language must not only be simple in perfect poetry or perfect painting; it must be harmonious, and place all excellences before the eye in a concordant, not discordant, way. The last difficulty that lay in the way of all art was the attainment of this melody; but he could not enter upon that subject to-night. He wished them, however, to keep in mind that it was the want of that which caused so much discussion amongst the students of art at the present time; and the addition of that perfect melody would be the means of rendering acceptable to all men the most perfect minds of the School of Art in England. One word more. Whatever share the students of this school might take in carrying forward the cause of art, they thought they might sometimes be discouraged by the English habit we had of speaking of painters and of painting as an inferior occupation. Though we sometimes wished the painter to be a respectable person, and to be in a position to keep his carriage, still he was afraid there might be a lurking fear on the part of some of those he addressed, that the profession of the painter was not the most desirable they could follow—that they should not be doing right in following painting as an occupation, instead of trying to enter some so-called "learned" profession. He was no painter himself—all he had tried was to write, and he did not even do that well; but being no painter, he might say this of painting, that of all possible exercises of the human intellect, when it was nobly done, painting was just the noblest,

for it was teaching people how to see. And nothing in the world was so rare as true sight, nothing so difficult to bestow. It was easy to make people feel, more difficult to make them think, but almost impossible to make them see. He had often thought that it had been intended that some type of this strange difficulty should be given, in the solemn opening of the eyes of the blind by our Lord, which was the only miracle ever allowed by Him to bear to others the appearance of difficulty or slowness. Were the multitudes to be fed, He broke bread, and it multiplied; were the lame to walk, He bid them take up their bed, and they arose; were the dead to be raised, He touched them, and their souls returned: but when sight was to be given to the blind, it was not to be given by a touch; and in the most remarkable instance of giving sight, a long process was employed. He spat upon the ground and made clay, with which the eyes were touched, and then the blind man was told to go to the Pool of Siloam, and to wash, before sight could be obtained. In another instance the process was also long; at least, the eyes were twice touched. That seemed to be a strange type, showing that the thing most difficult to do for man was just to give him sight. Religious people called each other desperately wicked; but he believed, whatever the wickedness of the world was, its blindness was greater, and that men erred not so much because they willed wrong, as because they saw wrong; and the habit of trying to ascertain facts, even with the bodily eye, was the most wholesome initiation into the habit of trying to see them with the mental one. But even supposing the bodily eye only was touched, was *that* a trifle? If they thought that by a few years' labour they could gain the power, as they went through streets or hospitals, of restoring sight to every blind person whom they touched, would they not work for it? And yet that was just the power they might and did gain, if their art was true; they literally and actually gave sight, not to one blind man here and there, but to myriads; and thus, displaying and unveiling the glory of creation, and giving light to others, best fulfilled themselves the command given to all men, to "walk as children of light."

VIII.

VENETIAN ARCHITECTURE.*

[From the *Builder*, February 19th, 1859.]

MR. RUSKIN, on taking the chair as announced, said that, in being permitted to introduce Mr. Street to the meeting, it was no part of his duty to insist on the value or interest of the present collection. Its usefulness must be patent to all; and, for the rest, it had been explained in a most admirable manner by their excellent chairman at the last meeting of the Society. He might, however, be permitted to detain the assembly for a few minutes, whilst referring to a principal feature in the collection of photographs. The attention of the Society had been mainly devoted to two Italian cities, which were interesting, not only in consequence of their past history, but of their present political position. Not only at this moment, but for many years to come, these two cities, Venice and Verona, must be in constant danger of almost total destruction, in the event of any political movements taking place in Italy. The military preparations that had been made by Austria rendered this almost a matter of certainty. The

* Remarks made at a meeting of the Architectural Photographic Society, on February 8th, 1889, on the occasion of a lecture by Mr. Street.

Austrian guns bore straight down on the *façade* of the Ducal Palace and on the very centre of the town of Verona, and it mainly depended on chance whether that palace might not be shaken into the dust almost before any effort could be made to remove the causes that would give occasion for such an exhibition of authority. The meeting would permit him to express his sincere delight that Mr. Street had undertaken the duty of explaining the Venetian photographs,—a task for which that gentleman was peculiarly well qualified, having investigated the architecture of the north of Italy, not only with the utmost care, but with enthusiasm. Unlike the majority of architects, who travelled merely for the purpose of gathering such morsels as might be useful to them in their own business at home, he had travelled with a hearty admiration of all that he saw, and he had made his observations rather in a spirit of love than of labour,—at all times the preferable spirit. And not merely had Mr. Street done this, but he was qualified in a peculiar way by his natural gifts to interpret to his auditory the architecture of Venice; that architecture being, as they were all aware, distinguished from the architecture of nearly all the rest of Italy by its colour. The colour of the Venetian architecture was more or less the source of power among the Venetian painters, for it disciplined the eyes of those great artists who, whatever might be the general opinion with regard to their other qualities, were, as to colour, unquestionably supreme. He believed that if the testimony of the most renowned painters of all times subsequent to the Great Venetian School were gathered together, it would be found that they all bore testimony to the supreme greatness of the painters of Venice in this respect. There was a certain transcendental or religious character in other Schools which they had never possessed, but as painters of colour they stood alone. This, he thought, might be established beyond doubt by the testimony of eminent artists. One man, Velasquez, when he went to Italy to buy pictures for the King of Spain, met Salvator Rosa whilst at Rome, who questioned him on his opinions with regard to Italian pictures. “Do you like Raffaele?” he inquired. “No,” was the reply; “I don’t care for him.” Salvator Rosa went on to ask him about others; but finally said, “You don’t like Raffaele; then we have nothing better to show you.” “No,” said Velasquez; “the great men are at Venice, and Titian is the first of all the Italians.” This was the authority of Velasquez; and, whatever weight they might be disposed to attach to it, at all events it left no doubt as to the impression which was made on the mind of that distinguished man. The same peculiarity was visible in the Venetian architecture as in their paintings: this would be noticed on glancing round the photographs. Mr. Street, whose own designs were pure beyond anything he had ever seen in modern architecture, in exquisite propriety of colour and in fineness of line, would not, he felt confident, recommend to the meeting an imitation of the luxury of Venetian architecture; but he was equally sure that he would enter into the beauty of their colouring, which was principally derived from their great study, the sea, which had afforded alike to all nations their best ideas. Conceptions were to be obtained from the seashore which could be had from nowhere else. The beautiful combination of purple and green with white, which was the foundation of all those lovely medallions in Venice, had been suggested by the shading of the clouds cast on the green sea, and reflected on the crests of the waves when breaking into foam. He knew how truly Mr. Street was impressed with these beauties, for he had seen a piece of his work in his own immediate neighbourhood. His friends and neighbours there had

taken on themselves to build a Gothic church, which some two years ago was fortunately destroyed by fire. He immediately called on the different members of the congregation, and congratulated them on the occurrence. They thought him hard-hearted and lost to all feeling of true art; but since they had seen Mr. Street's restoration of that church they admitted that he had been right all along. This restoration, which was beautiful in all respects, was remarkable for a piece of colouring admirably introduced; and he doubted if it could be excelled by any of the colours in ancient art. In conclusion, he begged to congratulate the meeting on their good fortune—first, in the district which had been chosen for illustration; next, in the photographs that had been collected and the art on which they had been brought to bear; and, above all, in the lecturer whom he had now the pleasure of introducing.

[Mr. Street then proceeded to deliver a lecture on the subject of Venetian architecture, alluding more especially to those examples which were illustrated by photographs comprised in the collection.]

The Chairman said he was sure the meeting would concur with him in the expression of sincere thanks to the lecturer for the pains which he had taken and the intelligence which he had displayed in tracing the peculiarities of Venetian architecture, although it was matter of disappointment to him that, from the limited number of photographs on the walls of the Society, it had been impossible for that gentleman to give as consecutive a view of the subject as his thorough knowledge of it would have enabled him to do. As Venice was the subject of their consideration, they would perhaps permit him to add a few words in connection with these same photographs. He entirely accepted the condemnation of Mr. Street with regard to St. Mark's. It was a building that certainly could not be compared in any respect with the magnificent cathedral of Chartres. But there was one feature that should make Englishmen ready to forgive St. Mark's. Venice was peculiarly the city of a mercantile and a warlike people: it was not a city that was given to ecclesiastical feeling in any respect,—he meant thereby, ecclesiastical as distinguished from religious, for religion in a practical sense was found to have constantly influenced them in everything that they did. But to ecclesiastical feeling they were opposed, and, even though Roman Catholics, they were opposed to the ecclesiastical system; they were, moreover, always quarrelling with the Pope, and had no feeling of that abstract or transcendental kind which stimulated the architects of the rest of Europe in the formation of their noblest edifices. The characteristic of this School, which was shared in by Englishmen, was the feeling of disdain for that transcendental style; and we could not but feel that in their contests with the waves, and in their wanderings throughout the world, they were bringing from the luxurious East, and from other quarters to which their sway and commerce extended, materials for the instruction of the whole of Europe; and especially that they were fulfilling their duty in kindling the admiration and rivalry of the north of Europe, which meanwhile had given itself up to religious speculations and pursuits. Out of those religious pursuits and speculations, however, had arisen those aspirations of the mind which had given birth to the noble cathedrals, the proudest and grandest architecture that existed, he believed, in the whole world. It was interesting to notice in these photographs the subjection of the ecclesiastical to the secular architecture. In the one representing the Ducal Palace and Campanile, it towered over the city indeed, but could hardly be seen in the distance; whilst at Chartres, on

the other hand, the cathedral was visible for a distance of twelve miles. With us it was only of late that our palaces had begun to mount over our cathedrals, and perhaps it would have been better if it had not been so. He was quite sure that Mr. Street would have noticed the Venetian colouring, and he had gone at once to the colouring of St. Mark's. But there was another point to be noticed with regard to these Gothic palaces, which would also account for the inferiority of their brickwork. There was no good brickwork in Venice; for, from the first rise of style among the painters, a considerable portion of it was covered with marble, and the rest was left as a field for the artist to work upon. Accordingly, at the close of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth, they found subjects executed on the walls on brilliant diaper, scarlet and gold; and these had more recently still been followed out by great painters in the most magnificent way, so that the entire of those palace walls were filled with designs of the grandest colouring. One of the buildings, to which the lecturer had just called attention, was not only remarkable from its beautiful window, but from the remains of a most splendid design, representing a flight of diaper angels with golden wings, on a scarlet ground—so numerous and beautiful in execution as to resemble a flight of seagulls. These Gothic palaces likewise displayed green and purple bosses, which had especial reference to the sea; and he was glad to see that Mr. Street had confirmed a supposition which he himself had entertained, but to which he was afraid to give utterance, lest he should be thought fanciful—namely, that the floor of St. Mark's had been purposely rendered uneven, in order to convey an image of the sea. It was a beautiful thought, and he hoped that no more travellers would complain when they found a difficulty in walking on it, for it was the feeling of the old builder which had led him to do this—his love for the sea, which was indeed the throne and foundation of Venice. He would only add one fact to the interesting discussion which they had heard regarding the Ducal Palace—namely, that the sculptures there which belonged to the fourteenth century were to be distinguished from those of the fifteenth by one very curious mark. Lions, or, as they were called, the lions of St. Mark, became a very constant ornament with Venetian architects, and they were invariably introduced over the spandrel of each arch and throughout the building. The lions' heads of the fourteenth century always had fine wrinkled ears, which made them look more savage; but the architect of the fifteenth century, who must have been a smooth-going fellow, considered that ears without wrinkles were more graceful, and consequently he gave all his lions smooth ears. In front of the Ducal Palace there were two windows lower than the rest, which had also traceries left in them. There were also traceries left in other windows, but those of the two lower and larger windows fortunately rested on old capitals, bearing the lion with the wrinkled ears; and they were unquestionably the work of the fourteenth century. It did not follow, however, that if in Venice they found a bit of architecture of a certain date, they would be enabled to swear to the antiquity of the whole building, for the Venetians were marvellous thieves as well as merchants, and they used constantly to pick up a bit of stone wherever they could and use it up with what was more modern. However, he had no doubt that these windows were of the fourteenth century, and that from them exactly the same meaning was to be drawn as from the floor of St. Mark's. He believed that the whole building was intended to be a type of the original raising of Venice on piles, and that this idea was

borne out by the well-known paintings of Canaletti. The shafts underneath were arranged with a view to strength, and in such a manner as to confirm this view; they were singularly short and sturdy, and placed not so much architecturally as in order to bear the superincumbent mass that had been raised upon them. Mr. Street's utter disdain for the Renaissance permitted him only to allude passingly to one or two of the photographs which might be interesting to the Society. He had alluded to a discussion which took place in the House of Commons the other night; but it had proceeded on a misrepresentation of the facts, which were not known, and were confessed not to be known. The speakers stated that they were not acquainted with the style of Gothic architecture; they supposed it to be barbarous, or a combination of barbarisms, and on that supposition they were prepared to advance certain proposals for our new Foreign Office. But the saddest thing in all that debate was the total absence of perception by the assembly of the connection existing between the Gothic architecture and our own Constitution. It was said to be a remnant of the dark ages, but it never seemed to occur to the speakers that the English Constitution was a remnant of the dark ages; and it seemed rather more desirable that the building for the purposes of our Government should be in the style of those noble vaults under which our sovereign worshipped, than in that of the edifice which was near to them, and with the central window of which such associations were connected—associations not altogether such as we should like to revive. But there were other points connected with the Renaissance architecture which could not be allowed to pass altogether without notice. They would perceive amongst the photographs three excellent specimens of palaces in this style, all notable for their enormous size, and each one with a peculiar aspect, imparted by standing out separate from the houses in its vicinity. Adjoining one of these they would observe a house of three stories in height, with another smaller one on the roof. All the houses in Venice were built with a view to afford comfortable room and air, and yet the top of the house which he had pointed out reached very little above the first story of the Renaissance Palace. The guiding spirit of the Renaissance builders was ambition, and obeying this they cast aside all subjection to the old styles of architecture, and all the conditions of the country in which they were built. In the former edifices brick and clay, which were to be got from the *lagunes*, were freely introduced; but the ambitious builders, who were determined to raise structures that would quash everything else, were resolved to use nothing but solid stone. And very grand things indeed they made; but the end of them was ruin! for, as if to impress this upon us, the most notable of them all had never been finished: it was only half built, and on the top of this unfinished palace, in the centre of the Grand Canal, the grass now waved in perpetual desolation. In glancing at these photographs, it would perhaps be well to bear in mind the moral lesson which these facts conveyed. Although he had stated that Venice possessed no ecclesiastical spirit, Venetians were not wanting in religion in their earlier times, and they were most faithfully attached to their country. Perhaps in all Italy, or in the whole course of history, there was nothing to compare with the siege which was stood by the Venetians in the year 1380, when they were assailed by Pietro Doria and the Genovese. Their enemies had reduced them to a state of blockade, and had shut them out from all succour; and the admiral, Pizani, who had been forced to fight, by the impetuosity of his sailors, had been

thrown into prison by the arbitrary spirit of the Government of that period. And, talking of prisons, he should like to correct an error on the part of those who accused the Venetians of cruelty in confining their prisoners under the leads, where they were exposed to the scorching heat of the sun; for this admiral was not confined under the leads, but in the body of the prison. At that time all seemed lost, and there was no hope for Venice but in the patriotism and spirit of the very man who had been imprisoned. The populace rose and claimed their admiral, and he managed to drag himself to the bars; and when they saw him, they exclaimed, "Live Pizani! live Pizani!" but he responded, "No: live St. Mark." The Government yielded to the solicitations of the people, and restored the admiral; and after a series of the most interesting naval evolutions ever performed by any naval commander, the Genovese were reduced to total submission. That spirit lasted just to the close of the Gothic time. But at the very time that these magnificent palaces were being built, the courage of the nation gradually fell away, and they became more and more luxurious in all their habits, and less faithful to themselves, until nothing more was left to meet the attack upon them of Napoleon. There was no patriotism to induce any of them to come forward—they were cowards, although meeting in these splendid halls. There were one or two curious things about their architecture, and one of the most striking was the adaptation of their style to the necessities of the place. A curious curve in the *façade* of one of their palaces struck the observer as a deficiency in architectural proportion, but the fact was that the canal bent just at that point—they had not lost their sense of architecture, though they had lost their sense of patriotism. Another looked as if it were not in perspective; such, however, was not the case, but the island on which it was built being triangular, the building of course could not be right-angled on one side. He did not know that he had anything further to say, beyond proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Street for the particulars which he had brought before them that evening. He was sure the meeting would all concur with him in the recommendation to foreign photographers to furnish more details of this most interesting city. Details were what that Society required. He did not think, on the part of artists, he could accept the compliment which Mr. Street had paid them, for he did not believe that they could always tell what a building was by an artist's representation of it. He supposed that artists lost their heads much in the same way that others did their hearts, for he had seen a great deal more illusory painting by his own favourite Turner than by anybody else; and therefore, if they wanted to have "Venice preserved" as it really was, they should look mainly to the aid of photographic art. He believed, however, that artists would preserve that which photography could not possibly accomplish—namely, the beautiful colour of the Venetian *façades*.

IX.

RELIGIOUS ART.*

[From the *Working Men's College Magazine*, April 1860.]

MR. RUSKIN gave an account of the condition of the Drawing Class, touching on some of the points connected with its management which distinguished it from the rest of the College classes. Referring to the

* Remarks made at the General Meeting, March 8th.

examinations which are to be held on other subjects, he said that nothing of the kind could be attempted in his class; that any sort of competition in art work was invariably pernicious, leading men to strive for *effect* instead of truth. It was impossible, moreover, for a teacher to be sure that in his own instructions he did not give an advantage to one student over another; he found it, he said, impossible to conquer the temptation to bestow most help on those whom he saw making the most use of what he taught them. This kind of premium was the only thing in the shape of a prize which could find its way into the Drawing Class. Mr. Ruskin then said that as he could only come seldom to the College meetings, he should take the opportunity of telling the students a few of the things which had struck him most during his summer tour on the Continent. He then gave a very lively account of some of the places in which he had been looking at the great masterpieces of German art. "The pictures which I saw in Belgium," he said, "made me feel the immense difference that exists between the Venetian art and that of the so-called Religious schools. Once I thought, as most of the world does, that the greatest religious art is that which presents the religious element free from all connection with earthly things. A painter of the southern Italian schools, when he wanted to make a religious picture, painted only saints and angels, and these generally he put in the skies, far away from anything earthly. This is one kind of religious art. Another, and as I now believe a greater, kind of religion is that which is mixed up with the every-day life of men; and this was the religion of the great Venetians. Veronese and Titian, when they were painting a sacred picture, did not confine themselves, like Angelico, to the representation of saints in glory, or a martyr in his ecstasy, but treated the scenes of this human life in a true human manner, pouring into them their religious faith. As an instance of this, take Veronese's great picture of his own family. He represents the Madonna coming to pay a visit to the household, and he treats the thing as if it were a piece of simple fact. Every figure in the picture—his wife, himself, his children, great and small, down to the schoolboy hiding behind the pillar, and the dog snarling suspiciously at the visitor—is represented as doing exactly what might be expected under the circumstances. In these various figures every phase of religious feeling, as differing in different persons and ages, is simply and truthfully brought out. Contrast with this the manner in which Rembrandt and Rubens drew a family picture. Rembrandt has painted himself and his wife, and made it in many senses a wonderful picture; but what scenes does he choose as an illustration of the beauties of his family life? He is sitting at supper with his wife, holding her on his knee, with a glass of champagne in his hand, and a roast peacock with a magnificent tail on the dish before them. As to Rubens, when he paints his wife and child, instead of showing her in the presence of the Madonna, he makes her *act* the Madonna, with himself as St. Joseph, and his child as the Christ, and the picture becomes one broad field of blasphemy. It is by looking at works such as these that one learns to understand the difference between the religion of the Venetian painters and the religion of the Germans." Passing from Belgium to Prussia, Mr. Ruskin said, that what struck him in Berlin was decidedly not the high art which his German friends showed him, but the singular success with which the people seemed to have pursued the art of making themselves comfortable. The villa life of the citizens, with their pleasant

gardens and open-air tea-drinking, was an advance by many degrees on the so-called comfortableness of English people. Going to Dresden, he saw the treasures of the "Green Vault" at Königstein, the curious impregnable fortress of Saxony. The principal use of this place was to serve as a convenient retreat, where a misgoverning monarch might retire whenever his subjects became unruly, and shut himself up like a rat in his hole, till they had tired of expressing their discontent. But the great sight of the place was the Green Vault, the repository of the royal jewels, an amazing mass of treasure, remarkable for showing how stupid and contemptible the richest art may become, when even the noblest materials are worked, without a sense of what is either beautiful or reasonable. Here were collected the produce of the Saxon mines, gems of every hue, without number, and beyond price. But with all these splendours the craftsmen seemed to have known how to make but two things only—sword-hilts and drinking-cups! Save only that for the royal diversion they were sometimes fashioned into wonderful forms of puppets, liliputian jewelled dolls, with heads of emerald and stomachs of pearl. But it was in the article of drinking-cups that the artistic and royal souls gave free vent to their imagination. There were cups of every conceivable shape, and with every imaginable device for making the drinker spill his wine. Cups like birds and beasts, cups like fishes and shells, all equally gorgeous and equally ugly. It seemed, in fact, as if, when an old Saxon monarch looked out into creation and saw any one of the beautiful things on this earth, his first and only thought was, "Can't I make a mug of it?" Out of this world of wonder, then, there is not much to be learnt, except that to be a king is sometimes very sad, dreary work, and that it is a good thing to have something given us to do in the world better than playing with pearl-stomached mannikins, like the lords of Königstein.

X.

A LECTURE ON "TREE TWIGS."*

[From the *London Review*, April 27th, 1861.]

THE eminence of Mr. Ruskin as an art-critic, and the excellence and popularity of his published works, of course secured for him, at the Royal Institution, a most brilliant audience. His subject was apparently a simple one, *Tree Twigs*, but the numerous artistic diagrams with which it was illustrated at once showed how fertile of art-lessons it would prove.

The lecturers that usually appeared in the place he occupied that evening were the greatest philosophers of the age, and the deepest truths and the latest discoveries of science were the engrossing topics on which they dwelt. But no such high interest attached to what he had to say on this occasion. All he should endeavour to do would be to point out the connection between the laws of nature and those of art, the aspects of nature and the aspects of art. He had only elementary truths to tell—he could hardly say to teach, as they were already known, although perhaps sometimes forgotten.

By little twigs the most important fabric on the face of the earth was

* A shorter account of this lecture (delivered on April 19th) is reprinted in "On the Old Road," vol. i., §§ 375, etc., from the Proceedings of the Royal Institution. The following report is not only fuller, but gives woodcuts of the various diagrams used. These, however, we are unable to reproduce here.

woven. Of iron and many other substances so useful to our race, so abundant in nature, we see nothing of the elaborations; but of trees, timber, wood, we see the workmanship daily carried on before us. The flowers of the field neither toil nor spin, but the leaves of the forest are ceaseless toilers; all their existence long they are spinners, and weavers, and miners; and the timber of our largest trees displays the warp and woof of the multiple threads which the ever-working leaves have elaborated.

There are three modes of aggregation: (1) simple, like the shingle on our seashores; (2) tree-growth, in which one layer of material is laid over the other, with a bond of union between the two; and (3) perfect growth, as in animals, in which the organ has always the same form, but increases in size—as, for example, the hand, which, although it grows larger, is nevertheless always a hand.

The growth of a tree commences with a short stem, to which another stem is vertically added, and so on a third; but the rod which this vertical elongation would ultimately make would be too slender, too weak, for any covering of leaves. Against this result nature provides by sending down constantly two roots for every shoot sent up, so that every branch and trunk is thus encased and strengthened.

The next inquiry which naturally arises is as to the structure of these shoots.

In the dicotyledonous trees, which are the most interesting to us as being of native growth, these twigs are divided into two classes—namely, those of a square form, and those which are pentagonal, or have many sides. In the former, the shoots are alternately placed at right angles to each other; in the latter, they form by their positions a spiral round the stem. The position of the leaves is not, however, strictly geometrical, each leaf trying, as it were, to get the most room and air for itself in seeking the most open space. There is something like instinct or volition in this; and one can but consider this power of choosing the best condition to be dependent on the vital energy. The five upper leaves of the oak exhibit this beautiful spiral arrangement. The horse-chestnut exhibits even more beautifully than any other tree this arrangement; for the alternate leaves, although crowded, grow with the most perfect grace and freedom.

Of one school of art it was scornfully said that its artists followed out the minutæ of their pictures with microscopic exactness; but before the microscope was known, and in all ages, there had been a class of painters who had given the utmost attention to the perfection of details. It was to be remarked, that, whenever leafage had been carefully studied and finished, that school, whether in painting or architecture, had always flourished; whenever the leaves were neglected, that school had failed. The Venetian pictures held the first place in art; and how wonderful was their finish in this respect! The portrait of Ariosto, by Titian, in the National Gallery, was referred to for its foliage background. The events transpiring in Italy might give the chance to our nation of obtaining some of the best examples, and nothing advanced the art student so much as seeing and studying the work of a really great painter. What has advanced sculpture in our land so much as the fine examples of Greek art, and especially the Elgin marbles? One good Venetian picture in our national collection would be a school of art established for ever.

Among the diagrams is given a type of the work of the leaf left, after it falls, in a polygonal tree—namely, the oak. That left in a rectangular tree would present a similar appearance, except only that the buds would be in

pairs instead of single. Each of these types is connected with those of monocotyledonous trees by intermediate conditions, such as those of the *arbor vite* and pine. Two other diagrams represent the outer spray of the *arbor vite*, which is broad in one direction, narrow in another, and forms gradually a branch, which is flat in its foliage, though the stem is rounded by the gradual accretion of the decaying leaves. This tree may be considered as forming the link between the rectangular dicotyledons and the monocotyledons; while the pine, in which the leaves, arranged in a spiral order, leave, when they fall, a spray, is the link between the alternate dicotyledon and the monocotyledon. Such being the general structure of the sprays, we have next to consider the mode of ramification. Each healthy shoot every year adds at least four others to its extremity, two and two—in opposite vertical planes if the character of the stem be square; three, in separate divergent directions, if it be polygonal. Thus, the minimum increase can be stated at three shoots for each extremity of every stem. Each of these twigs again, at the next season of growth, produces three others, and so on at every ensuing increase. These twigs are thus constantly massing themselves towards the outer circumference of the tree, while the stouter branches which support them are comparatively inert and lifeless.

Careless painters were apt to represent them by a series of irregular off-shoots, and as dying away in their energy towards their tips. Such might be true of the twig, in which the vital energy was most forcibly put forward in its first sprouting; but it was not so in the bough, at the extremity of which the numerous new subdivisions or twigs formed themselves into a globular interlacing mass, in which the fullest vitality of the tree was exhibited.

That, observe, is considering the bough only as a flat ramification; but actually, as the shoots in a rectangular tree spring into the form of a cross, and in a polygonal tree in a spiral order, the ramification being on all sides with equal force, the resulting structure takes a cup shape, so that every tree may be considered as a mass terminated by a spherical or round surface, composed of a series of cup-shaped masses of foliage, emerging one from within the other.

There is a general tendency in the boughs of some trees to curve with a concave outwards; in other trees the concave is inwards. If the concave is outwards, the aspect of the tree is like that of a fountain, throwing its branches out from the central stem; if the concave is inwards, it more resembles a fir-cone, the successive cups closing round each other towards the top of the tree. Every branch, in carrying on the formation of the mass of its leaves, to occupy in successive years the place which they are required to fill in the typical form of the tree, exercises an instinct like that of an animal. It is commonly said that light and heat operate on vegetable tissue under fixed mechanical laws; but there is a vital law which modifies the action of the light and heat, which accepts that action willingly if it draws the bough where the bough wants to go, which refuses and painfully submits to the same action if it drives or attracts the bough where it does not want to go.

Hence there is a continual exhibition of vital power and of instinctive choice of place and of direction, contending with adverse mechanical influences, or flourishing under favourable ones; and the curvatures of a bough are therefore sometimes free, sometimes cramped, sometimes suddenly changed, sometimes resolutely consistent in purpose. These characters give at once grace, fantasy, and yet the look of imperfect

organic life which distinguished the beauty of a branch from that of any other flexible form. In the convolutions of a serpent, for instance, the whole body is animated at once by a harmonious force; in the undulations of a wave, governed by a force communicated under constant laws. The line of a branch, interrupted in vitality and subjected to various accidents, stiffly graceful and fitfully consistent, is recognisable at a glance from all other conditions of consecutive lines presented in the natural world.

In bringing out these results, it will be seen that the action of the leaf differs wholly from that of the flower. The flower perishes quickly, leaving behind it the seed which is to be developed into its successor. The leaf not only leaves behind it the bud which is to be developed into a similar shoot, but works all its life long in order to establish the succeeding shoot under different circumstances from all that had preceded it. It not only leaves the bud, but places it and provides for it by the actual substance of the stem from which it is to advance to greater height and wider range. The main function of the flower, therefore, is accomplished only in its death; that of the leaf depends on prolonged work during its life.

This difference in the operation of the flower and leaf has attracted the attention of all great nations, as a type of the various conditions of the life of man. Chaucer's poem of "The Flower and the Leaf," in which the strongest knights and noblest ladies worship the goddess of the leaf in preference to the goddess of the flower, is perhaps the clearest expression of the feeling of the Middle Ages in this respect. That of the Greeks is set forth by the fable of the Rape of Proserpine. The Greeks had no goddess Flora correspondent to the Flora of the Romans. The Greek Flora is Persephone, the "bringer of death," because they saw that the force and use of the flower was only in its death. For a few hours Proserpine plays in the Sicilian fields; but, snatched away by Pluto, her destiny is accomplished in the Shades, and she is crowned in the grave. The Greek feeling respecting the leaf is set forth by the fable of Apollo and Daphne. Daphne is the daughter of one of the great mountain rivers of Arcadia and of the Earth; that is to say, she is the mist of the dashing river filling the mountain valley. The sun chasing the mist from chasm to chasm is Apollo pursuing Daphne. Where the mist is sheltered by the rocks from the heat of the sun, the laurel and other richest vegetation spring in profusion; and thus the laurel-leaf becomes the type of the animating power of the rivers and of the sunshine, and therefore the reward and crown of all vigorous human work nourished at once by the dew of earth and the light of heaven.

This interpretation of the fable of Apollo and Daphne might at first be doubted, but will not be so when it is compared with the original eastern tradition as preserved in the book of Genesis. In the garden of Paradise we are not told that there were flowers. We may conjecture that the term "herb of the field" includes them, but we are told positively that there grew every tree—literally every timber—good for food and pleasant to the eyes. And it is said that these trees were not watered by rain, for rain had not been caused upon the earth. The brightness of the sky was not to be concealed by rain-clouds, but a mist rose from the ground to water the garden. Sunshine and mist together forming the nourishment of its vitality, as in Arcadia, the Eden of the Greeks, the same power is attributed to Apollo and Daphne.

In applying these principles to art, the same feeling appeared to animate the best workmen of the great times. The noblest architectural decorations

had been found in the leaf rather than in the flower: in the Acanthus by the Greeks, and in nearly every form of Spring vegetation by the Gothic workmen. The merit of the work might be almost always judged of by the simplicity of line and by the artist's dwelling on the spring and growth of individual leaves rather than on the shadows produced by their entanglement. The intricate shadows of complex foliage or flowers formed the decorations of declining architecture; but in the best times the designs consisted of few lines, like those of the example here given from the Ducal Palace of Venice, in which there was no palpable dexterity of cutting, but an exquisite attention to and enjoyment of the spring of the stem and the undulation of the foil. All good work was, then, grave, intense, and attentive, not necessarily minute. It might be thought that the details into which the lecturer had entered descended into too accurate particulars, but the distinction between accuracy and minuteness was just that on which depended the distinction between true and false art. It was quite possible to be accurate without being small; small without being accurate. The scale on which work is done depends upon place and convenience, but no work was ever done well which was not founded on the loving and attentive examination of every natural fact which came within its range.

XI.

ARCHITECTURE IN FRANCE.*

[From the *Building News*, June 21st, 1861.]

MR. J. RUSKIN, having been called upon by the Chairman,† said he should hardly venture to accept the invitation to address the meeting; for almost every member of the Society knew better than he did what was going on, both in France and England; many of them from personal knowledge, and some from professional engagements. He felt the difficulty all architects and other persons were placed in who had any connection with the restoration of ancient buildings. They ought not to throw stones at anybody, but what they should do was to suggest what should be done to ancient buildings under the most difficult circumstances. He himself for long had been utterly hopeless respecting the state of architecture in France—hopeless, especially because he felt that the line taken there was, that what was determined by the leading public men there would be carried out, and that any suggestion which might be made to those engaged in that course was likely to wound their vanity, and was likely to come ungracefully from us, who had not altogether shown ourselves prudent, or sufficiently cautious, perhaps, in the restorations we had undertaken at home.

He felt it was a great difficulty to interfere, and one great difficulty was the weakness of the French, which he supposed they would confess to themselves, which all nations shared with them—but which, perhaps, they would admit they possessed at all events, and which frequently led them to nobleness of action, as at Magenta and Solferino—he meant national vanity. So it might be in reference to the restoration of French architecture. He was afraid they would do harm if they brought forward any memorial on the subject to be presented to the French, unless they could

* Remarks addressed to the Ecclesiological Society.

† Mr. A. J. B. Beresford Hope.

show that they had a good ground for doing so. Ten years ago, he made the tour of the cathedral towns of France. He should have remarked, however, that twenty years ago the cathedrals of France were all safe, as far as modern work was concerned; and, as a lover of architecture, he mourned over the restorations now being made in France of her ecclesiastical buildings. There was, twenty years ago, nothing of importance undertaken in the way of restoration, but ten years after that things were changed, and the traveller at Amiens, Chartres, Notre Dame, and other places—in fact, wherever he went, he had to get out of the way of horses and carts filled with stone and other building materials, to carry on alterations then being proceeded with, but none of them finished, and the structures being full of scaffolding. Although he deprecated the adoption of any memorial to the French authorities on the subject of restoration, yet he thought they might wisely and courteously suggest, that when a restoration had been commenced it should be carried on and gone through, instead of scaffolding being kept up at buildings under restoration for so great a length of time. If he wished to send a pupil to study a French cathedral, at present he hardly knew where to send him, the buildings being enveloped in so much scaffolding. Then an important matter for them in England was certainly for them to settle their own code of restoration. Could they go to France and give their neighbours their advice, while they were not agreed themselves as to what should be done in the way of the restoration of a building? They, many of them, differed in opinion as to the mode of restoration, and he referred particularly to the difference of opinion as to what should be done with sculpture. What he had proposed was considered extravagant and impracticable. The whole ecclesiastical architecture of France, however, was likely to be destroyed by one perpetual scrape, and thus would be removed the power of making an architectural history of the country. He wanted to know something of the thirteenth century, because it was his intention to write a history of the thirteenth century architecture; and ten years ago he set to work on the French churches, and found that all his important documents were then in part destroyed, and that in five years more they would be destroyed. He accordingly gave the thing up, and not only that, but he gave up architecture—he never cared about architecture since. It was a hopeless thing, he thought. He stood forward honestly and earnestly that night as an advocate against the destruction of buildings, under the name of restoring them; but, at the same time, deprecated any over-zeal in the way of sending a memorial to the French, until they had come to some decided opinion on the subject themselves. What, it seemed, therefore, they had to do was to determine, first, whether they at present, as architects generally, had the power of restoring effectually to its former appearance any great ecclesiastical building, and whether, if they had the power of doing so, it was expedient to do so, and to what degree. That it was right to put a stone in here and a bolt in there, to take care that no indolence or carelessness shall interfere with the stability of a building, and that no unauthorised person shall interfere with it, he supposed they were all agreed upon. An important question was whether a cathedral could be properly restored. Not that there was any want of capacity on the part of our architects of the present day, for he believed that there was as much genius and talent amongst architects now as there ever was. After referring to the importance of the *ecclesia*, the speaker said they should see whether they could get the sympathy of their own people before

they attempted to influence the actions of the people of France. What power had they as copyists? What power had any man as a copyist? Supposing they had the best architects in the world, could they rebuild a cathedral as it had been built? Whatever good work there was in a cathedral was the result of a good strong hand and mind. All good art was the expression of the whole man—of his soul and heart, of his intellect, and of the whole power of his body. The whole personal power and energy of the body were required, as well as the power and energy of the soul. This was certain, that no great work of art existed which did not give some expression of the mind of the man at work; it was the handwriting of the thing. Now, he was not prepared to say how far that handwriting could be put upon art. He was much attached to the thirteenth-century buildings; in some thirteenth-century work there was the expression of as tender a feeling, and of as high genius, as was ever put upon stone or canvas. And he believed the peculiar characteristic of the thirteenth century was not its severity, plainness, nor its soul-stiffness or persistence, but its tenderness. Some people called Dante a monster, while Dante was simply the most tender of all poets. So they had also thought the thirteenth-century architecture might be carried out by rule, instead of looking at the infinitely far more precious thing, the mark of the real tenderness and glory of the human soul in every touch. So it was in poetry of the age of Dante. They would see how general the character of the tenderness was. The thirteenth-century sculpture had in its touch that which nothing could replace, unless the same tenderness were shown. Could one man follow out the thoughts of another, and put the thoughts of the same mind and depth in the restoration of a building as he who made the building? They might copy the autographs of their friends or of all the great men in England, in the British Museum or elsewhere, but assuredly they could not do anything of that kind in sculpture. The necessity of restoration involved the impossibility of restoration; they might put a head on a figure if the head were off; they put on a new one, and that was not a restoration, but it was a substitution of the nineteenth-century impression. They might talk of restoration, but it was an impossibility in sculpture; they might as well talk of raising the dead. As he understood, what they were to do that night was to determine what should be done in respect of French restoration. After some observations on this point, the speaker proceeded to say that the whole question was how they were to recover the vitality of architecture and lose as little as possible of its impression. They could get a municipality to restore a cathedral, but they could not get a municipality to build a new one. The great matter was to replace a decayed stone by a good sound stone, but they ought not to put in a single stone with sculpture upon it; let every bit of old sculpture be retained, but not a bit of new stone put in with sculpture upon it. He disapproved of their taking any step in the way of finding fault with what their French neighbours were doing, and thought they should determine rather what they should themselves set as a wholesome example.

XII.

COMPETITION AND MECHANICAL ART.*

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, November 21st, 1865.]

THE lecturer commenced his address by stating that ill-health and a pressure of work had prevented him from being with them as often as he could have wished ; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that they had very good masters in Messrs. Lowes Dickinson, Jeffrey, and Cave-Thomas. When he was with them he also felt that he was not exactly the person they wanted. He could best illustrate what he meant by telling them a thing which struck him very much at the time he attended the classes. One of the best men in his class gave him great satisfaction by the execution of his work, which made him think his pupil had a great perception of beauty. He exhibited much tenderness and grace in his expression. He (Mr. Ruskin) believed most of them grumbled because he did not praise them enough ; still, he thought they would do him the justice of saying that he grumbled at his own work as well as at theirs. He was a grumbler generally. However, one day he said to this student that his work was very good—very nice. On hearing this the student fell back in his chair and laughed almost like a child. He was intensely delighted with the praise. Now, he watched them more closely after that, and saw how strongly the love of praise and the instinct of competition were in their minds ; that it was not so much a love of what they did as the delight either in the personal sense of having done it well, to which there was no objection, or the doing it better than others. This was a sense which was greatly encouraged in us by many of our teachers and the very method of education. There was not a girl, boy, or man who was not urged forward to do better than his neighbour, and they all took that poisonous stimulus and swallowed it as if it were as sweet as sugar. He did not say that they did not compete in a brotherly way ; but they enjoyed the competition more than anything else. This was a feeling which he observed to be strong amongst them, and it was a feeling which would prevent them from ever excelling in any great and noble thing. They could not enjoy their work so long as they were thinking whether they were doing it better than Jones or Robinson by their side. These remarks did not apply to drawing only, but also to many things in trade. It was not the love of money—although we loved it in England, yet we were not misers on the whole—but it was the love of gain which set our rich men scrambling for money like so many pigs rooting up the ground. It was the love of gaining more than their fellow-pigs. The place of every man was fixed when he was born by his race, by his circumstances, by the will of the Spirit who made him. His head would be of such a shape and his muscles of such a strength, and no will of man could change his being. All he could do was to make the best of it. He might make the best or the worst of his being, but he could not make himself another creature, nor compete with another creature. The only thing for him to do was to make the best use he could of the gifts which had been given to him. They sometimes held each other's hands, but they did not become each other. A chain was kept together by links, some small, some large ; but all must be sound, or the chain would not

* Delivered by Mr. Ruskin at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street.

hold together. So far as they could compete with anybody, they should remember that they could only do so with equals. There would be no struggle in a game of chess between Morphy and himself, nor would there be between Ross and the youngest of the beginners in their rifle corps. There could only be a struggle between equals. But if they only watched their equals they would not raise themselves. They must look up as high as they could. They could star-gaze as much as they pleased, but then they could not compete with the stars. There was, however, one kind of competition which had a good part belonging to it; and there was nothing which was very deadly in its abuse that had not a virtue in its use. The abuse would soon be found out if there were no good at the bottom of it. They would soon throw aside arsenic if there were no good in it—there was some virtue in blue pill, and they occasionally took it; but they did not live on blue pill. So competition was good to try their strength. There was a pleasure in racing and boxing; but it consisted in its being a mere trial of skill, and not from a desire of victory. If they could only compete with their equals, so could they only do so in certain things. They could not in matters of the brain. In purely mechanical works they could. If he were to give up the whole of his life to match, say, a Camberwell 'busman in his jokes, he could not do it; but if this same 'busman were to devote himself to compete with him in the mechanical part of drawing he could accomplish it. It was a great deal of this which at present drove them into the mechanical part of art. We were so mechanical that workmen allowed themselves to be called hands, and never thought of asking anybody to call them heads. They knew there must be an awful truth at the bottom of it. From high to low they were losing their ideas of beauty in following after dexterity. While he could get any amount of skill, patience, and perseverance, and obtain marvellous things from the hand, there was not the delight in beauty, which was exactly the thing he wanted to bring to them. He was not complaining of the greatest possible skill of hand, but that the mechanical should be allowed to usurp the place of beauty, intellect, and passion. It was not among them only that this was taking place, but also among the highest artists. They might see on the walls of the Academy many thoroughly able pictures, magnificent in power, for there were men amongst us capable of being as great artists as there were in this world; but they were kept down by the habit of consulting the public taste and following the sympathies of others, instead of doing that which they knew to be right. Much of that which was in the Academy was prettiness, not beauty. There were the noblest examples of human beauty both in men and women around us; yet with these noble and lovely creations we were content with vile and vulgar realisations. He had not seen a beautiful English girl painted, nor a noble English man. Mr. Ruskin proceeded in a very humorous way to illustrate his argument, and then pointed out the difference between Greek and English art, as shown in coins of the two peoples. For this purpose he had admirably drawn two Greek coins on a large scale, which were exhibited in the room. One was a coin of Camarina, a town on the south coast of Sicily, and coined about 400 B.C. The subject of it was the head of Hercules, with the skin of the Nemean lion, with its mouth and head as his helmet. The lecturer, after minutely describing the beautiful manner in which the subject had been treated, as well as its being a record of an event, distributed a number of "farthings," the mechanical execution of which he highly approved of, but which, he said,

was lamentably deficient in beauty of design. The object appeared to be to say that Britannia was powerful: then there was a figure with a trident, sitting upon something which was hidden by a shield. The only thing entirely our own was a ship and lighthouse, which had been made very small. Above all these was a noble piece of information, a grand legend, a divine motto—"Farthing," in very fine letters, as big as Britannia's head. Seriously, these "letters" were exquisitely done—nothing could be better; but still the great thing told was that it was a "farthing." How different was the treatment of the Greek coins! In this one, belonging to Camarina, they could with a microscopical glass see that word, but so artistically disguised that the letters formed a part of the beautiful design as a whole—quite subordinate, yet auxiliary. In this they had a complete essence, the harmony of all Greek art. The second coin illustrated was one from the city of Tarentum, which was also equally exquisite in its symbolical design. All the great teachers of Greek art warned their students against a cultivation of mechanical art. In concluding a most instructive and amusing address, Mr. Ruskin cautioned those belonging to the art classes at the Working Men's College not to overstrain themselves; they would not gain anything by it. All wholesome and good progress was achieved calmly. It was worse than useless to overstrive and overtax themselves. Which of them, by taking thought, could add one cubit unto his stature? It was the mere story of Procrustes' bed. The real rack was when they allowed the size and nobleness of their fellows to torment them to try and rival them. They must not suppose that they who came there for a few hours could rival great artists, but they could learn to express their thoughts in an intelligible and pleasant way. They might, if they liked, consider this place as a wholesome public-house, where they came to drink moderately. They could only drink well when they drank moderately. He hoped that before long there would be working men's museums, in which they would have a sufficient number of good objects for them to study. The British Museum was more a depository for specimens of all that was good and beautiful than a place of study. It was much better that they should have examples which they could be allowed to handle and examine than only be able to look upon in a glass case. Casts were therefore very useful to them. Besides, they did not want for examples those things which they could not reasonably hope to attain to. What was sufficiently above them to enable them to reach it was what they wanted. He wanted museums for working men at night, possessing a quantity of things which they could use; not too many things, but what they had good, in rooms well ventilated and well lighted. Above all, let them gain as men, and not as mere hands. It was not by being too good or too clever that they could make the best of themselves. He believed there was actually more harm done by "good" men than by evil. Let them look at the war in America, and the revolt in Jamaica. Be good first, and wise afterwards. What a noble saying was that of Epictetus, "I was a slave, and in my body sick even to the death, and in penury, a beggar—and beloved of the gods!" Beloved of the gods! That was one of the grandest things ever written by the human mind. After again urging them not to neglect a cultivation of true beauty while seeking after dexterity in mechanical execution, Mr. Ruskin resumed his seat amidst loud applause. In the course of his address he read a passage from a work which he will shortly publish, which contained very sarcastic remarks upon some modern "institutions."

XIII.

THE EYRE DEFENCE AND AID FUND.*

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, September 8th, 1866.]

A MEETING of the committee of the above fund was held at No. 9, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, on Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who was in the chair, said that the object of the present meeting was to ascertain what had been done during the past week in strengthening their numbers. He was glad to find that no less than twenty-five new names had been added. It was satisfactory also to know that subscriptions were flowing in from all quarters. Mr. Carlyle concluded by proposing that the list of subscribers to the fund up to date should be announced in the daily papers, and that the public should be invited to continue their contributions.

Colonel Henry de Bathe said he had much pleasure in seconding the proposition.

Mr. Ruskin said it was as difficult to account for the violence of the attack upon Mr. Eyre, as for the narrowness of temper which had given it special direction. He had joined the committee, as he doubted not every member composing that committee had joined it, in the simple desire of obtaining justice, not for black men only, nor for white, but for men of every race and colour. He detested all cruelty and all injustice by whomsoever inflicted or suffered; he would sternly reprobate the crime which dragged a black family from their home to dig your fields; and more sternly the crime which turned a white family out of their home that you might drive by a shorter road over their hearth. But whatever might be the motive or the temper of the accusations brought against Mr. Eyre, the ground of them was, under any circumstances, untenable. His accusers were under the radical mistake of confusing the office of a governor with that of a judge. The duty of a judge was only to declare and enforce law. That of a governor is to do what law cannot do, and to deal with such immediate events, and necessities arising out of them, as may be beyond the scope of existing law. Now, so far as the so-called "Governor" Eyre was not a governor, nor intended to be one, by those who so styled him, but only an administrator of British law in Jamaica, he (Mr. Ruskin) was not there either to defend or accuse him. None but those who knew all his acts, and their consistency or inconsistency with written statute, had any right to do so. To the arbiter of law in a criminal court, it is no matter what insurrection is imminent in the street outside, or what will be the probable consequences of the criminal's acquittal or condemnation. He must calmly acquit or condemn according to law. But it was to be held in mind that if Mr. Eyre, though called a governor, was in reality only a law officer, there was at the time of the impending outbreak no governor of Jamaica. And Mr. Eyre being called one, had clearly no alternative but instantly to take upon himself the responsibility of the higher office, and, as an English gentleman should, do, as indeed he did, at his own peril, that which needed to be done. The first thing needing to be done in a crisis of imminent rebellion was to seize the ringleaders of it, and bring them, if time and circumstances admit, to legal trial; but if the enemy to be dealt with is likely to mistake legal delay for infirmity of

* See "Arrows of the Chace," vol. ii., p. 30.

purpose or hand, all forms of law were by that fact effete and inapplicable, and they were so in all cases as soon as the question became definitely one of time and of instant danger. It would be advisable to take an instance of this, in a minor matter, intelligible to every one, and close at our doors. It was alleged (Mr. Ruskin supposed) by Mr. Mill and the party he led that to hang a man on suspicion amounted to murder. If that were so, he presumed that to shoot a man on suspicion would be no less murder. Now, in the course of the past year, a drunken workman staggered, late at night, inside the garden gate of a gentleman living in London. The gentleman looked out of his window, saw the drunken man in his garden, and then and there, on suspicion, shot him dead. The jury did not even bring him in guilty of manslaughter. That being the present state of the home law respecting human life, Mr. Mill's beautifully logical position might be expressed in these terms: "For the protection of your own person, and of a few feet of your own property, it is lawful for you to take life, on so much suspicion as may arise from a shadow cast on the wrong side of your wall. But for the safety, not of your own poor person, but of sixteen thousand men, women, and children, confiding in your protection, and entrusted to it; and for the guardianship, not of your own stairs and plate-chest, but of a province involving in its safety that of all English possessions in the West Indies,—for these minor ends it is not lawful for you to take a single life on suspicion, though the suspicion rest, not on a shadow on the wall, but on experience of the character and conduct of the accused during many previous years." That was Mr. Mill's position, which he would contentedly leave him to develop. For the question now to be brought home to the English people was, not whether Mr. Eyre had erred in this act or the other, nor whether the circumstances required less than he did or more. They might just as well bring any general who had won a decisive battle to trial because it was alleged that he had lost five or six men in unnecessarily occupying a dangerous position, or had shot a peasant by mistake for a spy. The question put at issue by the adverse prosecution was in fact this, and nothing else than this, whether Mr. Eyre, under circumstances of instant public danger, did, or did not, do to the best of his power and ability what he believed to be his duty? To this question, fairly put, he doubted not that the hearts of all true and brave Englishmen would make but one answer—namely, that Mr. Eyre did his duty to the uttermost, with no bye-fears or base motives; and that he was rewarded by being enabled to save the State entrusted to him. How otherwise rewarded it would be for England now to determine. Had he, after all efforts bravely made, failed of his purpose—had he lost Jamaica instead of saving it—if then, after unquelled insurrection, there had been question of government at all, he might justly and advisedly have been superseded; but not even then brought to trial on such grounds. But as the matter stands, the official removal of him from his place was an act of national imbecility which had not hitherto its parallel in history. It was the act—as this threat of prosecution was the cry—of a nation blinded by its avarice to all true valour and virtue, and haunted, therefore, by phantoms of both; it was the suicidal act of a people which, for the sake of filling its pockets, would pour mortal venom into all its air and all its streams; would shorten the lives of its labourers by thirty years a life, that it might get its needle-packets twopence each cheaper; would communicate its liberty to foreign nations by forcing them to buy poison at the cannon's mouth, and prove its chivalry to them by shrinking in panic

from the side of a people being slaughtered, though a people who had given them their daughter for their future Queen; and then would howl in the frantic collapse of their decayed consciences, that they might be permitted righteously to reward with ruin the man who had dared to strike down one seditious leader, and rescue the lives of a population. Whether this cry, and the feeling which it represented, were indeed the voice and the thought of the English people it was now to be asked. That was the simple duty for which they were that day met together. He believed it was not the voice of the whole English people, and that there was another opinion of theirs yet to be taken on the matter. But if not, and this proved to be indeed the English mind, the condemnation or acquittal of Mr. Eyre were matters of very little moment; for the time would then assuredly have come for the bringing of the English people themselves to a trial, in which judgment would not require to be petitioned for.

XIV.

MODERN ART.*

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, June 11th, 1867.]

MR. RUSKIN began by stating that one of the leading good features of modern art is its compassion, its recognition of the sufferings and trials of the poor. The pictures of the Middle Ages had little of this characteristic, seldom recognising poverty except to produce picturesque effects by the introduction of its rags, and not representing the virtues of the poor till they became prominent martyrs or heroes. A second characteristic peculiar to modern art is its domesticity, its representations of the pleasures and pains of home life. He considered that modern art is suffering from a rage for originality, largely demanded and highly paid for by the public, fostering a taste for sensational styles of painting, such as are neither in accordance with pure taste nor high art. Every age and nation has its peculiar virtues, and the man who first seizes the predominant virtue and places it in living forms upon his canvas produces a "thing of beauty" which is a "joy for ever," and such artists are not men who usually paint for exhibitions with a view to catch the public eye, but more frequently quiet, enthusiastic workers, painting often for but small pecuniary reward. Sad, he thought, is the art teaching of the million in London. Their ideas of beauty are gathered from miles of brick-fields, from gingerbread skeletons of houses rotten before they are inhabited, from the elegant placards of the bill-stickers, and above all from the abominable sensation cartoons placarded everywhere of the "talking head." How can pure and beautiful ideas be fostered by such objects in all directions? The rage for the sensational now thoroughly taints both literature and art, and, strange to say, it is always a fact that when a nation imbibes this love for the fantastic and sensational, it always also imbibes wild wolfish ideas of death. At one of the operas in London lately he had seen a scene with ballet dancers capering in the foreground, and a row of corpses holding the candles behind them. A noble nation is not one which would be pleased by any but beautiful and holy representations of death; yet when an English high-caste audience could sit and view a scene like that he had just mentioned, it is not wonderful

* Delivered by Mr. Ruskin at the Royal Institution; Sir Henry Holland, Bart., F.R.S., in the chair.

that the British people should choose the man they have chosen to illustrate their Bible.* The taste penetrates to the very roots of society. During a recent visit of charity children to Hampstead Heath, with its grand old trees, its wide stretch of scenery, its clouds and blue sky above, and its humble wild flowers below, what were these children found talking about? About some dead bodies recently dragged out of the Paddington Canal, coupled with impure speculations as to what had been the previous lives of the victims. The compassionate phase of modern art implies sorrow for the squalor and misery of the poor on every side, which the rich have the power to remove if they like; but whilst such scenes exist there must be something radically wrong in the nation itself. The speaker concluded by a few general suggestions as to what features are desirable in a National Gallery, most of which he did not read, but left for publication in the proceedings of the Institution.

XV.

TRADES UNIONS AND STRIKES.†

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, July 6th, 1868.]

I.

MR. RUSKIN also supported the resolution, and said he hoped that political economy would at some future day become a science; but without wishing to depreciate the labours of its professors, he hardly considered that it occupied that position at present. Too many of its students, like a former speaker, looked upon man as a predatory animal, while man, on the contrary, was an affectionate animal, and until the mutual interest of classes was based upon affection difficulties must continue between those classes. What would be the relations of mistress and servant when the former looked upon the latter as a predatory animal? Could a household so constituted be conducted on proper principles? The principle of trades union was doubtless a safeguard to workmen, but it should be cleared of abuses introduced by the ignorance of the men, and then directed to its proper end—the introduction of comfort and happiness into as many houses of the kingdom as possible. He had carefully considered and prepared in a loving spirit the following series of questions, which he thought should be put to eminent professors of political economy on behalf of the working men of England.

1. It is stated in a paper read before the jurisprudence section of the

* Gustave Doré.

† These remarks were made at a special meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held on Saturday afternoon in the large room of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, to consider a series of resolutions on trades unions and strikes. Mr. Gladstone occupied the chair, and was among the speakers. The resolution supported by Mr. Ruskin was as follows: "That, while lamenting and deprecating the abuses of some of the trades unions, or of the associations of employers, this meeting cordially approves of combinations for legitimate purposes, such as the careful and calm consideration of matters of common interest among both classes." He defended trades unions from the charge of levelling individuality, and said that as the workmen became better educated the present evils of the system would disappear, and only the benefits of co-operation would remain.

National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and afterwards published at their office, that "without the capitalist labour could accomplish nothing." But for long periods of time in some parts of the world the accumulation of money was forbidden, and in others it was impossible. Has labour never accomplished anything in such districts?

2. Supposing that, in the present state of England, capital is necessary, are capitalists so? In other words, it is needful for right operation of capital that it should be administered under the arbitrary power of one person?

3. Whence is all capital first derived?

4. If capital is spent in paying wages for labour or manufacture which brings no return (as the labour of an acrobat or manufacturer of fireworks), is such capital lost or not? and if lost, what is the effect of such loss on the future wages fund?

5. If under such circumstances it is lost, and can only be recovered (much more recovered with interest) when it has been spent in wages for productive labour or manufacture, what labours and manufactures are productive, and what are unproductive? Do all capitalists know the difference? and are they always desirous to employ men in productive labours and manufactures, and in these only?

6. Considering the unemployed and purchasing public as a great capitalist, employing the workmen and their masters both, what results happen finally to this purchasing public if it employs all its manufacturers in unproductive labour? and what if it employs them all in productive labour?

7. If there are thirty workmen, ready to do a day's work, and there is only a day's work for one of them to do, what is the effect of the natural laws of wages on the other twenty-nine?

8. Is it a natural law that for the same quantity or piece of work wages should be sometimes high, sometimes low? With what standard do we properly or scientifically compare them, in calling them high or low? and what is the limit of their possible lowness under natural laws?

9. In what manner do natural laws affect the wages of officers under Government in various countries?

10. If any man will not work, neither should he eat. Does this law apply to all classes of society? *

II.

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, July 16th, 1868.]

MR. RUSKIN was willing to second the amendment† with a slight modification. It was strange that on the great problem of the age, which every day becomes of more cruel importance on one side, and of greater pecuniary importance on the other, which is exciting evil passions on both sides—evil most influential where it is concealed—the discussion should be slipped away into a room where the working man could not watch it. Everybody

* The resolution was then carried, after which Mr. Gladstone, being unable to remain longer, vacated the chair, and the meeting was adjourned.

† The amendment ran as follows: "That it is expedient in the interests, both of workmen and employers, that wages should, so far as the fluctuations of trade may permit, be so adjusted as to avoid equally those extreme rates which tend to drive away capital, and those depressed rates which are inadequate to afford the working man comfortable subsistence for himself and his family." It was moved by Colonel Torrens.

wants information upon this subject. For instance, he challenged Mr. Mill in 1858 to define wealth, and Mr. Mill did not and could not give an answer, because wealth is continually and advisedly confused with money, whereas it has nothing to do with it. Wealth is the condition of a country, and independent of the amount of money in the country. He objected to the distinction drawn between employers and employed; for all men are or ought to be employed. Capital merely means tools, and the workman ought to have his tools in his own hands. This would solve many problems. Mr. Ruskin proceeded to dwell on the importance of a man's working with the right means and at the right work; and finally, at the request of the meeting, he submitted the amendment he had prepared, as follows: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the interests of workmen and their employers are at present opposed, and can only become identical when all are equally employed in defined labour and recognised duty, and all, from the highest to the lowest, are paid fixed salaries, proportioned to the value of their services and sufficient for their honourable maintenance in the situations of life properly occupied by them." He asked Colonel Torrens if he would alter his resolution by inserting after "so adjusted" the words "by a fixed standard."*

XVI.

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL OF ART.†

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, July 20th, 1868.]

MR. RUSKIN addressed the students, complimenting them with discrimination on the progress which they had made in the study of arts. He had watched the progress of the school, and regretted that he had not been able to devote more time and attention to giving advice and assistance when required of him. Agreeing to some extent with the opinion of the hon. chairman as to the lesson to be learned from the useful and agreeable refreshment room of a railway station, he could not but think that art was misplaced when applied to a place where everybody was in a hurry. He thought art itself should, however, be refreshing in its character, no matter under what circumstances it was applied. Art should be run after open-eyed, not open-mouthed. The most beautiful works of art were always done in youth, and he advised those who heard him to do whatever they did with hearty goodwill, and with an endeavour to make it faultless. He advised them to study carefully what he called "the three-legged stool of art"—viz., form, shade, and colour. If they worked and studied earnestly, they must live on bread and water during their early days, but they would in the end feed upon ambrosia.

* Later on Mr. Ruskin is mentioned as stating that "principles must be taught before arbitration is possible," and as strongly supporting the following motion: "That, considering how important it is that a knowledge of some of the simpler laws of political economy, on the practical application of which such momentous interests depend, should be acquired before the mind becomes biassed and the passions aroused, this meeting is of opinion that, however elementary the school, such instruction should always form part of the education."

† Remarks made at the distribution of prizes to the successful students of the West London School of Art, held in the lecture-room of the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, under the presidency of Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P.

“Only a Translator.”

An Answer to the Translator and Illustrator of “Roadside Songs of Tuscany.”

I.

‘But if it really is such a blessing to know about the ‘hidden servants,’ I am sure you can find them all about you.”—*Part X.*, “TALK UNDER THE OLIVES.”

“NO poet I,” thou sayest, yet dost sing
 From poet love and joy, with music meet,
 And, heir of unfamed poets, dost repeat
 Their dying Summer songs with voice of Spring ;
 So that in English lands new echoes ring
 From Tuscan minstrelsy with morning sweet,
 And on wayfarers in our dust and heat
 Falls sense of beauty fresh and comforting.
 Such songs beseeem thee, who hast eyes to see
 The roadside flower—and saint, and grace to tell
 Their tale : such wild-flower songs breathe all of thee.
 Saint-finder, sing thy roadside songs, so we,
 By whatsoever dusty roads we dwell,
 Shall see earth’s flowers, shall hear heaven’s melody.

II.

“Unconscious as the sunshine, simply sweet
 And generous as that.”

From a Sonnet on “FRANCESCA” by J. R. LOWELL.

No poet thou ? who where thy steps were sent
 Hast ever found fair flowers around thee rise,
 Whose heart discerns God’s sign in common skies
 And joys that darkness is not banishment ;
 No poet ? since, Self lost, thou art content
 To see and love, and tell in simplest wise
 These tales of Faith, Hope, Love, where vision lies,
 Through tears and smiles, of heaven with dear earth blent.
 So be it then ; and yet a praise no less
 Springs in their hearts who know, in knowing thee,
 Truth’s generous fire and Love’s pure harmony :
 Freshness of childhood, mother-tenderness,
 Thy poets see and sing, thy blessed ones bless :—
 For if “no poet,” thou art Poetry.

“GRAZIA.”

The Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero.

IF there is any truth in Voltaire's bitter jest, that provided sufficient mud is thrown some is sure to stick, the shrine of Ibsen must by this time be dirty indeed. The social plays of the Norwegian dramatist have exasperated a certain section of the great British public to an unprecedented degree, if the violence of what Milton would have called the "swelling epithets," which have been employed in describing him and his works, is in proportion to the acute mental disturbance which dictated them. "Bestial inanities" is among the latest additions to a series of which it is typical. Every man has a right to his own opinions on questions of morality and taste, and passion in their defence, however ill-judged, is after all forgivable. But it may at least be expected that those who proclaim their opinions so energetically should be consistent. As a matter of fact, this is precisely what the majority of the adverse critics on moral grounds of the Ibsen plays are not. "Consistencie's a jewel," says an old Scotch ballad-writer, and surely it should be prominent among the mental adornments of those who in controversy exhibit a lordly want of restraint. It is those passages in which Ibsen alludes, perhaps sometimes with needless want of reserve, to things at which good society hints, at the most, in a vague, half-ashamed sort of way, which are the red rags to these bulls of debate. But they bottle up their wrath until the questionable ground is occupied by a serious writer with a serious aim,—a writer, too, whose severe literary method is never likely to appeal to the young person to whom the reading of *Hedda Gabler* would be about as attractive as the reading of the *Areopagitica*. They let the *double entendre*, the open indecency and covert immorality of the author or adapter of a farcical comedy, which is played for hundreds of nights, go by with at most a half-amused, half-deprecatory lowering of the eyes. The Ibsen gnat chokes them, yet they feel no difficulty in swallowing the camel of the would-be humorist. Ibsen may treat virtue with scepticism; the farcical comedy writers do far worse, for they treat it with ridicule. You may, after reading Ibsen, feel sick that he finds so much in modern society that is putrescent and loathsome, but you will not feel that virtue is an attribute of the foolish, or that deceit is an exquisite manifestation of cleverness. This is too often the ideal which the writers of farcical comedy hold aloft without serving any purpose of philosophy or of art thereby. They make the foolish laugh,—a feat which has never been held difficult. To say that they serve no purpose of art is to understate the case. Their work

is more than inartistic ; it is absolutely blighting to fine art. And yet the popularity of this form of entertainment is enormous, so great, indeed, that for an artist to raise its character is a definite service to the drama. It is just this service that Mr. Pinero has, consciously or unconsciously, performed. I take it that legitimate farcical comedy—assuming that farcical comedy can be legitimate—bears the same relation to dramatic literature proper as does graphic caricature to graphic art. To caricature is simply to represent with exaggeration. A farcical comedy should represent the idiosyncrasies of men through a magnifying glass ; it should give human portraits highly coloured, drawn with the utmost freedom, but the colours and lines should be those which in fact exist ; the difference between farcical and real life being not an essential difference, but a difference of degree. If this be the true scope of farcical comedy—and it is difficult to conceive any other—obviously the first qualification of a writer of it should be the gift of observation. It is only Shakespeare, with the “bland and universal eye,” who needed not to study Nature, insomuch as he looked inward, and he found her there. Observation, however, costs a mental effort of which the writer of farcical comedy is incapable ; or even if he be capable of it, he lacks the needful energy. He finds it safer and less exhausting to trot out the puppets of convention, such as the young husband who has not the sense to explain even when an incident cries aloud for explanation ; the wife whose jealousy seems to be the one and only trait in her character ; and the mother-in-law in whom folly and malice assume preposterous dimensions. To represent these “characters,” whom we see in a series of compromising situations using dialogue salted with questionable allusions, he engages favourite actors that playgoers will go to see in almost anything ; and after audaciously calling his piece on the playbill “new and original,” his work is done. How subtle, by comparison, is the plan upon which Mr. Pinero constructs his mimic world of people a little larger than life, but men and brothers none the less ! He is not content with reanimating the hackneyed inhabitants of stageland, but gives us real studies of the actual people we meet in real life. There are, to take examples at random, the Dean and his sporting sister in *Dandy Dick* ; the magistrate and his precocious stepson, the schoolgirls and the victimised husband, in *The Schoolmistress* : all these have definite individuality, and remain in the memory long after the incidents of the farce are forgotten. To many persons *The Magistrate* will no doubt appear the most brilliant of all Mr. Pinero's essays in the domain of farce. It is indeed, as has been well said, a joke on a colossal scale. But I confess I prefer *The Cabinet Minister*, though

the preference may be personal rather than critical. In the first place, *The Cabinet Minister* shows us an aspect of contemporary life with which no writer of farcical comedy has hitherto dealt, at all events with anything approaching the same success. In this piece we find a conceivable story perfectly developed in all its parts, and properly unfolded step by step. But it is not the story so much as the variety of well-drawn, well-differentiated character which is the chief merit of this admirable play. Mr. Joseph Lebanon, the Hebrew cad, is among the best sketches which modern playwrights have added to the gallery of dramatic portraits. His sublimely ostentatious vulgarity is quite unforgettable by those, at all events, who had the good fortune to see it perfectly realised by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. And in Macphail of Balloch-heeven, the vast, clumsy, but withal exceedingly canny Scot, who holds his mother in such awe, Mr. Pinero created, and Mr. Brandon Thomas admirably interpreted, one of the most legitimately amusing farcical personages seen of recent years on the English stage. When to these individualities we add a number of others only less striking, it will at once be seen how much observation Mr. Pinero put into *The Cabinet Minister*, and how boldly he determined to create an entirely new series of people for his farce, instead of using those who have already made a thousand entrances and exits.

But in addition to the good character-drawing, there was good dialogue, and the latter is as rare nowadays as the former. The ideal dramatic dialogue is that which is obviously natural to the person who utters it, and at the same time perceptibly advances the action of the play. Pearls of eloquence, however beautifully rounded, are out of place unless they fulfil these conditions. The modern dramatist may not preach to his audience unless, indeed, his sermon is of the very essence of his story; for what is wanted of him is simply a definite story directly told, showing in its course the development of character. However much we may deplore the limitations which playgoers impose upon playwrights, we shall not modify them by professing that they do not exist. Something towards increasing the area of activity has recently been done, and it is possible that Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, or some new star which does not yet illuminate the dramatic sky, may make "the bounds of freedom wider yet." It must be confessed that if the audiences are to be blamed for restricting the authors, the authors have only too often shown themselves willing to bear the yoke. Too often they have been so impregnated with the artificial, theatrical atmosphere, that they have come to regard a mere convention as a fundamental law of being,

and Mr. Pinero has not himself hitherto done so much as Mr. Jones to drive his chariot out of the well-worn ruts. He has been an actor; and if the experience he gained in that capacity has saved him from many mistakes, many absurdities, it has, perhaps, restrained his flight, and made him think that some things are essential which in truth only seem so. When, however, Mr. Pinero sank the dramatic interpreter in the dramatic creator, he had some peculiarities which could not be set down to his previous experience. For example, he loved long soliloquies, and a long soliloquy is a dangerous thing. It is true that for this peculiarity he had the consent of the Arch-Classic; but the quality of Shakespeare's soliloquies is their one and only excuse. He would be a queer being, indeed, who would object to the action of the plot of *Hamlet* being suspended to give the melancholy Dane an opportunity of uttering his immortal reflection on the profound problems of life and death. But Mr. Pinero, as he has grown older in the art of play-writing, has given up his old love; though even now he dearly likes a bit of sermonising, which, after the fashion of sermons in general, is just a trifle tedious.

Mr. Pinero's plays may be roughly divided into three classes: first, the farcical comedies, at which I have already briefly glanced; second, those in which the interest is serious and sentimental, of which *Sweet Lavender* is the most conspicuous example; and, third, the serious dramas, such as *The Profligate*. Of all Mr. Pinero's plays, *Sweet Lavender* has been the most popular, and has made the author famous among people who, but for this play, would never have heard his name. It cannot be said that *Sweet Lavender* has been the work which, on artistic grounds, one would soonest have seen a success. And yet of its kind it is excellent. It may be allowed at once that its plot is improbable, that its characters are by no means strikingly original—with a possible exception in favour of Dick Phenyl, who was partly "created" by Mr. Terry—and that the dialogue, though well adapted for its purpose, is still far from phenomenally clever. It is a pleasant piece of sentimentality of the Robertsonian school, and its magnificent reception proves that that school is by no means played out. To tell the truth, there is nothing the British public in its heart of hearts likes better than a story of the conventional kind, in which the course of love, though for a long time it does not run smooth, ends in producing the most delightfully improbable results all round. At times somebody with a great reputation for critical acumen persuades the public in question into applauding pure tragedy which ends, like *Hamlet*, in a stage strewn with corpses, or a psychological, philosophical study such as *A Doll's House*;

but these rare states do not last long, and the new idols are soon placed on the shelf, while their worshippers return to the old familiar shrines. If you give them the sentiment for which they pant "as the hart panteth after the water brooks," they will excuse any amount of improbability in the incidents of your story. They overlooked in *Sweet Lavender* the really colossal coincidence of the connection between Geoffrey Wedderburn and Ruth Rolt, and Dick Phenyl and Wedderburn's Bank, on account of the pretty sentimentality with which Mr. Pinero has saturated his play. For the rest, some of the success of the piece was doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Pinero chose as the scene of his little romance quarters which, while very familiar to all Londoners, are chiefly associated in their minds with such prosaic things as wigs and gowns and actions at law. It was pleasant for people to think that, though the smell of musty parchment was the prevailing odour, there was, after all, "Sweet Lavender even in the Temple."

Although *Lady Bountiful* is among the latest of Mr. Pinero's plays, and was produced long after *Sweet Lavender* and *The Profligate*, I have placed it for consideration between the two, because it occupies, as it were, a transitional position connecting the sentimental style of the one with the serious drama of the other. The motto on the playbill admirably summed up the essential character of the piece. It ran:—

"My masters, will you hear a simple tale?
No war, no lust, not a commandment broke
By Sir or Madam—but a history
To make a rhyme to speed a young maid's hour."

The lines obviously point to sentiment rather than tragedy; but, as a matter of fact, those who expected another *Sweet Lavender*, and those who expected such a play as *The Profligate*, were equally doomed to disappointment. There was much sentiment in the new piece, it is true; but it was no mere idyl of two lovers. The canvas was a wide one, and the most dissatisfied playgoer could hardly complain that there was any want of variety in *Lady Bountiful*. To tell the truth it was diffuse. It suggested a series of studies, rather than a single completed and elaborated work of art. It was undoubtedly brilliant, using that much-abused and misapplied word in its proper sense. It showed that its author was an extremely clever man, possessed of remarkable powers of observation, and that humour and pathos were alike at his command. The characters were, on the whole, well drawn; some of them, at least, were unconventional. And yet, for all its merits, *Lady Bountiful* was not a good play; that it was interesting and well worth seeing is altogether a different thing.

Where the reciprocal love of a man and a woman is the motive of a play, it is obviously a matter of the highest importance to make the hero and heroine sympathetic, unless an author is gifted with powers of the rarest and most splendid kind. Unhappily, Miss Camilla Brent did not excite sympathy, nor did her lover, Dennis Heron, despite his scorn of delights and his heroic determination to live laborious days. If I understand what Mr. Pinero intended to indicate in the character of Camilla, it was a struggle between a woman's instinctive love for a man, and her purely intellectual sense of his unworthiness of the passion he inspired—not unworthiness of the worst kind, but a feeling that, while there was so much work to be done in the world, while there were such infinite possibilities open to him, he wasted all his days in studying a racing calendar or the newest improvements in the manufacture of harness. The portrait might have been drawn so that, while the mental position was clearly indicated, sympathy would have been excited for its occupant. But Camilla was exasperating; and though one felt one ought to like her very much, possessor as she was of virtues the angels might envy, she managed things so badly that her very clumsiness robbed her of the high estimation due to her merits. Mr. Pinero could have produced a more certain effect by making Camilla ask nothing from her idol but what he gave her, and in doing this he might still have been true to nature, for many a woman would have loved Dennis Heron's prowess in the hunting-field as much as if he could have made her immortal in a sonnet. As each scene of *Lady Bountiful* came to an end, it appeared as if the author had not made up his mind what he wanted to do, though, had he previously decided, he might have done it excellently. The admirably devised death-scene of Margaret Veale, the extremely amusing servant Amelia, and that adorable old vagabond Roderick Heron, were powerless to make a success of a piece whose weakness went to its very root. Yet financially it was not altogether a failure, and artistically it was better than ninety per cent. of the successes of the year, which is only saying that the failure of a dramatist who is an artist is worthier than the success of a playwright whose true place in the theatrical economy is somewhere above the stage-carpenter and below the stage-manager.

Infinitely better than any of the plays with which I have hitherto dealt, *The Profligate* stands at the head of Mr. Pinero's work, and in my humble opinion places its author higher than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in spite of his most welcome unconventionality; higher than Mr. Gilbert, notwithstanding his superior literary skill; higher than Mr. Sydney Grundy, brilliant though his

work is ; and because higher than these three, therefore higher than any of the English playwrights of to-day. Mr. Pinero's supremacy rests, not, unfortunately, on the whole play, but on those magnificently written and constructed acts, the watchwords of which are "The Sword of Damocles" and "The End of the Honeymoon." On the present writer, at all events, *The Profligate* made an impression very rarely produced by the recent plays he has had the pleasure or the pain of seeing. While the middle acts were being played one became oblivious of all else save the story that was unfolding itself ; one lived with the characters, sharing in their emotions, never speculating what was about to happen, for the interest of each moment was too full to allow of speculation. There was a feeling that these people were real characters of a real tragedy ; the theatre, the footlights, were forgotten as one was presented with a palpitating bit of actual life, with its infinite variety, its strange, jangled tune, in which each bar of laughter is elbowed by a bar of sobs. I will not attempt to describe the plot of *The Profligate*. To those who have seen it such a description would be superfluous, and those who have not done so can refer to the play itself, which has recently been published as one of a monthly series of Mr. Pinero's works. It seems to me that the most conspicuous of the merits of the middle acts of the play lay in the general mastery which the writer displayed over his craft. If they are true of any art, Chaucer's lines—

"The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering"—

are true of the art of play-writing. He who would gain enduring fame in this most exacting craft must cultivate his natural powers in a painful apprenticeship. That Mr. Pinero has learned his art was proved beyond doubt in the scene at Fiesole, in which Leslie Brudenell discovers that her idol has, after all, feet of clay ; that the husband whom she has adored as an angel is only a profligate, whose crop of wild oats is greater than that of men whom her purity has taught her to shun as social lepers ; and that she is bound to one of a class of human beings for whose weaknesses she has no toleration, who appear to her the meanest, vilest of mankind. Was it genius that created the close of that act in which the young wife, her heart broken by the tremendous awakening, the terrible happening of the unexpected, orders her husband to go from her for ever, and in that irresistible order breaks the heart of the man, who, notwithstanding all his sins, loves her with a consuming passion which tells him that now, having lost her, there is only one thing possible—Nirvana, "Death,

the twin sister of Sleep"?* If it was not genius, it was assuredly talent of a commanding type—the talent which produces things which escape the scythe of Time.

The defects of the play did not interfere with the two perfect acts. They displayed themselves only too conspicuously in those which preceded and came after them. There was the Scotch lawyer, whose well-written sermonising was painfully out of place; and Renshaw's victim, who was far too melodramatic and lachrymose. There was something unsatisfactory in the way in which the love affair between Leslie's brother and her husband's mistress was concluded. The latter comes into the room, kisses the boy who is asleep, glides out of the room, and is not heard of again. It was very pretty in its way, but it was not worthy of a play happily far removed from prettiness, and Leslie's passive conduct in the matter seemed to me inconsistent with her strong character. She would surely have done something, either have set her face against the meeting of the two, or, with a sublime disregard of convention, thrown them together. She would *not* have left all to Providence—a course which is followed not by the strong, but the weak. Decidedly not a perfect play, *The Profligate* was a very fine play, promising future triumphs which we have no doubt Mr. Pinero will make haste to win. Though an artistic success of the first order as modern plays go, it did not succeed in competing for popular approval with those plays in which clap-trap is wedded to improbability.

Before taking leave of Mr. Pinero's work something must be said of *The Times*, the latest of his plays, and one, moreover, which seems destined for a longer run than fell to the lot of *Lady Bountiful* or *The Profligate*. For perhaps the first time in the recent history of the English drama, a play has been produced and published simultaneously, so that immediately after seeing it with all the accessories of the play-house one can read it calmly in the study, stripped of all extrinsic additions. *The Times* partakes generally of the characteristics of *The Cabinet Minister*, though it is a great deal more serious. In his introduction, Mr. Pinero calls his play comic, says that it is merely a superficial study, and begs that it may be considered unpretentious. I confess that if I

* The Garrick version ended in the reconciliation of Leslie and her husband. The author in a letter he has been good enough to write me says: "Originally I made Renshaw drink poison and die, and this I consider the fitting end of *The Profligate*. But for reasons which I considered very good I modified the catastrophe in the production of the play at the Garrick Theatre." The original termination is, I believe, used in America, where the play is a great success.

had read this before seeing the play, I should have found it less comic than I could have anticipated. Surely there is more subject for tears than for laughter in the story of a successful tradesman whose longing to associate with his betters makes it possible for him to plead to an unscrupulous personal and political enemy, who has discovered a social fraud on his part, and demands as the price of his silence his renunciation of his Conservative principles and acceptance of the principles of the Irish Nationalists, in such words as, "McShane, McShane—old fellow—old chap—be open to argument ! If you make a political turncoat of me, I shall lose all my big friends—nobs !—nice people who'd be glad of any excuse to give me the cold—shoulder. Don't do it, don't do it, just as I'm laying hold of their coat tails." The impression produced on me by the whole piece was, I confess, too painful, too humiliating, to admit of my properly appreciating its comic side. As I left the theatre on the night of its first performance, before reading it, I felt as if I had seen a gallery of sketches of living people, among which were two caricatures, not of the gentle kind produced in these days, but ferocious and uncompromising as were the caricatures of the last century. They were the two members of Parliament, the Conservative plutocrat, Egerton-Bompas, and the Irish Nationalist, McShane. For surely they were only caricatures ! Surely the meanest of the players in the political game is not so terribly mean, so dishonest, so despicable, so squalid, as the men represented in *The Times* by Mr. Terry and Mr. Fred Thorne ! On reading the play, indeed, I felt that Mr. Terry had overaccentuated Mr. Pinero's creation. The bargain that Bompas should join the Irish party, in order that the skeleton in his cupboard might be hidden from his aristocratic friends, is one which I cannot conceive being offered, much less accepted ; to my mind it contains no germ of probability, and is in consequence a blot on the play. The two politicians are out of scale with the other characters of the piece, and produce a consequent lack of symmetry, which, comparatively unimportant in a farce, is decidedly a defect in a piece which its author rightly calls a comedy. But a more serious fault remains to be noticed. Somewhere in *The Four Georges* there is, if I remember rightly, a complaint that among all the people who lived when Swift was engaged in his immortal snarling there is not one whom it is possible to love. The same complaint attaches to *The Times*. The piece is extremely clever, and is saturated with Mr. Pinero's individuality, but it shows no sympathy with the poor human beings whose follies lend themselves only too well to satire ; there is not one man or woman who

takes hold of your heart, making you weep and rejoice in his or her griefs and joys. The laugh that is raised is a trifle mocking, a little heartless. Schopenhauer's pessimism is almost justified by the terribly sad reflection that our present is spoiled by the madness of the past ; that the madness of the present is spoiling the future ; that disease, physical and mental, is the terrible legacy which age bequeaths to age. Even Mr. Lecky's summary of life runs in these sad numbers :—

“ Our little tapers tremble in the gloom,
Our boasted systems wither in a span,
And none can pierce the secret of the tomb
Or read the riddle of the life of man.
Vain hopes and fears, ambition, strife, and sin—
Thus idly glide our brightest years away,
Until at length the evening shade draws in,
The early evening of our winter day.”

And so it is painful to find a play, at which we are asked to laugh, where all, or nearly all, is unlovely, where at least there is no touch of the divine, where all are huntsmen in an ignoble chase. Beryl, it is true, stands aside ; Lurgashall declines to be a scoundrel at his mother's request ; but these exemplary lovers are vague figures, and excite but little enthusiasm. Sympathy with any of the rest is out of the question. If you pity them, it is with the contemptuous pity which is not akin to love, and the line that remains in the memory is Bompas's declaration that “when you've got knowledge you've lost everything else.” To pass to unimportant details, it struck me that Bompas's speech was too frequently insisted upon ; McShane's mistaking Lady Ripstow for Mrs. Hooley and twice running into her and apologising was surely a farcical expedient ; and the entrance of Beryl to announce that her engagement with Lord Lurgashall is broken off, just at the moment when her parents are consoling themselves that they still have that, though all else is lost, and the entrance of Howard, half drunk, directly following Beryl's exit, at the moment they are comforting themselves with the thought that “he's a nice boy after all,” is surely a coincidence a little strong even for Stage-land, and almost impossible in real life. Having noted these points, let me hasten to add that *The Times* is on the whole worthy of Mr. Pinero. There is so much accurate observation, so much good, workmanlike, and therefore literary, dialogue, and, above all, so little repetition of old types and old tricks, that the play should be read as well as seen more than once. Trimble and Howard are admirable creations, both well played by Mr. Elliot and Mr. H. V. Esmond. I should have much liked to have heard Mr. Bompas's

apology to Miss Cazalet; it would have been delightful, but the lady went too soon to receive it, and so we were deprived of the pleasure. If I suggest that a grave study of a grave subject would now be welcome from Mr. Pinero, it is not from any want of gratitude for a work which, however ungenial, is only too conspicuously superior to the *Janes* and *Godpapas* who are among its popular contemporaries. Still, as it is not in mortals to be satisfied with what they have, I would fain see Mr. Pinero write, not a literary drama in the sense in which Lord Lytton wrote literary dramas, but one, adopting his own words, laying bare a social wound or wrangling over a perplexed vital problem, dealing with some of the more serious aspects of modern life, sounding one of the depths—

“Of this mad magic circle, the whirlpool of fate.”

As I write, the unpleasant reflection comes to me once again that the modern drama is still unliterary, still trivial, still in a word unworthy Shakespeare's England. Since the days in the far-off past when the stream of English literature took its rise with the Venerable Bede, it has become a great river, often expanding into deep lakes, never shallowing into marsh or morass. Take from it the waters which the theatre has in past time added to its broad breast, and it would be but a poor stream. But for a long time now the English drama has contributed nothing to English literature. Poets have produced on the lyre divine no unworthy melodies; and to the wisdom of the ancients prose writers have added the wisdom of the moderns. But without a modern theatrical literature, contemporary literature, however rich and various in other departments, is incomplete. A few men in these sterile days are seeking to fill up the aching void. Their task is beset with immense difficulties, and to perform it sympathy is the greatest gift which the public can offer them. I, for one, refuse to believe that, looking to the importance of the effort and to the glory in which its success would result, such sympathy will be withheld. At least, it will be given by all those who would fain see the theatre, not the play-house of the foolish, but the temple of the grand, the eternal drama.

CHARLES T. J. HIATT.



Practical Idealism.

I CALL my subject "Idealism," because it is concerned with what I have, accustomed myself to think of as those ideal aspects of life which are too much lost sight of in the press and the bustle of modern days, and which stand in marked contrast with the dominant practical spirit of the time.

It has to do with those conceptions and ideals which lie at the foundation of all worthy life, but which, because they do not flourish freely in the dim light and tainted atmosphere of commercialism, and because they do not lend themselves readily to the all-engrossing art of money-getting, are, I fear, often held in slight repute in an age too exclusively concerned with those narrow and superficial aspects of life which, in the complacency of its blindness, it calls practical.

Then, again, I call my subject "Practical Idealism," because I wish to show you those ideals, not as inhabiting the changeless quiet of some platonic fairy-land, but as actual or possible agents in the ordering of human life in all its manifold activities.

The principal points which, in more or less informal manner, I shall submit for consideration, are as follows :—

The character of life is determined by the ideas and conceptions which, implicitly or explicitly, govern it.

That those aspects of life which it is customary to call practical are, speaking generally, limited and superficial, and leave the better part of life untouched.

The higher life, both individual and national, is possible only when purely mercenary ends of action are relegated to their proper subordinate position, and when certain ideas which have to do with the inner life of the spirit, rather than with that outward life which concerns itself with material production and acquisition, and with the external accidents of existence, are allowed their due influence in the ordering of conduct.

And, finally, that it is to the growing power of these same ideas, and to that alone, that we must look for effectual deliverance from many or most of the social troubles which now press upon us.

If one were asked to name the occupation which most engrosses the members of civilised communities at the present day, there would, I presume, not be the slightest difficulty as to the answer. The pursuit which, above all others, engages the best energies of the modern world is, beyond question, that of money-getting. It

is not that people desire money in order to live,—that would call for little comment,—but they desire it in order to enjoy it, and too often their conceptions of enjoyment are purely physical and material. Epicureanism is, in reality, their creed; and life—well, life is simply the scene for acquisition and enjoyment, and a man's success or failure is customarily measured by the balance at his bankers' and the character of his furniture and his table.

The ideal of not a few in the modern world is that of the farmer of the olden time, who was able at last to say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry." He, I say, is, in reality, their ideal; and we know that an unimpeachable verdict pronounced him to be but a fool.

Yet, after all, perhaps, this feverish haste to be rich is but a sign of a more deeply rooted malady, and is not itself the ground and origin of evil. Certain it is that it is accompanied by a marked growth of what may be called the material and secular conceptions of life. In every realm men seem to be concerned with that which is outward and visible,—with that which the statistician can tabulate and analyse, and which the machinery of laws and institutions can directly affect. In a word, the age is becoming prosaic, and well for it if its true vitality does not depart with the fading spirit of poetry.

It is not my purpose to exalt past times at the expense of our own. Despite much that appears to be wholly wrong and harmful in the present, and that promises, if unchecked, to work increasing mischief with the passing years, I heartily believe that, speaking generally and upon a broad survey of facts, the present times are better than any that have gone before them. All that I desire to do is this,—to emphasise the truth that there are widespread tendencies at work in our midst, which, if not checked and counteracted, will undo the good that has been done, and will lead our children's children through an age of as deep decadence as that which closed the civilisation of the ancient world in the first centuries of our era. To cover all these in one inclusive phrase, I would say that men's thoughts are rapidly becoming far too material. I have spoken of the most conspicuous of the manifold ways in which this shows itself; but, as a matter of fact, we may trace it in nearly every field of human activity. Architecture as an art can scarcely be said to exist among us. Literature is yearly becoming more of a simple profession, an instrument of bread-winning, if not of money-making. Our painters exhibit in their works less and less of "the vision and the faculty divine," and content themselves with perpetuating uninteresting faces and

commonplace landscapes : it appears to be almost forgotten that the higher forms of art are interpretative, and appeal not only to our sense of the beautiful in form and colour, but also, and primarily, to the emotions and imagination. As for politics—well, in politics we are drifting into an unreasoned, because unreasonable, submission to the loudest voices, and are relying more and more completely upon the mere machinery of government to mould and reform our national life.

No, there can be no doubt about it, the times are prosaic, and for once, at least, the practical man is king. Yes, the practical man is king ; and what are the results of his rule ? or rather, what would be the results, if his power were quite matched with his will ?—for, happily, it is not quite an autocratic rule that he is at present able to exercise. For myself, I would answer that question somewhat as follows : The new sovereignty, if it had full sway, would result in the narrowing and impoverishing of human life by the suppression of all, or as many as possible, of those emotional elements which are the very light of life, but which, unhappily for their popularity, are not currently quoted on the Exchange. Confining himself to work which, for the sake of convenience, I will call commercial, and looking upon it as the supreme occupation of life,—at least, until the time of relaxation and enjoyment comes,—the new dictator would sternly repress every tendency to wander in paths which do not lead directly to the one goal of material success. The wide spheres of feeling and imagination which literature, art and religion, and the domestic and social sanctities of life open up to us, would become overshadowed, and would gradually become more and more remote ; for what have they to do with the one thing Mammon considers needful ? The music would die out of our lives, and the light from our skies, and everywhere life would grow harder and colder, poorer and narrower. The things that perish in the using would be all in all, and those immaterial things of the spirit which constitute the true riches of life would be passed by as nothing. It may be said that this is an exaggerated picture. It would be, if it professed to portray an existing society. This, however, it does not do. It only attempts to show what will probably result from certain existing tendencies, if these are allowed to have full play, and if all counteracting influences are removed. It is only in this manner that we are able to estimate the true nature of particular social movements. As they present themselves to our view in actual life, they are so checked by other movements, and are so inextricably intertwined in the web and woof of daily events, that it is difficult to appraise them. We require to draw them out of the tangle of current affairs, and to view them as they would be

if they had undisturbed liberty of action. Then we see them, as it were, on a larger scale, and, in the absence of counter-agents, their true nature more readily reveals itself. Therefore, I say, take the growing epicureanism of our day, and imagine it, with greatly augmented strength, having full play in human society, and then see whether the results would not be very much as I have indicated. Nor is something like empirical verification lacking. We must all know some who are more or less under the influence of this earth-born spirit. Let us take their lives, and look only at them honestly, and report with equal honesty what we see, and imagine what the third unmixed generation of such people would probably be like. I do not condemn the times, for this tendency is only one of many, although it is attaining quite a dangerous strength, but this particular tendency I do unequivocally condemn. Working sad mischief at present, it will, if unchecked, result in infinitely greater mischief in the future. But now it is time to turn to the other side of the picture.

What is that ideal life which I would place in opposition to the sordid narrowness and empty epicureanism of that life which, by way of fancied pre-eminence, loves to call itself practical? Speaking briefly, it is this: A life in which full play is given to the emotional and intellectual elements in human nature, in which the supreme end of life is recognised as being the development of character, and in which material acquisition is seen to be of quite secondary importance. In such a life as this, literature, art, and religion find a congenial atmosphere in which to bring forth their fairest flowers, and it is to these, rather than to anything material, that life owes its richness and fulness, and to these that we must look for abiding content. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Above and beyond all the needs that material things can supply are others of no slight moment, to meet which they are quite inadequate, and in proportion as these last are unsatisfied is the life broken and empty. Let it not be thought that I am here using any mere figure of speech: in sober earnest I would urge that a career which is engrossed with the mere externals of life is, by that very fact, a failure. It is not with these that our highest concern, nor, I would add, our highest interest, lies. Human nature is, in all men, very similar in constitution, and that life is the fullest and richest in which all parts of the nature have fullest space and opportunity for development. For a time, man may be content with more limited interests and a narrower outlook, but it is the contentment of decay and partial death, not of a vigorous and well-balanced life; and to many there comes a time, in the dark days when the grasshopper becomes a

burden, in which something of the hollowness of a merely practical life is felt. There are few sadder sights than that of an old man without interests in the world. He spends the long and empty days in weariness, and is perhaps to be deemed fortunate if the apathy which sometimes comes from the wreck of occupation and capacity blinds his eyes to the darkened outlook. Major Pendennis one morning found himself a superannuated member of the world of fashion in which he had lived, and his old age passed in garrulous emptiness. Now, it is precisely this that a well-balanced life will avoid. It is a wonderful characteristic of what I have called emotional elements of life, that they never grow old. They are veritable dews of God, sent to refresh the spirit from the dust and turmoil of necessary work, and to keep the springs of true and healthy life within us from running dry. Under their influence the spirit ever remains young, and the passing years do but introduce it to an ever-widening circle of interests, and bring with them an ever-richer burden of memories and aspirations. Thus is rendered possible one of the rarest and most truly venerable sights on God's earth,—a grey-haired man in whom, even in the peaceful light of life's evening, the springs of faith and hope, and of quick and tender human interest and sympathy, are still fresh and pure.

I have spoken of the closing years of life, but what I have said is equally true of the whole life. We are beginning to find out now that one great evil under which many of our labouring classes suffer, more particularly in rural districts, is the monotony and emptiness of their lives; and we are beginning, also, to see that it is to this same cause that many of the things which we try to remedy by Acts of Parliament are in reality due. With great masses of our labouring population commercialism is working out its natural results, and they are spiritually dead; having a name to live, they are none the less, in a very real and sad sense of the word, dead. Under the pressure of unremitting toil for bare necessities, all the higher elements of their natures have become starved. They are in a fair way to become machines just when the Commonwealth most needs them to be *men*, and in the empty discontent of their impoverished lives we can see, as in a mirror, a foreshadowing of the dark end of that pleasant-seeming road of practical materialism in which so large a section of modern society seems content to walk. The evil is in deepest truth a crying one: it would be so in any age, much more in this, "when more and more the people throng the chairs and thrones of civil power."

The masses of our population have within the last decade been called to the exercise of imperial powers and responsibilities; never

before did they so need to be *men*,—and what do we find? That they are spared only by their discontent from becoming mere cogs in the great machine of wealth,—soulless drudges in the great temple of Mammon. One of the greatest needs of England to-day is that her labourers should be men, and he will do an inestimable service to his age and to his country who will show how best to widen out and to enrich their narrow empty lives. One word only will I say: the change must come from within, and not from without. It will not be enough to alter the externals of the labourer's position, to give him better food and a better house. These things are good, but they do not come near the real point. It is as true to-day as eighteen centuries ago, that "man doth not live by bread alone"; and if we are to call our fellows into active possession of their dormant manhood, it must be by awakening the slumbering nature within, by calling out the emotional and intellectual sides of their natures into unaccustomed life. Let this be done, and all will be done. Let this be neglected, and nothing will be done. True manhood is something more than a mere capacity to produce wealth; certainly the manhood we demand of our fellow-citizens to-day is something infinitely more, and we shall never approach it until we pass behind all the mechanism of laws and institutions, behind all the dry bones of external surroundings, to the hidden springs of the heart, which alone can give the incentive to true and healthy life.

This emotional factor is one that is far too slightly regarded in all our schemes of social reform, and yet it is the one upon which everything depends. People are not ineffective citizens simply because their surroundings are unfavourable, but, primarily, because they themselves are in need of reformation. They require to have new conceptions of life and of duty given to them, and to be informed with worthy ideals of private and public duty. Then, and not till then, will a real improvement be seen, and until that is done all our manipulation of the conditions of their existence will be of little avail. It will not be useless, for it will doubtless remove many an incentive to and opportunity for evil; but the real work will not be done until wrong has been attacked and vanquished in its very citadel, in the inner world of thought and feeling. Replace wrong thoughts and feelings by right thoughts and feelings, and then the work of reform will be accomplished, but not till then. *This* is a matter of real importance, and *this* should be our first duty. If this be done, everything in the way of material reform and amelioration will follow. The new spirit will soon shape for itself a new environment; but a new environment will never, by itself, shape a new

spirit. Unhappily, we too often act in our schemes of social reform as though it would or could. We pray earnestly for a social millennium; but the apostles we entrust with the work of preparing for it are the sanitary engineer and the elementary school teacher with his small basket of dry chips. These will give us a cleaner and (save the mark!) a better educated people; but how much will they do towards making us a nation of men? And, be it remembered, it is of greater importance that we should have *real men*, than that we should have labourers able to read and write, and dwelling in properly drained houses. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." We may amuse ourselves as we choose with our sanitary and educational schemes; but till we get far deeper than all these can go our work will be of little avail. So long as we deal simply with externals, we do but change the outward form of evil. It is as easy for a man to be a bad citizen, or to lead a starved life beneath the grinding tyranny of commerce, in a well-ventilated house, as in one that is ill-ventilated; and, despite our schemes of material reform, the moral disintegration of our people may still continue, until sanitary houses and the three R's cover a nameless mass of spiritual wrecks. What reliance, think you, will the commonwealth be able to place on such as those?

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." A man is to be estimated not so much by what he actually does, as by what he aims at doing,—the motives that prompt him, the ideals that inspire and guide him; and of this we may be certain, that nothing worthy ever comes from an unworthy source. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" In similar manner, no work is truly effective unless the life which it expresses is pitched in the right key. Ideas are active and productive, and that not only in the world of thought, but also in the more material world in which the things that are seen and temporal pass current. A man who has conquered the inclination to drink will not drink, although there be a tavern at every street corner. A man possessed by thoughts of honesty is not likely to turn out a thief, nor one who has sworn allegiance to truth a liar. Make a man honest, and you may trust him; let him remain dishonest, and the most elaborate system of check and *espionage* will very possibly prove useless. Even if it does not, what an immense waste of time and energy will it involve!

It is Ruskin who has pointed out how important is the emotional factor even in material production. ("Unto this Last," pp. 9, 10, 62, and 63.)

I have spoken of elementary education. For myself, if I were

asked to give my conception of it, I should refer the questioner to the account which Canon Kingsley gives in "Westward Ho" of the earlier training of his hero, Amyas Leigh. Perhaps, too, we might easily do worse than follow Ruskin's advice, and see that each of our children is taught these three things: (*a*) the laws of health, and the exercises enjoined by them; (*b*) habits of truth and of justice; and (*c*) the calling by which he has to live.

I do not pledge myself to the exact words of either master, but this is the suggestion I would urge upon you most earnestly,—that these passages throw into clear relief certain elements of all true education which we, in our scholastic zeal for the letter which too often killeth, have overlooked,—nay, more, that if it be the end of education to train the future race of men, then are these neglected elements essential and of first consequence. This, indeed, is the one supreme truth which needs to be constantly urged,—that a nation is great in proportion as its population consists of men, and that the ultimate end of all educational and reforming work is to develop the various aspects of manliness.

There is another error which seems to vitiate much of our modern thinking. We too often look upon a community as consisting simply of an aggregate of men bound together by the accident of living in the same time and place, and by simply material needs and interests. The great bond upon which we are accustomed to rely is the mercenary one. In a measure, too, we are right: purely material self-interest is, as a matter of fact, a powerful agent in drawing and keeping men together; but is it, think you, a good soil in which to nourish the fair fruit of patriotism? How, think you, will those whose purses are the measure and the test of their mutual alliance pass through a season of keen national trial, such as now and again comes to every community,—when men are called upon to count all things but loss for the sake of something purely immaterial, for the sake of honour, of justice, or of liberty?—or in what spirit, think you, will they meet some glorious opportunity of high and chivalrous endeavour, when the same intangible forms seek to lead the nation forth into broader paths, and when the possibilities of a fuller and higher life open before it? Our communities are becoming simple commercial aggregates. Men forget that a nation is more than an aggregate,—that it is an organism which is inspired with a definite and peculiar life, and which finds the consciousness of its unity in the participation of all its members in a common body of traditions from the past, in a common work in the present, and in a common hope and purpose for the future. It is in this purely ideal realm that the true energies of national life are to be sought, and it is

according to the character of the denizens of this immaterial world that the true greatness of a nation is to be judged. Not material wealth, but ideas, are the true life-blood of the people, and that nation is the greatest which is richest in true men and women,—in men and women, that is, who have inherited high ideals of public and private conduct from their fathers, who strive to give them living expression in their own day and generation, and then to hand them on unsullied to those who come after them. Thank Heaven, there are a few like that in every nation, and, in deepest verity, they are the salt of the earth, lights shining in darkness which too often does not comprehend them, sources of spiritual influence which, operating in the centres of national life, do something to counteract the lower spirit around them, and to keep true ideals before the eyes of their fellows.

We are in the midst to-day—perhaps I should rather say at the beginning—of what it is customary to speak of as “labour troubles,” and all manner of schemes are suggested by which the friction between the industrial classes may be mitigated.

Once more, however, our would-be reformers make a capital mistake: they view their fellows as so many masses of physical atoms, whose activities can only be varied by varying the external forces which operate upon them. They forget that men’s conduct is largely determined from within,—that is, by the ideas which possess them,—and that unless these, the chief determinants of conduct, are altered, no manipulation of the mere framework, of the externals, of social life can effect lasting good. Now, the conception which almost avowedly lies at the basis of the industrial life of to-day is this, that it is one long process of competition. Can it be wondered at if this leads to endless friction and struggle? So long as men admit that the fruits of industry are to be divided according to the relative strength of competing claimants, just so long will the internecine warfare, in some form or other, last, and peace will not be established until the industrial life of the nation is brought under the influence of higher and worthier ideas.

It is too much to expect men to rise to the high idealism of Ruskin in “Unto this Last,” but it is surely not in vain to hope and to labour for a day when the fierce race for wealth will be slackened, when material ends will not be exalted to such undue pre-eminence, and when unmitigated competition will be looked upon as a relic of barbarism, appropriate enough in a community of wolves, but quite out of place in a society of men professing to be civilised. Here, as elsewhere, it is to the influence of new ideas that we must look for effectual and ultimate deliverance. What those new ideas may be we will not now stop to consider;

they will properly engage our attention when the work to which I have just referred comes before us.

I have spoken, up to the present, mainly of the influence of ideas on individual and social life, and I have endeavoured to fulfil my promise to show them as living agents in the busy world of men, and not simply as incorporeal denizens of a speculative dreamland.

Let us now carry our investigations one step farther, and ask what are some of the fundamental conceptions upon which all truly worthy life must rest.

The first is, of course, that life is given for something more than mere eating and drinking—for something more, even, than mere producing and enjoying ;—these, at most, concern but one part of our nature, and that part not the highest, and if they are allowed to become predominant they will result in a restricted and impoverished life. The true end of life is the formation of character,—what Ruskin paradoxically speaks of as the “manufacture of souls.” Nor is it any one-sided character that we are called upon to develop. It is wide as human nature itself, and every faculty should, in its own due proportion, contribute to the final result. Every creature of God is good, and certainly we are not called upon to mutilate human nature in the interests of any preconceived theory of, let us say, supposed utility, and to concern ourselves with the training of only a certain portion of it. It is precisely on account of this narrowing tendency that it is needful to protest against the dominant commercialism of our times, and precisely because the free development of those emotional and intellectual elements which practical commercialism neglects will be found to alleviate or remedy no slight proportion of the evils under which we individually and collectively suffer, that I am speaking to you in the name of idealism. The end of life, then, is the development of character on the broad basis of the whole of human nature. But how, it may be asked, do you know that the new life, which you declare to be fuller and richer, is really to be preferred to the narrower way so many choose, and which certainly does lead to some tangible results? There are more answers to this than one, but it will perhaps be sufficient to paraphrase a well-known argument of John Stuart Mill in his essay on “Utilitarianism.” We speak because we know—because, viewing life from a wider standpoint, this at least must be granted. We see all that you see, and more besides. We see that your more circumscribed vision does not reveal the existence of much that our experience assures us is most real, and that, as a consequence, it misses the true relations of things,

exaggerating the importance of some and minimising that of others. What you know we know ; but we know more, and our wider knowledge warrants us in correcting your estimate.

The next conception is this : that by way of the emotional and intellectual life we are led to the deepest truths and richest treasures of existence. Truth, honour, purity, the sanctity of love, and, I will add, the devotion of religion and the enthusiasm of art, these are as real elements in life as old port and racehorses, and, what is more, they are of infinitely higher value, and it is only in proportion as we keep ourselves free from the absorption of mere money-getting that they are open to us.

Most true is the saying of Faust—

“ Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen ;
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt.”

It exists, however, notwithstanding our blindness, and there are not a few who walk in it. It is perhaps impossible to demonstrate the proposition now before us. Experience, and that alone, can show the surpassing worth of the unseen things of the spirit ; but, if the evidence of those who have walked in both worlds is of any value, then there can be but little doubt about it. In deepest truth, it is the spiritual that is the real.

Nor may we omit conception of duty. In the sense in which I speak of it this evening, it means that, for every one of us, there is a divinely appointed work to be done—a work which, it is true, we may either perform or neglect, but which, it is also true, we can only neglect under the penalty of robbing life of its deepest solemnity and of its highest worth.

“ What are we sent on earth for ?
Say, to toil—

* * * *

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.”

This is the doctrine which Kingsley is constantly reiterating through the whole series of his novels, and which breathes like fresh mountain air through his terse and vigorous words. He would have us cease from morbid introspection, still more from idling our time away in *dilettante* dreams of poetry and art,—for here, at least, it is ours to lead “ a life of rich luxurious ease, in a strange golden land,”—and would have us resolutely set our hands to our appointed work, which is usually the work that lies nearest to us. Our life here, even that of the lowest, is not trivial or insignificant, for it is the scene in which some divinely ordered duty is to be discharged, the means by which some part of the Eternal

Purpose is to be realised in the world. This is the substance of Kingsley's teaching,—he is indeed the prophet of duty,—and, beyond question, it is substantially true. Without the rectifying influence of this idea we should be apt to spend our time in pursuits essentially as vain as the trivialities which engross the narrow lives of those who ever walk with their faces earthward. Be it remembered that, from the point of view we are at present occupying, art, literature, and social culture are, in themselves, insignificant and trifling. Their true value is not apparent until they are viewed as instruments for the development and training of a spirit that has a definite work to do in the world. This conception of duty, and this alone, it is that can rescue life from final emptiness ; this, and this alone, will keep idealism in life pure and strong, and prevent it from evaporating in empty, self-pleasing dreams ; and this alone will keep culture and the graces and refinements of life from being as fading flowers on an empty tomb.

There is yet another aspect of idealism to which I wish to invite your attention before I close, and that is this,—that life, whether individual or national, should be regulated according to more or less definitively conceived ideals. No worthy life is ever lived from hand to mouth : in some form or other it has before it a definite conception of what it should be, of the ideal to which it should conform. In the same way as, according to the dreamy thinkers of old Alexandria, the world is the progressive incarnation of the Eternal Word, in precisely the same way should our own lives be the progressive realisation of an ideal, and exhibit an ever-growing conformity to a preconceived type. The ideal should ever go before us, as our light and guide, and only as we follow it shall we find the "crooked ways become straight and the rough places plain."

Concerning all conduct we should ask what type of character—in other words, what kind of man—does this tend to form ? Not only in private but in public life does this hold good. It is a most disheartening feature of the politics of our day that they have little or no concern with ideals of national life. Our public men, for the most part, are content to take things as they find them, and to extemporise some fresh solution for each new difficulty, without, apparently, giving a moment's thought to the type of national character they are building up. If any party is working for an ideal it is the advanced Radical ; but neither the orthodox Liberal, nor the Conservative, be his blue the uncompromising colour of the old Toryism or the less decided tint that has recently come into favour, can validly make such a claim. In matters political

we are largely a nation of empirics : we are drifting no one knows whither, and fortunate will it be for us if a happy combination of circumstances and events enables us to escape the consequences of our blindness.

It is perhaps easier to cherish ideals in the opening of life, when the sun is still high in the heavens, and before the evening shades begin to gather, than in those later years when our sky is overcast with clouds, and when the darkness of a worldly maturity has fallen upon us ; and probably, in early days, most of us have cherished them. Youth is the time of dreams, and perhaps it would be well if the youth of to-day were to dream more. It is customary, I know, for those who have attained the dull mediocrity of a worldly middle-age to speak disparagingly of these fairy-visions of days which they shall never see again. "Irreverence for the dreams of youth" is one of the most besetting sins of a narrow and prosperous commercialism. Let us not be too sure. It may be that those very dreams that we, in our practical wisdom, are so ready to despise are of greater moment than we think. It may be that some, at least, are Heaven-sent visions which reveal the hidden possibilities of the dreamer's life, and some day they may be embodied in concrete form before our doubting eyes. In any case this is true, that conduct should be governed by ideals, that every one of us should have "his heart's ideal," which, somewhere, out of sight, is "beautiful and gracious and alone," and in proportion as it is so will life reach its true end, and in that same proportion shall we find it become richer and fuller.

Was it for nothing, think you, that St. Louis could appeal to his followers in the last Crusade in words like these ?—

"Remember, gentlemen,
We all are servants of one Master, Christ ;
Bound by one law, redeemed by one love,
And every brow sealed with the self-same print
Of blessed brotherhood."

Was it for nothing, again, that the patriots of the declining days of the mistress of the ancient world fed their hearts and minds on the words and deeds of the stern, grave heroes of Roman antiquity ? In an infinitely lower realm, too, was it for nothing that the idea of France Imperial floated before armies of the first Napoleon ? No ; most surely it was not. In every realm it is the ideal which wins, and in very deep sense it is true that the dreamers are the greatest workers. In the long-run it is ideals—dreams if you will—which dominate society.

Every life, then, I say, should be devoted to the realisation of some definite ideal. What that ideal may be will, of course, vary

for each one of us, according to our opportunities and capacities; but, whatever it may be, he should have it, and should set it clearly before him as the goal and the guide of his efforts. Only by this means can all the discords of life be harmonised, and all its manifold and seemingly contradictory elements wrought into a living whole. Life, be it remembered, is one: it is not an aggregate of separate activities; it is the expression of one undivided self, and nothing but a definite ideal can introduce order into the chaos of changing incident, or mark out a worthy path through the tangle of thronging possibilities of action. Only thus can we hope to approximate to the poet's ideal, and make

"Life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song."

One note of warning must be sounded. It must be ours to see that we do not fall from lofty idealism into feeble incompetence. We must remember that the ideal must, from its very nature, always escape perfect realisation, going beyond us even in our most strenuous effort, soaring above us even in our highest flights. There is real danger, after impassioned surrender to the perfect loveliness of some high conception of life and duty, when we turn to give it living embodiment in the world of men and things around us,—there is real danger then that we should almost fear to stir, lest the contrast between aim and accomplishment should be too marked, and lest the ideal itself should seem to be tarnished by contact with the broken performances which are all that life admits of.

Our whole life is a compromise between the ideal and the possible, and they are the wise who know best how to adjust these two discordant elements. Our ideals will never be wholly realised. The slow flight of years may indeed appear to witness nothing but "builided hope laid low"; but even one whose life has thus seemingly been crowned with disaster may perchance be able to say with the Swedish poet Stagnelius,—

"Up through the ruins of my earthly dreams
I catch the stars of immortality."

And it may even be that, if it were not for those same shattered hopes, which seem to the onlooker nothing but tokens of defeat and ruin,—that if it were not for these, no glimpses of the eternal light would fall upon his path.

No, it is doubtless true that

"Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire throne";

but the dream is worth something,—it will fill our life with a sacred meaning and with undreamt-of richness; it will baptise our spirits with the heavenly water of perennial regeneration, and will keep them fresh and green in the days when the light of earth begins to fade in the growing glory from behind the veil: under its influence we shall probably do higher and greater things than we should have done without it; and, even though the earthly scene close upon baffled purposes and unrealised hopes, it may still be that fruition awaits us beyond the setting sun, in “the land beyond the sea”—“the land beyond the sea.”



The Theory of Interest—or Usury.

IN the spring of 1887 there was much controversy in certain American newspapers (in the *Standard* of New York, more particularly) upon the subject of money-lending and usury. The morality of interest in any form—as to which our own great teacher, John Ruskin, has expressed some very strong opinions—was being much combated. Mr. Henry George, the author of “Progress and Poverty,” and the proprietor and editor of the *Standard* just named, took part in the discussion, as did also several of Mr. George’s disciples. These controversialists, following similar lines to those adopted in Mr. George’s great book, powerfully upheld the affirmative side, believing interest, in the sense of a private and exclusive payment to some individual, apart from any consideration of labour by that individual, but simply as a reward for the use of capital lent, to be scientifically and morally justifiable. The arguments of Mr. George and his disciples struck me forcibly at the time. I purpose now to set forth some of my conclusions in relation to them.

Those who are familiar with the views of the Georgeites know that one of their fundamental positions is that inasmuch as—apart from labour—we may have, through the aid of natural operations, increases of value akin to the increases of value in certain kinds of long-preserved wine, or from the growth and reproduction of vegetation and animals, there is, as it were, a natural sanction for interest; further, that interest is justifiable from the increased effectiveness which may, through the loan of capital, be imparted to labour either in production or exchange. In other words, the contention is that, “the possession of wealth gives natural opportunities for the increase of wealth, apart from any consideration of labour.”

Having laid down these propositions, the Georgeites, as a means of "clearing away cobwebs," and simplifying the subject to popular comprehension, point out that *money* is only a small proportion of wealth. There is no increase of value, they say, attaching to the possession of money until it is converted into other forms of wealth. The lending of money is really equivalent to the lending of wealth generally—*i.e.*, crops, cattle, wine, etc. ; money may at any time be converted into these things. "All who hold wealth, therefore, *in any form*, are equally entitled to their proportion of the natural increase. The labourer is in no way defrauded."

Further, it is urged that to defend *interest* is a totally different thing from defending *usury*. Interest being a return to capital due to nature's operations, the right to the interest is the same whether the capital is one's own used by oneself, or lent and used by another ; the transaction only becomes usurious when the terms on which capital is advanced are extortionate.

When with this statement of the case it is asserted that the ratio of interest is adjusted almost automatically to the ratio of nature's beneficence, the case on behalf of interest assumes quite a captivating aspect. The phenomena of interest really seem to be invested with all the grace and beauty of natural law itself.

I am persuaded that this appearance of lawful sanction derived from nature is but a phantom, though of siren aspect.

Is it, first of all, really true that "the possession of wealth gives natural opportunities for the increase of wealth, apart from any consideration of labour" ?

I heard the other day of the valuation of the contents of a gentleman's wine-cellar for purposes of probate, and was greatly struck by a remark to the effect that there had been so great a deterioration in some of the wines, notably the clarets and champagnes, that, though the sherries and ports had improved in quality, the net value of the contents of the cellar was relatively no greater than it had been a few years previously.

At about the time I heard of this, I met a very clear-headed man, a Unitarian minister, and put to him the question, Whether, if I were to lend him a calf, requesting him to retain the same till it became a cow, I should be justified in asking, when I desired the loan to terminate, that he would return me a cow and not another calf. His answer was that if he nurtured my calf till it became a cow, he should expect me, as a matter of equity, to pay him for his services, unless it should appear that from the time the cow became reproductive he had been compensated for his services to the animal by the yield of calves or of milk. If he had not thus been compensated, and if I was not disposed to pay him for his

services in nurturing the calf, I might think myself very well off if I got another calf back again. He waggishly added that the calf might never have become a cow at all if I had tried to rear it myself, and that undoubtedly there were circumstances in which passing over one's property, or lending one's property to another, was, even without the receipt of interest, an advantage to oneself.

Now, it seems to me that the lesson of the wine-cellar, and the illustration I obtained from my Unitarian friend, throw considerable light upon the argument that interest, in the sense of the exclusive increase of individual wealth apart from any consideration of labour exerted by the owners of such wealth, has a natural sanction. The wine and the calf play an important part in Mr. George's case. But is it really true or only an appearance that there is "a natural increase apart from any consideration of labour"?

The simple fact is that it is only by appropriation through intelligence and labour of that which nature provides that the productions of nature become in the economic sense wealth at all. Moreover, it is only by intelligence and labour that the things appropriated from nature can be preserved as wealth, and not always then, for the forces that make for change and dissolution are as potent as those that make for natural increase. It follows from this that whatever there is of reward under these circumstances is a return to labour and intelligence, not a mere outcome of nature's beneficence.

The error Mr. George has fallen into is a double error. He not only misinterprets the part which labour plays in relation to nature's operations, but claims as the basis of interest elements of value which are really identical with *rent*, to which he asserts a common right, and which he would tax for the general benefit.

In a passage in "Progress and Poverty," Mr. George alludes, for instance, to the seed in the ground germinating and growing while the farmer sleeps or ploughs new fields, and also speaks of logs, which have been thrown by lumbermen into the stream, being carried by the current to the boom of the saw-mill many miles below. He contends that, so far as an element of added value is imparted by the natural operations named, no possible injustice could be done by one who had advanced money for the purposes of initiating such operations if he claimed to share as interest the added value created. In this he is clearly wrong.

It is the power of appropriation and the labour of conversion which give products the character of wealth. The power of appropriation is in reality the basis of rent; the labour of conversion is rewarded by wages. Under fair conditions of economic

order, the rent—which Mr. George would take by taxation—will tend to be adjusted to the extent of nature's bounty; the wages will tend to be adjusted to the extent of the labour, both, of course, being also governed by population and demand. There will be no margin for interest.

To put the argument in somewhat of detail,—the farmer's seed may germinate and grow while the farmer sleeps or ploughs new fields, but the commercial value of nature's beneficence, as represented in such germination and growth, is an element of *land value* which, if Mr. George's views of land ownership are to be logically applied, cannot go to the farmer, excepting so far as he shares in the common rights. For the labour actually done, the proper and sole reward is wages, which will, on the sale of the product, approximately be adjusted to the extent of the labour.

It is the same with the logs that the stream bears to the mill. The wages of lumbermen, sawyers, and others engaged will be in the main adjusted to the labour of securing the logs and making them useful. What there is of natural advantage as represented in the operations of nature in growing trees, and of the stream in saving labour, would, under Mr. George's system, logically applied, be taxed. For land value would be given to the forest, and land value to the mill. The more valuable the services, so to speak, of nature, of the forest, and the stream, the greater would be the value of the land at the two ends, the place where the trees are grown and the place where the wood is converted—the points of appropriation of natural advantages.

How, under these circumstances, can natural operations be a basis of interest in the sense under discussion? The economic result of such operations cannot be taxed as common property in the element of land values, and its existence be at the same time pointed to as giving natural sanction to interest.

As regards increased efficiency in production, Mr. George uses the familiar illustration of Carpenter James making for himself a plane, by ten days' work, and lending it to Carpenter William, for a year of 300 working days, in return for a new plane *and a plank* at the end of that time. At the outset, with his fine analytical mind, Mr. George is somewhat startled to discover what may be the possible result of such a form of commercial dealing if indefinitely continued. He says: "When, in addition to the return of a plane, a plank is given, James at the end of the year will be in a better position than if there had been no borrowing, and William in a worse. James will have 291 planks and a new plane, and William 289 planks and no plane. And if William keeps on borrowing of James on the same terms, is it not evident that the income of the one will

progressively decline and that of the other will progressively increase, until the time will come when, as the result of the original lending of a plane, James will obtain the whole result of William's labour—that is to say, William will become virtually his slave?"

The student of political economy, following this argument carefully, might well conclude that Mr. George must be going straight for the condemnation and not the defence of interest. An increased effectiveness of production which, when indefinitely continued, results in the enslavement of William, can hardly be a justification for interest from the standpoint of the economist who believes that all true economic laws must be correspondent with social well-being. Mr. George realises the absurdity. How does he meet it? He does not meet it at all. Practically dropping a form of argument which *appears* to make the increased effectiveness of labour in production a basis of interest, he ultimately reverts to his theory as to the "active power of nature," adding also "the element of time—the difference of a year between the lending and the return of the plane." I have already shown that the equivalent of "the active power of nature" is not interest, but rent—rent which, according to Mr. George, should belong not to the individual, but to the community. As regards the element of time, this is not a thing which can be bought and sold. "How can a man sell abstract time—minutes, days, months, and years?" A lapse of time is necessary in order that labour may accomplish its task and "the active power of nature" bear its results; but, as I have shown, the reward in the first case is wages and in the second rent. Than these two there can be no other just reward.

The argument as to an increase of value resulting from exchange is equally indefensible. In the controversy already referred to, the argument was stated by one correspondent thus: "Taking a cargo 1,000 miles east may involve no more labour than taking a similar cargo 1,000 miles west, but the reward of the labour may be in the former case fourfold what it is in the latter." The illustration was unfortunate. But the very extravagance of it only helps to make the absurdity of the plea for interest as an equivalent of the enhanced value of commodities from exchange the more apparent. I need only point out that if a cargo is taken east it is because it is wanted east. If the want is not merely accidental and temporary, but continuous, the profits, whatever they are, will always tend to be the proper exchange value of the labour involved, using the word labour in its full economic sense, which includes payment not merely for mental effort and brute force, but for all aids and appliances. After, in such a case, land values at either end, at the places where the goods are acquired and exported, and where they

are imported, have been appropriated by taxation, there can be no return corresponding with interest as a private and exclusive payment.

These things are, I think, clear. If, then, there is a justification for the rendering of wealth to anybody altogether apart from any consideration of labour on the part of the person to whom wealth is so rendered, it cannot rest on the increased effectiveness which may be imparted to labour in production or exchange, owing to the loan of capital, neither can it rest on natural increase or co-operation. Can it rest on the view that certain transactions between borrower and lender are entered into in a presumably mutual spirit, or that they are not considered extortionate?

This is a question which does not readily admit of answer. But I am persuaded that the only right answer which can be given to it is of a negative character.

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The reader may the better understand my position on this subject if I here call attention to Mr. Ruskin's very suggestive definition of political economy, the best definition yet formulated: "Political economy is neither an art nor a science, but a system of conduct and legislature, founded on the sciences, directing the arts, and *impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture.*" What is to be said of the conditions of moral culture under which, on the plea of assisting labour, wealth can be used in an individual and exclusive sense to acquire more wealth, altogether apart from any consideration of labour on the part of the owner of such wealth—to wit, by the appropriation of the results of the labour of somebody else?

Mr. George defends usury (under the name of interest) by assuming a private right to natural increase of wealth apart from any consideration of labour on the part of the possessor of such wealth. But it seems to me that in one passage of "Progress and Poverty" Mr. George himself unconsciously concedes the immorality of the system of private and exclusive interest-taking. The passage will be found in the chapter on "Labourers not maintained by Capital." It is as follows, the italics being my own: "Here is a luxurious idler, who does nothing either with head or hand, but lives, we say, upon wealth which his father left him, securely invested in Government bonds. Does his subsistence, as a matter of fact, come from wealth accumulated in the past, or from the productive labour that is going on around him? On his table are new-laid eggs, butter churned but a few days before, milk which the cow gave this morning, fish which twenty-four hours ago were swimming in the sea, meat which the butcher boy has just brought

him in time to be cooked, vegetables fresh from the garden, and fruit from the orchard—in short, hardly anything that has not recently left the hand of the productive labourer (for in this category must be included transporters and distributors, as well as those who are engaged in the first stages of production), and nothing that has been produced for any considerable length of time, unless it may be some bottles of old wine. *What this man inherited from his father, and on which he says he lives, is not actually wealth at all, but only the power of commanding wealth as others produce it.* And it is from this contemporaneous production that his subsistence is drawn."

I may parenthetically observe that I do not agree with Mr. George's method of statement in the sentence I have italicised. It is wealth which the man inherited from his father. This would be soon apparent if he realised his bonds, and took the equivalent by exchange in the form of house or other property. But this we need not stop to discuss. What I wish to concentrate attention upon is the character of the admission that here we have a luxurious idler, whose power of continuously living in luxurious idleness is simply a power of "commanding wealth as others produce it," such wealth coming to him in the form of interest on Government bonds, which interest he exchanges for the goods described by Mr. George.

Mr. George's argument in this part of his book is not related to the essential morality of interest. He simply aims to show that subsistence is drawn from contemporaneous production. But it is unfortunate that from the line of thought he adopted for the purpose he was not led to see that interest itself, as he regards it, could not be a legitimate source of private and exclusive wealth.

Will Mr. George, who thinks that he has justified interest, say that the above transaction, which is a typical illustration of the operation of usury, is a moral transaction? In other words, is it moral (and, in the best sense of the word, economic) that a man inheriting wealth from his father, without producing anything whatever with head or hand, simply by a "power of commanding wealth as others produce it" should be able to live as a "luxurious idler"—the original stock of his wealth, owing to the subtle alchemy of interest, remaining all the while undiminished?

It might be replied that, though the conduct of the luxurious idler who produces nothing with head or hand, and who, by a power of commanding wealth as others produce it, lives much more comfortably than most of those who do produce, is not strictly moral conduct, the case is one of abusing wealth—that the young man should *not* live in idleness, but *should* produce with

head and hand. But I venture to say that this would be just as logical as a statement that the morality or immorality of an act of theft depended not on the method of appropriation, whereby the thief commanded wealth as others produced it, but on the use of the wealth commanded and on the extent to which the thief, by honest toil, supplemented his dishonest acquisitions.

Then, too, it might be said that the character of the investment made the transaction immoral. It is not on evidence that the young man's Government bonds represented wealth lent to the State for beneficent purposes, such as railway and harbour works. But let us suppose the bonds *did* represent something spent in railway and harbour works. The transaction would then come on to the ordinary—shall I say orthodox?—commercial basis, and be in principle similar to investments in private companies. The young man would simply be like a preference shareholder with his percentage guaranteed. But would his power of living in luxurious idleness be less a power of commanding wealth as others produce it, and be such as on a moral, as well as a scientific, survey could be regarded as indicative of that wise ordering of the national household which constitutes political as distinguished from individual economy?

A moral examination of this question must show that the only right basis of wealth is labour, and that a given quantity of labour cannot justly have more than its one adequate reward. It cannot justly have two rewards. If for a given quantity of labour the proper exchange value of such labour is received, this labour is eternally and completely rewarded; the product may be used as capital to produce more wealth, but obviously—since the true organisation of society must be social, not predatory—this wealth, to be morally acquired, must not go to a man who produces nothing whatever with head or hand, but to some man who does produce with head or hand, the man who uses the wealth.

Speaking of existing economic conditions, Mr. Ruskin, in "Munera Pulveris," says: "This great law rules all the wild design, that success (while society is guided by laws of competition) *always signifies so much victory over your neighbour as to obtain the direction of his work, and to take the profits of it.* This is the real source of all great riches. No man can become largely rich by his personal toil. The work of his own hands, wisely directed, will indeed always maintain himself and his family, and make provision for his age. *But it is only by the discovery of some method of taxing the labours of others that he can become opulent.*" This is even so. And it must be clearly recognised that all such methods of becoming rich are usurious. Usury is simply the use of wealth to acquire

more wealth in an individual and exclusive sense, apart from any consideration of labour by the owner of that wealth. In its least immoral aspect it is what Swedenborg, with marvellous penetration, describes as "doing good for the sake of gain." It is the complement to theft—which spiritually is doing ill for the sake of gain. On the other hand, it may in certain conditions be identical with theft or merge into theft. It may on the part of the usurer consciously be gain of a predatory character.

* * * * *

We have seen that in simple lending there is usury, whether the wealth acquired, altogether apart from any consideration of labour, be 1 per cent. or 100 per cent., and whether the acquisition be through the medium of an I.O.U., a Government bond, or aught else. Simple lending, however, is by no means the only form of this evil. Few of us can realise to what a gigantic extent the commercialism of these days rests upon usury. The greater part of the operations of capital in the employment of labour are simply a disguised form of usurious lending. It is not money, but the equivalent of money, tools and working room, that is lent to the workers. It matters not in principle. For myself, I see no real difference between lending at interest a £5 note to a workman or producer in order that he may produce, or lending him, under conditions that yield interest on the capital, a machine and so much space in a workshop. In all such transactions there is the twofold aim that the man who lends may himself only have to work in the minimum degree, and that he may in the maximum degree appropriate the result of the work of those to whom the loan is made. This form of lending is the more dangerous, as the operation is disguised both from the form of it and owing to the prevailing modes of thought. So much is this so that whilst a capitalist might be moral enough to say that 25 per cent. would be an extortionate rate of interest on money lent, he would see nothing extortionate in pocketing 25 per cent. if he lent money's worth in the form of a mill with machinery to some hundred men—his employes.

It is all very well to say, "Is the man who has acquired wealth to be considered guilty of an immoral transaction if he permits another who so desires it to use that wealth, and then, in the form of interest, takes part of the proceeds of such use? Can there, in short, not be such a thing as reciprocity or mutuality in money-lending? or in the investment of money in any way with the object of obtaining wealth apart from any consideration of labour on the part of the investor?" I can only reply that we cannot arrive at a right view of the subject unless we have a very strict regard

to duty rather than self-interest, and consider our obligations equally with our so-called rights. From the moment the reciprocity and mutuality argument is admitted, and we allow ourselves to use wealth to escape, either partially or wholly, from labour, and to "command" the produce of the labour of other people, we, spiritually speaking, adulterate Good and Truth, deceptively making the pretence of accommodating our fellow-man a means of acquisition, contrary to the Divine injunction, "Who will not work, neither shall he eat."

The Rev. Henry Smith, "Silver-tongued Smith," who was once rector of St. Clement Danes, dealt very pointedly with the mutuality-and-reciprocity argument when he said, "The usurer loveth the borrower as the ivy loveth the oak: the ivy loveth the oak to grow up by it: so the usurer loveth the borrower to grow rich by him. The ivy claspeth the oak like a lover, but it claspeth out all the juice and sap, that the oak cannot thrive after it. So the usurer lendeth like a friend, but he covenanteth like an enemy, for he claspeth the borrower with such bonds that ever after he diminishes as fast as the usurer increaseth."

If you can afford to lend, and think you can do good by lending, then lend—giving the *use* of that which you can lend. But between lending for the sake of doing good to another and lending for the sake of obtaining advantage to oneself there is a distinction to be drawn. The tree must be tested by its fruits. The experience of mankind is that money-lending at interest is, together with landlordism (the ownership of land not for production by the owner, but as a means of "commanding" the produce of the labour of other people), the most fruitful source of economic, political, and social disorder that human society suffers from.

Again, to recur to the teaching of Mr. Ruskin—here, in something of parable, we have the essential truths of political economy on this and many subjects besides:—

"Let us imagine a society of peasants, living on a river-shore, exposed to destructive inundation at somewhat extended intervals; and that each peasant possesses of this good, but imperilled, ground, more than he needs to cultivate for immediate subsistence. We will assume further (and with too great probability of justice), that the greater part of them indolently keep in tillage just as much land as supplies them with daily food;—that they leave their children idle, and take no precautions against the rise of the stream. But one of them (we will say but one, for the sake of greater clearness) cultivates carefully *all* the ground of his estate; makes his children work hard and healthily; uses his spare time and theirs in building a rampart against the river; and at the end

of some years has in his storehouses large reserves of food and clothing,—in his stables a well-tended breed of cattle, and around his field a wedge of wall against flood.

“The torrent rises at last—sweeps away the harvests, and half the cottages of the careless peasants, and leaves them destitute. They naturally come for help to the provident one, whose fields are unwasted, and whose granaries are full. He has the [legal] right to refuse it to them : no one disputes this right. But he will probably *not* refuse ; it is not his interest to do so, even were he entirely selfish and cruel. The only question with him will be on what terms his aid is to be granted.

“Clearly, not on terms of mere charity. To maintain his neighbours in idleness would be not only his ruin, but theirs. He will require work from them, in exchange for their maintenance ; and, whether in kindness or cruelty, all the work they can give. Not now the three or four hours they were wont to spend on their own land, but the eight or ten hours they ought to have spent. But how will he apply this labour ? The men are now his slaves—nothing less and nothing more. On pain of starvation, he can force them to work in the manner, and to the end, he chooses. And it is by his wisdom in this choice that the worthiness of his mastership is proved, or its unworthiness. Evidently, he must first set them to bank out the water in some temporary way, and to get their ground cleansed and resown ; else, in any case, their continued maintenance will be impossible. That done, and while he has still to feed them, suppose he makes them raise a secure rampart for their ground against all future flood, and rebuild their houses in safer places, with the best material they can find ; being allowed time out of their working hours to fetch such material from a distance. And for the food and clothing advanced, he takes security in land that as much shall be returned at a convenient period.

“We may conceive this security to be redeemed, and the debt paid at the end of a few years. The prudent peasant has sustained no loss ; *but he is no richer than he was, and has had all his trouble for nothing.* But he has enriched his neighbours materially ; bettered their houses, secured their land, and rendered them, in worldly matters, equal to himself. In all rational and final sense, he has been throughout their true Lord and King.

“We will next trace his probable line of conduct, presuming his object to be exclusively the increase of his own fortune. After roughly recovering and cleansing the ground, he allows the ruined peasantry only to build huts upon it, such as he thinks protective enough from the weather to keep them in working health. The

rest of their time he occupies, first in pulling down, and rebuilding on a magnificent scale, his own house, and in adding large dependencies to it. This done, in exchange for his continued supply of corn, he buys as much of his neighbours' land as he thinks he can superintend the management of; and makes the former owners securely embank and protect the ceded portion. By this arrangement, he leaves to a certain number of the peasantry only as much ground as will just maintain them in their existing numbers. As the population increases, he takes the extra hands, who cannot be maintained on the narrowed estates, for his own servants; employs some to cultivate the ground he has bought, giving them of its produce merely enough for subsistence; with the surplus, which, under his energetic and careful superintendence, will be large, he maintains a train of servants for state, and a body of workmen, whom he educates in ornamental arts. He now can splendidly decorate his house, lay out its grounds magnificently, and richly supply his table, and that of his household and retinue. And thus, without any abuse of [legal] right, we should find established all the phenomena of poverty and riches, which (it is supposed necessarily) accompany modern civilisation. In one part of the district, we should have unhealthy land, miserable dwellings and half-starved poor; in another, a well-ordered estate, well-fed servants, and refined conditions of highly educated and luxurious life."

Mr. Ruskin follows up these illustrations by saying that he has put the two cases in simplicity and to some extremity. But, though in more complex and qualified operation, all the relations of society are only the expansion of these two typical sequences of conduct and result. This is not an extravagant assertion. On the specific subject of lending I should be quite prepared to draw up a brief for an indictment of interest from these cases alone. Nowhere have I found the difference between social and unsocial, moral and immoral, kingly and unkingly, lending more strikingly indicated than in these passages from Mr. Ruskin's writings.

I have now very little to add. It was from a recognition of the evils of usury, even in its simplest forms, that Plato, in "*The Republic*," proposed that debts should not be recoverable at law; a wise principle of legislation which we so far defy that, with our elaborate machinery of county and other courts for protecting usurers and creditors of every kind, we may well be said to have a system of State legalised usury.

The time may come when arguments similar to those that are being used against the State legalisation of the liquor traffic, will be used against the State legalisation of usury. We may even have a

cry for prohibition. But that time, I conceive, is far, far distant. At present the subject is not remotely in the range of practical politics. If I discuss the question at all in this our day and generation, it is only because, amidst the darkness and confusion, the storm and stress, of the age, I feel that there must be some in need of having a compass to steer by. In proportion to the anarchy in which we are living is the necessity of obtaining a perception of first principles.

HENRY ROSE.

Unpublished Letter on Interest.

FLORENCE, 20th Sept., '74.

DEAR MR. W—,

I got your obliging note all right. I should have acknowledged it before, but wanted to say a word about interest, for which I only to-day find time. Your position and knowledge give you so great an advantage in thinking of these things, that if you will observe only two great *final* primal facts, you are sure to come to a just conclusion. Interest is always either usury on loan or a tax on industry (of course often both and much more), but always one of these!

I get interest either by lending or investing. If I take interest on investment I tax industry. A railroad dividend is a tax on its servants, ultimately a tax on the traveller, or on the safety of his life (I mean you get your dividend by leaving him in danger). You will find there is absolutely no reason why a railroad should pay a dividend more than the pavement of Fleet Street. (The profit of a contractor—as of a turnpike man, or pavior—is not a dividend, but the average of a chance business profit.) Of course I may tax Theft as one of the forms of industry—gambling, etc.—that is a further point. Keep to the simple one—to make money, either by lending or taxing, is a sin. If people really *ought* to have money lent to them, do it gratis; and if not, it is a *double* sin to lend it them for pay. The commercial result of taking no interest would be—first, that rogues and fools could not borrow, therefore could not waste or make away with money; the second, that the money which was accumulated in the chests of the rich, would be fructifying in the hands of the active and honest poor.

Of course the wealth of the country on these conditions would be treble what it is. Interest of money is, in a word, a tax by

the idle on the busy and by the rogue on the honest. NOT ONE FARTHING OF MONEY IS EVER MADE BY INTEREST.

Get that well into your head. It is *all* taken by the idle rich out of the pockets of the poor or of the really active persons in commerce.

Truly yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Odds and Ends from and about John Ruskin.

THE address I have the privilege to bring under the notice of the members of the Ruskin Society this evening will be of the nature of one of the patchwork fabrics fashioned by the fair hands of ladies termed, I believe, a *crazy quilt*, a thing of threads and patches, where the bright slips of silks, satins, or velvets are brought into combination, either in contrast or harmony, thus forming something presentable for use or ornament. In this paper the extracts and selections from the works of John Ruskin will represent the gloriously hued fragments which adorn the texture of such work, and it is the fault only of the workman in putting the materials together if something presentable is not resultant.

Looking at the productions of Mr. Ruskin's pen, we have abundant choice, something for all tastes, something on almost every topic which can interest, amuse, and instruct, from the "King of the Golden River" to the monumental "Modern Painters." What a mass of highly wrought composition from one brain, trained to express in clearest sentences its maturest thoughts and ideas! The child was father of the man in this particular instance, the precocious boy-poet ere in his *teens* writing on a scientific subject at *fifteen*—to wit, notice his query dated March 1834 in *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History*, on the causes of the colour of the water of the Rhine; next a short paper in the same volume under the same date entitled "Facts and Considerations on the Strata of Mont Blanc, and on some Instances of Twisted Strata that are observable in Switzerland," this short article being illustrated by the same hand; also it further shows that one branch of study—viz., crystallography—was already being developed, and that a collection of crystals was even then formed. As most of my hearers will remember, this has always been a most favourite hobby, carried out with discriminating taste and judgment, until his collections contain many of the finest specimens to be obtained for love or money.

Glance next into the fourth and fifth volumes of *Loudon's Architectural Magazine*, and read through the various papers on architecture, more especially the continued series termed the "poetry" of architecture by Kata-Phusin, wherein will be found a composition of graceful language, equal, I think, to almost any after-writing; indeed, Mr. Ruskin himself told me that he did not think it was at all bad. I am sure you will all be delighted at the intimation lately published that it will shortly appear in a separate form. In the United States for some years past this has been a favourite work. The magazine articles contain some character-

istic and apposite sketches. The chapter on chimneys, with its dozen and a half designs of picturesque chimneys, gives a good notion of Mr. Ruskin's thoroughness and knowledge on a taken-up subject.

In these old magazines will be noticed other articles on kindred subjects from the same hand, such as geometry, perspective, etc.

At this period we find our author contributing poems to the now out-of-date albums, such as "*Friendship's Offering*," the "*Book of Beauty*," etc. If we cannot admit Mr. Ruskin into the highest rank of modern poets, there is a charm in the sentiment and in the easy turn of verse all readers admire, the circle of whom the now published volumes of poetry will, we believe, greatly widen. It was my good fortune many years since to be in friendly communication with Mr. Ruskin. From the very numerous letters in my possession, I would gladly give characteristic extracts; but you will agree at once with me private letters should remain sacred always during the life of the writer; and a very guarded use should be made of them when the hand that wrote them is stilled for evermore. I may, however, be permitted to repeat certain expressions of opinion over which no secrecy is needed. For in many passages scattered throughout his works they or their equivalents are to be met with. One happy Sunday afternoon and evening spent at Brantwood with him and his cousins Mr. and Mrs. Severn, the conversation turned on living in large houses, when the Professor spoke very strongly on the desirability of dwelling in small ones, with a sufficiency of room and adaptation to comfort, rather than in roomy dwellings needless for daily use and entailing extra service, with its troubles and inconvenience.

On another occasion, allusion having been made to the hurry and confusion of modern life, Mr. Ruskin declared against the folly of expending the energies of life at such a pace, he considering the career of Charles Dickens to have terminated untimely from this cause,—rushing over the country to deliver his readings to an impatient audience.

Of Ruskin's personality it were difficult to describe to others the entire charm impressed on every one he comes into friendly contact with; kindly and delicate in his manner, you feel at once "at home with him," as the saying goes; how considerate for others, how unselfish for himself, everybody knows. With the munificence of a prince in gifts of money where wanted for wise purposes, with gifts of treasures princes would not part with, has he not endowed Oxford, Cambridge, Sheffield, and numerous other places the world does not hear of? Quite different in his character of giving to art schools and libraries from some of us, who give that which we no longer desire to retain—pictures uncared for, or any old lumber in the shape of readerless volumes or useless piles of magazines, etc.

Mr. Ruskin has been accused of idiosyncrasies and want of practicability: he who has not the former is no genius; of the latter quality where is the proof of his lack of knowledge of definite means to definite ends for the improvement of the minds and bodies of his fellow-men? In these days of social change there are worse guides than John Ruskin how to make every village life of nobler and happier purpose. It is not always the politician, the political economist, who make the wisest suggestions. The poetry of a Shelley is occasionally as practical as the prose of an Adam Smith. We have often read of Mr. Ruskin's supposed antipathy to railways. Hear this extract from "*Modern Painters*": "I say first, to be content with as little change as possible. If the attention is awake and the feelings in proper train, a turn of a country road, with a cottage beside

it which we have not seen before, is as much as one needs for refreshment ; if we hurry past it, and take two cottages at a time, it is already too much ; hence, to any person who has all his senses about him, a quiet walk along not more than ten or twelve miles of a road a day is the most amusing of all travelling ; and all travelling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity. Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all ; it is merely '*being sent*' to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel. The next step to it would of course be telegraphic transport, of which, however, I suppose it has been truly said by Octave Feuillet : '*Il y aurait des gens assez bêtes pour trouver ça amusant.*' If we walk more than ten or twelve miles it breaks up the day too much, leaving no time for stopping at the stream-sides or shady banks, or for any work at the end of the day ; besides that, the last few miles are apt to be done in a hurry, and may then be considered as lost ground. But if, advancing thus slowly, after some days we approach any more interesting scenery, every yard of the changeful ground becomes precious and piquant, and the continual increase of hope and of surrounding beauty affords one of the most exquisite enjoyments possible to the healthy mind ; besides that, real knowledge is acquired of whatever it is the object of travelling to learn, and a certain sublimity given to all places so attained by the true sense of the spaces of earth that separate them. A man who really loves travelling would as soon consent to pack a day of such happiness into an hour of railroad as one who loved eating would agree, if it were possible, to concentrate his dinner into a pill."

Speaking of shams in relation to the adornment of buildings—namely, the imitations of marble and wood—there is a passage in the third volume of "*Stones of Venice*" worth repeating : "There is not a meaner occupation for the human mind than the imitation of the stains and striæ of marble and wood. When engaged in any easy and simple mechanical occupation, there is still some liberty for the mind to leave the literal work ; and the clash of the loom or the activity of the fingers will not always prevent the thoughts from some happy expatiation in their own domain. But the grainer must think of what he is doing, and veritable attention and care, and occasionally considerable skill, are consumed in the doing of a more absolute nothing, than I can name in any other department of painful idleness. I know not anything so humiliating as to see a human being with arms and limbs complete, and apparently a head, and assuredly a soul, yet into the hands of which when you have put a brush and palette it cannot do anything with them but imitate a piece of wood. It cannot colour : it has no idea of colour ; it cannot draw : it has no idea of form ; it cannot caricature : it has no idea of humour. It is incapable of anything beyond *knots*. All its achievement, the entire result of the daily application of its imagination and immortality, is to be such a piece of texture as the sun and dew are sucking up out of the muddy ground and weaving together far more finely in millions of millions of growing branches over every rood of waste woodland and shady hill." As to restorations of public buildings : "Do not let us talk then of restoration. . . . The thing is a *lie* from beginning to end. You may make a model of a building as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of the old walls within it, as your cast might have the skeleton, with what advantage I neither see nor care ; but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly than if it had sunk into a heap of dust, or melted into a mass of clay ; more has been gleaned out of desolated Nineveh than

ever will be out of rebuilt Milan. But it is said, there may come a necessity for restoration ! Granted. Look the necessity full in the face and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction. Accept it as such, pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected corners, make ballast of them or mortar if you will but do it honestly, and do not set up a lie in their place. And look that necessity in the face before it comes, and you may prevent it. The principle of modern times (a principle which I believe, at least in France, to be *systematically acted on by the masons* in order to find themselves work, as the Abbey of St. Ouen was pulled down by the magistrates of the town by way of giving work to some vagrants) is to neglect buildings first, and restore them afterwards. Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets of lead put in upon the roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a watercourse, will save both roof and wall from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care ; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation ; count its stones as you would jewels of a crown ; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city ; bind it together with iron where it loosens ; stay it with timber where it declines ; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid—better a crutch than a lost limb—and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. Its evil day must come at last ; but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonouring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory.

“ Of more wanton or ignorant ravage it is vain to speak : my words will not reach those who commit them ; and yet, be it heard or not, I must not leave the truth unstated,—that it is again no question of expediency or feeling whether we shall preserve the buildings of past times or not. *We have no right whatever to touch them.* They are not ours. They belong partly to those who built them, and partly to all the generations of mankind who are to follow us. The dead have still their right in them : that which they laboured for, the praise of achievement or the expression of religious feeling, or whatsoever else it might be which in those buildings they intended to be permanent, we have no right to obliterate. What we have ourselves built, we are at liberty to throw down ; but what other men gave their strength, and wealth, and life, to accomplish, their right over does not pass away with their death ; still less is the right to the use of what they have left vested in us only. It belongs to all their successors. It may hereafter be a subject of sorrow, or a cause of injury, to millions that we have consulted our present convenience by casting down such buildings as we choose to dispense with. That sorrow, that loss, we have no right to inflict.”

On mountain scenery and structure : “ As travellers now every day more frequently visit the neighbourhood of the Monte Rosa, it would surely be a permissible, because convenient poetical licence, to invent some other name for the noble glacier, whose present title, Zmutt, certainly not euphonious, has the additional disadvantage of being easily confounded with that of the *Zermatt* glacier, properly so called. I mean myself henceforward to call it the Red Glacier, because, for two or three miles above its lower extremity, the whole surface of it is covered with blocks of reddish gneiss or other slaty crystalline rocks, some fallen from the Cervin, some from the Weisshorn, some brought from the Stockhi and Dent d'Erin, but little rolled or ground down in the transit, and covering the ice often four or

five feet deep with a species of macadamisation on a large scale (each stone being usually some foot or foot and a half in diameter), anything but convenient to a traveller in haste. Higher up, the ice opens into broad white fields and furrows, hard and dry, scarcely fissured at all, except just under the Cervin, and forming a silent and solemn causeway, paved, as it seems, with white marble from side to side; broad enough for the march of an army in line of battle, but quiet as a street of tombs in a buried city, and bordered on each hand by ghostly cliffs of that faint granite purple which seems, in its far-away heights, as unsubstantial as the dark blue that bounds it, the whole scene so changeless and soundless; so removed, not merely from the presence of men, but even from their thoughts, so destitute of all life, of tree or herb, and so immeasurable in its lonely brightness of majestic death, that it looks like a world from which not only the human, but the spiritual, presences had perished, and the last of its archangels, building the great mountains for their monuments, had laid themselves down in the sunlight to an eternal rest, each in his white shroud. . . .

"The structure of the mass and the long ranges of horizontal, or nearly horizontal, beds which form its crest, showing in black points like arrow-heads through the snow, where their ridges are left projecting by the avalanche channels, are better seen than at any other point I reached. together with the sweeping and thin zones of sandy gneiss below, bending apparently like a coach spring; and the notable point about the whole is, that this under-bed of seemingly the most delicate substance is that prepared by Nature to build her boldest precipice with, it being this bed which emerges at the two bastions or shoulders before noticed, and which by that projection causes the strange oblique distortion of the whole mountain mass as it is seen from Zermatt.

"And our surprise will still be increased as we further examine the materials of which the whole mountain is composed. In many places its crystalline slates, where their horizontal surfaces are exposed along the projecting beds of their foundations, break into ruin so total that the foot dashes through their loose red flakes as through heaps of autumn leaves; and yet just where their structure seems most delicate, just where they seem to have been swept before the eddies of the stream that first accumulated them in the most passive whirls, there the after-ages have knit them into the most massive strength, and there have been hewn out of them those firm grey bastions of the Cervin, overhanging, smooth, flawless, unconquerable! For, unlike the Chamouni aiguilles, there is no aspect of destruction about the Matterhorn cliffs. They are not torn remnants of separating spires, yielding flake by flake and band by band to the continual process of decay. They are, on the contrary, an unaltered monument, seemingly sculptured long ago, the huge walls retaining yet the forms into which they were first engraved and standing like an Egyptian temple,—delicate-fronted, softly coloured, the suns of uncounted ages rising and falling upon it continually, but still casting the same line of shadows from east to west, still, century after century, touching the same purple stains on the lotus pillars; while the desert sand ebbs and flows about their feet as those autumn leaves of rock lie heaped and weak about the base of the Cervin.

"Is not this a strange type, in the very heart and height of these mysterious Alps—these wrinkled hills in their snowy, cold, grey-haired old age, at first so silent, then, as we keep quiet at their feet, muttering and whispering to us garrulously in broken and dreaming fits, as it were, about

their childhood—is it not a strange type of the things which ‘out of weakness are made strong’? If one of these little flakes of mica sand, hurried in tremulous spangling along the bottom of the ancient river, too light to sink, too faint to float, almost too small for sight, could have had a mind given to it as it was at last borne down with its kindred dust into the abysses of the stream and laid (would it not have thought?) for a hopeless eternity in the dark ooze, the most despised, forgotten, and feeble of all earth’s atoms; incapable of any use or change; not fit, down there in the diluvial darkness, so much as to help an earth-wasp to build its nest or feed the first fibre of a lichen, what would it have thought had it been told that one day, knitted into a strength as of imperishable iron, rustless by the air, infusible by the flame, out of the substance of it, with its fellows, the axe of God should hew that Alpine tower; that against it, —poor, helpless mica flake!—the wild north winds should rage in vain; beneath it—low-fallen mica flake!—the snowy hills should lie bowed like flocks of sheep and the kingdoms of the earth fade away in unregarded blue; and around it—weak, wave-drifted mica flake!—the great war of the firmament should burst in thunder and yet stir it not, and the fiery arrows and angry meteors of the night fall blunted back from it into the air, and all the stars in the clear heaven should light, one by one, as they rose, new cressets upon the points of snow that fringed its abiding place on the imperishable spire?”—See “*Frondes Agrestes*,” pp. 46 to 51.

For vividness of description take his word-painting on “The Sea after a Storm.”—*Selections* 155-6.

On “The Teaching of Mountains,” *Selections* 311-12.

On “The Sacredness of Home” there is a beautiful passage in the “Seven Lamps of Architecture.”—*Selections* 339-42.

Mr. Ruskin’s opinions on the “Mechanical Advances of the Age” are pithily put and may be well described in the old language of Cornelius Agrippa, “the vanitie of science.”—*Selections* 439-40.

With one exception I have taken my extracts from the “Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin.” This volume, as most of you well know, contains a good assortment of beauties from “The Modern Painters,” “The Seven Lamps,” “The Stones of Venice,” “Lectures on Architecture,” “The Two Paths,” etc., but does not touch on social questions which have occupied so much of the author’s later life and labour. These questions in the present day have come universally to the front. On their right settlement much of the happiness and future well-being of the greater number of our countrymen depends; and it seems to me that your Society, taking up, as it does, the various points of Mr. Ruskin’s doctrines as expressed in his political economics, may, by discussion between its members, arrive at certain conclusions as to the advisability and the practicability of developing them into action by public lectures, written essays, and the usual forms of private, friendly persuasion, and help to solve some of the problems how to make life, even to the lowly, more worth living. You all know that every great movement traces its genesis to very humble beginnings. Small is the seed from whence animate and inanimate life proceeds; how marvellous the result! The acorn becomes the oak; the tiny seed out of the fir-cone rises from beneath the soil in another shape till it lifts its head into the air hundreds of feet as a giant tree of the Yosemite Valley. So will a few earnest minds impress their longings and their faith upon others. All the great faiths of the world are derived from those who believed they had a mission to serve; they showed the way; the followers

came ; the success was attained. The pure life, the ardent aims, the loving sympathies, of the man whose name your Society has adopted, deserve recognition and honour. I would like to close this address, if you will permit me, with a passage from "Modern Painters" with which years ago I was greatly struck : "He who has once stood beside the grave to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."

"But the lessons which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again have they seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, not their light by their decay." W. WALKER.

[The "Unpublished Letter on Interest" and the above paper were read at a meeting held in the house of Mr. J. P. Smart, senr., on October 19th, 1891. See report in December number of *World-Literature*.]

Correspondence.

THE SHELLEY CENTENARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "IGDRASIL."

SIR,—It has been decided by the committee of the Shelley Society, in conjunction with friends who desire to see the Centenary of Shelley's birth commemorated in a worthy manner, to give a private performance of "The Cenci," in May 1892, provided a special fund of £100 be raised or guaranteed within reasonable time. Every subscriber of one guinea will become for the year 1892 a member of the Society, and will thereby be entitled to at least two reserved seats, with such additional tickets as circumstances may permit. Any further sum which may be offered, so as to augment the guarantee fund, in case of need, will be welcomed.

All those who are willing to advance or guarantee a subscription, and thus to promote the celebration of a very memorable date, are requested to send in their names to me at their earliest convenience.

Yours faithfully,

W. M. ROSSETTI,
Chairman of Committee.

3, ST. EDMUND'S TERRACE,
PRIMROSE HILL, LONDON, N.W.

[We heartily commend this scheme to the readers of IGDRASIL, and shall be pleased to insert any further communications from the committee of the Shelley Society.—ED. IG.]

The Book Gazette.

MAZZINI.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOSEPH MAZZINI. 6 vols. New edition.

London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1891. 4s. 6d. each.

"GOD AND THE PEOPLE!" THE RELIGIOUS CREED OF A DEMOCRAT.

Being selections from the writings of Joseph Mazzini. By C. W. STUBBS. *London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1891. 5s.*

One of the most hopeful signs of the present time is the growing influence and increasing popularity of the writings of Joseph Mazzini. Since I first became acquainted with the gospel of Duty, as preached and practised by him, I have tried to make his writings more widely known; and, through the medium of the Guild Reading Circle, have helped to make his influence felt. "The Memoir, Duties of Man, and Thoughts on Democracy in Europe," originally published by Messrs. H. S. King & Co., was a handy volume, clad, like Mazzini himself, in sober black; but has been long out of print. The popular edition, published by Messrs. Alexander & Shepherd, contains everything in Messrs. King & Co.'s edition save the appendices, but is rather clumsy in shape, though useful to the student who likes to mark and annotate as he goes along. A copy of the six-volume edition of "Mazzini's Life and Writings," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. between 1864-70, was fetching a fancy price; and even odd volumes were not to be had at the published price from the booksellers. I wrote to Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., and asked if they did not contemplate publishing a reissue. After a considerable time had elapsed, I was gratified to see the announcement of a new and cheaper edition of "The Life and Works," and greatly delighted when the first volume was sent to me for review. The present issue does not, of course, equal in get-up the beautiful volumes bound in purple calf of the first edition, but the work is well printed and nicely bound, and one which no student of Italian history and literature, European politics, and modern thought on religious, ethical, social, and political problems, can afford to be without. For as Arnold Toynbee well said, in "The Industrial Revolution": "Not Carlyle, great as he was, but Mazzini, is the true teacher of our age. He, like Carlyle, wrote a great book, 'The Duties of Man,' which is the most simple and passionate statement published in this century of man's duties to God and his fellows."

Those who share Mazzini's belief in the future of democracy—not the "mob-government" that Carlyle raged against, and which Ruskin cannot abide, but "the progress of all through all, under the leading of the best and wisest," as Mazzini defined it—and who also feel, with him, that no democratic movement, no social transformation, in fact, can ever be a stable or a lasting one which is not based on religion, which is not the result of a strong and active common faith—will welcome not only the six-volume edition of his writings, but also the volume of selections which the Rev. C. W. Stubbs has issued, under the fitting title of "God and the People!"—Mazzini's watchword in the movement for the independence and unity of Italy, of which he was the brain and soul. The selections are arranged so as to illustrate "the religious creed of a democrat." "The creed-form which has been adopted in the plan of arrangement will be recognised," says Mr. Stubbs, "by every reader of Mazzini as characteristic of his manner. His style was always dogmatic and deductive, and

several of his most impressive writings—as became, indeed, a prophet whose most immediately practical ideas were still always founded on eternal principles—conclude with a credo.” The selections are arranged under nineteen heads,—such as God, Humanity, Revelation, Authority, Progress; and the volume is thus a valuable subject index to Mazzini’s writings. A useful Bibliography is included, which makes the volume indispensable to students of Mazzini.

The only defect of the six-volume edition is the want of an index. This defect Mr. Stubbs’ volume only partially remedies. What is really wanted is a full index, similar to the specimen index to the Camelot volume of Mazzini’s “Essays,” which I prepared for the use of the members of my Mazzini Home-Reading Circle, and which was published in the November number of *World-Literature*. This defect could be remedied by the issue of a supplementary volume, containing, in addition to the index, several valuable papers published before and after Mazzini’s death in the *Contemporary Review* and other English magazines, and not included in the six-volume edition of his works. I trust Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. will see their way to issue this volume in course of time. Meanwhile, I thank them for this cheaper reissue of Mazzini’s “Life and Works,” and strongly recommend every reader of *IGDRASIL*, and every member of the Reading Guild, to add it to their library, and to get the public library in the neighbourhood to do the same, for the benefit of those who cannot afford to buy it for themselves.

The selections from Mazzini’s correspondence, given in the November number of the *Century Magazine*, throw fresh light on Mazzini’s beautiful character, so full of love and sympathy and true nobility, and whet the appetite for the volume which Mr. Fisher Unwin announces as in preparation for publication. I delay writing my promised article on Dante and Mazzini until this volume appears.

W. MARWICK.

DANTE.

THE DIVINE COMEDY. Translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.
I. HELL (1891).

THE PURGATORY. Edited, with translation and notes, by A. J. BUTLER
(1880).

THE PARADISE. Edited, with translation and notes, by A. J. BUTLER
(2nd edition, 1891).

Why do we study Dante so earnestly at the present day? Nearly fifty years ago the study of Dante received a new impulse upon the Continent; and, on all sides, his life, his works, his system, his belief, have been subjected to repeated analyses, and his writings have been interrogated like an oracle in seasons of emergency. In his paper “On the Minor Works of Dante” (1844), Mazzini supplied an answer to my question. He says: “The thought that burned within the soul of Dante is the same that ferments in the bosom of our own epoch. Every instinct within us points to this truth. It is for this that we gather with new earnestness around his image, as if to place our wavering belief beneath the protection of the vast wings of his genius. . . . Dante is one of the purest worshippers of the ideal mankind has known, and one of the rarest intellects, both for innate vigour and universality of conception, that has existed for our good from the days of Charlemagne down to our own time. Both as a man and as a poet, Dante stands the first in modern times, or, more correctly

speaking, the first of all times (since there are none among the ancients who resemble him): he is at the head of that series of great men which, numbering in its ranks Michael Angelo, has been concluded in our own day by Byron; while another parallel series, initiated (Æschylus excepted) by the Greeks, and numbering in its ranks Shakespeare, was concluded by Goethe. The men of the mighty *subjective* race, who form the first category, stamp the impress of their own individuality—like conquerors—both upon the actual world and upon the world of their own creation, and derive the life they make manifest in their works either from the life *within* themselves, or from that life of the *future*, which, prophet-like, they foresee." In Mazzini's opinion, Dante is not only the poet of the Middle Ages, but also of the modern world, of which, prophet-like, he was the herald. In his minor works, Dante unfolded the holy doctrine of progress. "The idea which Dante pursued during his whole life finds its philosophical expression in the 'Convito'; political, in the 'Monarchia'; literary, in the treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentia'; political and religious, in the 'Commedia.' To understand Dante, one must penetrate as deeply as possible into the medium, the element, in which Dante lived, and that by the study of his works, the minor works especially, which were visibly designed by him as a preparation for the poem itself, the crown of the edifice; and in this last, if read in a spirit of reverence, meditation, and love, we shall find all we require."

The "Divine Comedy" is untranslatable as a poem into any other language, and Professor Norton's defence of the prose form of translation is unanswerable. He says: "The intellectual temper of our time is impatient of a transmutation in which substance is sacrificed for form's sake, and the new form is itself different from the original. The conditions of verse in different languages vary so widely as to make any versified translation of a poem but an imperfect reproduction of the archetype. . . . Dante himself, the first modern critic, declared that 'nothing harmonised by a musical bond can be transmuted from its own speech without losing all its sweetness and harmony,' and every fresh attempt at translation affords a new proof of the truth of his assertion." But if the attempt be vain to reproduce the form or to represent its effect in a translation, yet the substance of a poem may have such worth that it deserves to be known by readers who must read it in their own tongue or not at all. In this case "the aim of the translator should be to render the substance fully, exactly, and with as close a correspondence to the tone and style of the original as is possible between prose and poetry. . . . No poem in any tongue is more informed with rhythmic life than the 'Divine Comedy.' And yet, such is its extraordinary distinction, no poem has an intellectual and emotional substance more independent of its metrical form. Its complex structure, its elaborate measure and rhyme, highly artificial as they are, are so mastered by the genius of the poet as to become the most natural expression of the spirit by which the poem is inspired; while at the same time the thought and sentiment embodied in the verse are of such import, and the narrative of such interest, that they do not lose their worth when expressed in the prose of another tongue: they still have power to quicken imagination and to evoke sympathy." Let us then test the prose translations before us by these canons.

The only prose translation of the "Inferno" that deserves to be put alongside of Professor Norton's is that by Dr. John Carlyle, and to it Professor Norton confesses himself a debtor. Indeed, he says that, had Dr. Carlyle made a version of the whole poem, he would hardly have cared to attempt

a new one. Of the two versions, it will be hard to decide which is the better. In some passages, Carlyle's is the better; in others, Professor Norton's. But, as the reviewer in the *Modern Church* has pointed out, "if there is one matter in which the earlier translation is to be preferred, it is in that of that almost lost art of punctuation. Dr. Carlyle's use of the points is far happier than Mr. Norton's. As a set-off to this, Mr. Norton's version is more of a self-contained commentary than Dr. Carlyle's. It has fewer notes, and it needs fewer." In order, however, to test whether a prose translation can stand comparison with a verse translation, let us set a passage from Professor Norton beside a passage from Longfellow's, which is in the metre of the original, but unrhymed, and which is "the most faithful of all English translations" (Schaff). Take the opening of the third canto, descriptive of the Gate of Hell:—

NORTON,—

"Through me is the way into the woeful city; through me is the way into eternal woe; through me is the way among the lost people. Justice moved my high Creator: the Divine Power, the supreme Wisdom, and the primal Love made me. Before me were no things created, unless eternal, and I eternal last. Leave every hope, ye who enter!"

"These words of color obscure I saw written at the top of a gate; whereat I, 'Master, their meaning is dire to me.' And he to me, like one who knew, 'Here it behoves to leave every fear; it behoves that all cowardice should here be dead. We have come to the place where I have told thee that thou shalt see the woeful people, who have lost the good of the understanding.'"

LONGFELLOW,—

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me Divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon ye who enter in.'
These words in sombre colour I beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate;
Whence I: 'Their sense, Master, hard to me!'
And he to me, as one experienced:
'Here all suspicion needs must be abandoned,
All cowardice must needs be here extinct.
We to the place have come, where I have told thee
Thou shalt behold the people dolorous
Who have foregone the good of intellect,'"

"Of the 'Purgatorio' there is a 'prose version which has excellent qualities, by Mr. W. S. Dugdale. Another version of great merit, of both the 'Purgatorio' and 'Paradiso,' is that of Mr. A. J. Butler. It is accompanied by a scholarly and valuable comment, and I owe much to Mr. Butler's work," says Professor Norton; "but, through what seems to me an occasional excess of literal fidelity, his English is now and then somewhat crabbed." Mr. Frederic Harrison considers that "Dr. John Carlyle's admirable prose version of the 'Inferno' has been well continued by Mr. A. J. Butler." A second edition of the "Paradiso" has recently appeared, and has profited by the appearance of Dr. Moore's "Contributions to the

Textual Criticism of the 'Divina Commedia'" and other recent Dante literature. Judgment on the respective merits of Mr. Butler's and Mr. Norton's versions must be reserved until Mr. Butler has published his translation of the "Inferno," and Mr. Norton his versions of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso"; but there can be no question that each has merits that commend it to the student, and both can be consulted with great advantage.

W. MARWICK.

THE RUSKIN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part 12 (vol. ii., pp. 53-92), November 1891, completes Division C, Bibliography of "The Stones of Venice," and begins Division D, Works Edited, Prefaced, or Contributed to by Professor Ruskin. With reference to plate xviii. in "Stones of Venice," vol. ii., there is the following note: "Although Mr. Ruskin states, in a note on p. 266, that this plate was not from a drawing of his, but was engraved by Mr. Armytage from two daguerrotypes; yet the drawings of the window, done by Mr. Ruskin for the engraver, are in existence,—the upper one being in the possession of Mr. J. P. Smart, junr. (the compiler of the Bibliography), and the lower one belonging to Mr. William Ward. The presumption is that Mr. Armytage found a difficulty in engraving, owing to the reflections on the daguerrotypes, and asked Mr. Ruskin for drawings from which to do the work."—Vol. ii., p. 56.

From another note we are reminded that, "in *December* 1876, the three volumes of "The Stones of Venice" were advertised as vols. x., xi., and xii. of the 'Collected Works Series,' without plates. But this advertisement was subsequently withdrawn, and the intention appears to have been abandoned." We trust it will be found possible to issue a cheap *illustrated* edition of "The Stones of Venice," similar to the recent editions of "The Seven Lamps" and the illustrated Art Lectures.

An interesting history attaches to the pamphlet, "On the Nature of Gothic Architecture: 1854." The first edition was "issued sewn, and without wrappers, price fourpence"; and on p. 48 appeared the following note: "The profits arising from the sale of this pamphlet will be offered to the Working Men's College, 32, Red Lion Square, London."

Another edition was issued on November 18th, 1854. The woodcut of the Ducal Palace, Venice, was inserted as frontispiece. The text, which consisted of the greater part of the sixth chapter of the second volume, was enlarged by the addition of an extract from the third chapter of the third volume, and another from the *conclusion* to "The Stones of Venice." It was issued in buff-coloured paper wrappers. Regarding this pamphlet, Dr. Furnivall, in a letter to the editor of the Bibliography, writes as follows: "When we started our Working Men's College (now in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury) in 1854, I felt that we ought to introduce ourselves to the working men, whose goodwill we sought, by some writing which would show that we had genuine sympathy with them. I could find nothing suitable in F. D. Maurice's books; but Ruskin's eloquent and noble words about workmen and art, in his chapter on Gothic Architecture, struck me as the very thing. I accordingly got leave from him, as he'd kindly volunteered to look after our art classes, to reprint this noble chapter; and on our opening night, in St. Martin's Hall, three friends and I took sections of the hall, and gave every one who came in a copy of Ruskin's tract. I can't tell you how many were printed, but suppose

six hundred at first—cost me £5 or £6, I think—and perhaps five hundred afterwards. The tract was naturally much liked, and folk thought it would bring the College a little money : so I got Ruskin to lend me the block (or stereo.), in Smith's hands, of the Doge's Palace cut; put an orange cover on the new issue, on rather larger paper ; and the College got what proceeds came from it. Kenny didn't print the tract himself—he was too small a man—but got Spottiswoode or Bradbury to do it for him. The whole thing was my idea, and carried out by me.—F. J. F."

Division D is also full of interesting matter, to which we shall refer again. Part 12 is not the least interesting and valuable portion of this excellent and model Bibliography.

BROWNING'S MESSAGE TO HIS TIME : HIS RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, AND SCIENCE. By EDWARD BERDOE. *London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. (Dilettante Series.)*

We are glad to welcome a second edition of this work. It is an excellent book, which can be cordially recommended to any one beginning to read Browning. The casual and desultory reader, in whose interest, we are told, the book is written, will get much help and encouragement from it, and, by imbibing a little of the author's enthusiasm, may be induced to continue the study of a poet whom Dr. Berdoe considers "unequaled since Shakespeare." Of the lectures contained in the volume, that on "Paracelsus—a Reformer of Medicine" may be named as one of the best. It is of distinct value as a contribution to Browning literature.

THE NEW REPUBLIC : A DISCOURSE OF THE PROSPECTS, DANGERS, DUTIES, AND SAFETIES OF THE TIMES.—BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE : ITS FACT, LAW, METHOD, AND PURPOSE.—"LYRA TRIUMPHALIS."—PEOPLE SONGS : BALLADS AND MARCHES.—THE GREAT REPUBLIC : A POEM OF THE SUN. By THOMAS LAKE HARRIS. (*E. W. Allen.*)

The above works are the productions of a writer who, if we may credit the opinions of his disciples, has a great mission. Upon this point outsiders may well be excused if for a season they suspend their judgment. Readers who have hitherto known little or nothing of the career of Mr. Harris will, on reading the above works, be somewhat astonished. Those already acquainted with his history will not find here much that is new. The following utterance may, however, startle even the initiated. Speaking in view of his own personal history, and connecting therewith his recent experience, Mr. Harris says :—

"To reunify man individually, and hence socially, with God is obviously to organise evolution in his corporate system. Spake the Christ, 'Greater works than these shall ye do.' The final chord of the rhythmic law, that operates for the renaissance of the human system and its senses from age to youth, was not touched till the early days of last autumn, and not until my own bodily structures were reduced to an appearance of frail, emaciated, perishing age. Within a week after finding the touch of the last rhythmic chord, that leads the harmonic vibrations into bodily renewal, the bent form stood upright ; flesh grew upon the bones ; the dim eyes found their sparkle ; every bodily sense awoke reinvigorated ; the fountains of the blood seemed to flow as by a vortical motion, rounding in each recuperative organ to one grand consciousness of bodily grandeur, freedom, and, in a sense, of corporate immortality."

By way of explanation, an Appendix tells us that Mr. Harris "is alive, in the sense of a new divine-natural life, to the most extreme sensories of the visible form. Spirit is diffused throughout the flesh; flesh is in turn impregnated with spirit. He is thus reinvigorated into the potency and promise of psycho-physical immortality. He is in the youth and spring and morning of the new existence."

Our author is now an old man, and such is the strain in which he writes respecting himself! Not much less surprising than what he says of himself are some things which Mr. Harris says of the country of his adoption: "For the last quarter of a century we have filled up the land with the myriads of the Old World: they came expecting freedom, but have found new servitudes; they came led on by hope: they sit down brooding and sullen with despair,—the skies do not brighten to them, they darken and darken on. . . . Explosive forces are approaching terribly near the surface: the limits of the safety-line are very nearly overpassed. . . . This nation is in rapid motion. . . . Living so fast, it has lived almost to its end: its to-morrow is with death. It may rise again, a new and glorious republic, socialised humanely to the resurrection of the just; but as to its present form, movement, custom, and environment, it must first die."

Those quotations are from two pamphlets which are written in prose. Respecting "People Songs" and "A Poem of the Sun," our space does not allow us to say all we should like to say. They contain doctrines of socialism, which it would be hard to reduce to anything like definition. Of the two poetic works, "The Great Republic" is much the larger. Admirers of its author will be reminded of what his influence was on sympathetic minds when this work was issued in the year 1867.

Mr. Harris is a man who cannot be understood apart from his writings, nor can the writings be understood apart from the man. Here and there the latter savour of the unintelligible. Circumstances—some of them of a public and others of a semi-private nature—are causing a search light to be turned upon both him and them; especially does his connection with the late Laurence Oliphant call for careful examination and just judgment. Of Oliphant's relationship to Harris, and to a few other persons, some things yet remain to be said. The brief reference which is made to it in No. 2 of the above pamphlets will go only a little way towards satisfying the minds of the curious. Meanwhile, we may remark that the time is at hand when it will be possible to read aright the history of Mr. Harris, and to view his literary productions as a whole.

FICTION.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE, THE REPUTED CHANGELING, THE
LITTLE DUKE, THE LANCES OF LINWOOD, AND MORE BYWORDS.
By Charlotte M. Yonge. *London: Macmillan & Co.*

These volumes are among the latest additions to Messrs. Macmillan's 3s. 6d. series, to the excellence of which we have previously referred in these pages. To extol the merits of Miss Yonge's stories at this hour would be a little behindhand; they are now patent to every one.

All communications and books for review to be addressed during December to The Editor, Hillside House, Arbroath, N.B.

All reports, etc., intended for insertion in January number of *World-Literature* must be sent in before the middle of December.

IGDRASIL.

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NO. 16.

Ruskiniana.

IN this number we continue our collection of addresses and speeches given by Mr. Ruskin at various times, but not included in his published works.

XVII.

VERONA AND ITS RIVERS.*

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 5th, 1870.]

"IF you chance to be at Verona on a clear, warm summer's day, and to be weary, as may well happen at the end of it, take a light carriage and drive out at the eastern gate (on the way to the station for Venice). You will see, fifty yards beyond the gate, a good road turning to the left—and from that as immediately another turning to the left again, which by a gradual slope begins to ascend the hill on which the eastern walls of Verona are built. You will then presently find yourself, if it is towards evening, in the shade of those walls, and in the cool and pure air, ascending by a winding road a hill covered with maize and vines, into the rocks of which, between you and the city walls, a steep ditch has been cut, some thirty feet deep by sixty or eighty wide—the defence of the city on that side being trusted to this one magnificent trench, cut out of the solid rock, and to the precipice-like wall above, with towers crested with forked battlements set along it at due intervals.

"It was possible to cut that rock-trench, which, as you will find presently, is carried up the hill beside you for about an English mile, without gunpowder; because the rock is a soft and crumbling limestone, on which, when you see the dusty banks of it emerge under the hedges by the roadside, you—if a member of the Royal Institution—must look with reverence. For in that white rock there are fossil creatures still so like the creatures they were once, that there it first occurred to the human brain to imagine that the buried shapes were not mockeries of life, but had indeed once lived, and, under those white banks by the roadside was born, like a poor Italian gipsy, the modern science of geology.

"Whether a member of the Royal Institution or not, if you are a member of any institution of a social and civil character, you must look with still greater reverence on the grey moat and on the wall that rises between you and the sun. The wall was chiefly built, the moat entirely excavated, by Can Grande della Scala; and it represents typically the form of defence which rendered it possible for the life and the arts of citizens to be pre-

* A less complete report of this lecture is reprinted from the Proceedings of the Royal Institution in *On the Old Road*, vol. i., pp. 654, *seqq.*

served and practised in an age of habitual war. Not only so, but it is the wall of the actual city which headed the great Lombard league, which was the beginner of personal and independent power in the Italian nation, and the first banner-bearer, therefore, of all that has been vitally independent in religion and in art throughout the entire Christian world to this day.

"The road ascends continually the vine-clad slope on your right, becoming steeper and prouder—the great wall drawing itself out, tower above tower, and the blue of distant Lombardy flowing deep and deeper over its lower battlements. After walking the horses about a mile, there is a level bit of road which brings you to the upper angle of the wall; and thence, looking down the northern descent, you may see a great round tower at the foot of it, not forked in battlements, but with embrasures for guns. Now, the banks under which you have passed were the cradle of modern science. The battlemented wall was the cradle of civic life. That low circular tower is the cradle of modern war and of all its desolation. It is the first European tower for artillery; the beginning of fortification against gunpowder—the beginning, that is to say, of the end of *all* fortification; of the system which costs you fifteen millions a year, and leaves at this instant England without defence.

"The road now turns away from the city, and still ascends till we may now see easily that we are on the point of a vast promontory or spur about ten miles long thrown out from the Alps, and of which the last rock dies into the plain exactly at that eastern gate of Verona out of which we came to climb it. Now this promontory is one of the sides of the great gate out of Germany into Italy through which the Goths always entered; cloven up to Innsbruck by the Inn, and down to Verona by the Adige. And by this gate not only the Gothic armies came, but after the Italian nation is formed the current of northern life enters still into its heart through the mountain artery, as constantly and strongly as the cold waves of the Adige itself. Now, the porch of it here towards Italy is literally like a scene in the Arabian Nights. It reminds one precisely of some such passage as—'And at the end of the plain the prince came to a gate between two mountains, and the mountains were mixed of marble and brass.' That is here literally true. The rock of this promontory on which we are seated hardens as we trace it back to the Alps, first into a limestone having knots of splendid brown jasper in it as our chalk has flints, and in a few miles more into true marble, coloured by iron into a glowing orange or pale warm red—the peach-blossom marble, of which Verona is chiefly built—and then as you advance farther into the hills into variegated marbles so rich and grotesque in their veinings, and so fancifully lending themselves to decoration, that this last time of my stay at Verona I was quite seriously impeded in my examinations of sculpture, and disturbed in what—at the age of fifty-one—may yet be left in me of poetical sentiment, by involuntary misgivings whether the churches were real churches, or only museums of practical geology in connection with that of Jermyn Street.

"Looking over from this mountain promontory—'which at its base has been the beginning of lovely building, and at its extremity the beginning of accurate science'—this is the landscape we behold:—

"There is first this blue Lombardic plain, wide as the sea; and in the very centre of it, at about twelve miles away from you, a little cluster of domes and towers, with a gleam of white water round them. That is Mantua. Look beyond its fretted outline, and you will see that in that

direction the plain, elsewhere boundless, is ended by undulation of soft hills. Those are the Apennines above Parma. Then look to the left, and just beyond the roots of the Alps you will see the cluster of the cones of the Euganean hills, and the space at their feet, in which rests Padua, and the gleam of horizon beyond them, in which rests Venice. Look then north-eastward, and, touched into a crown of strange rubies as the sun descends, there is the snowy cluster of the Alps of Friuli. Then turn to the north-west, and under the sunset itself you will see the Adige flow forth from its enchanted porch of marble, and in one strong and almost straight stream, blanched always bright by its swiftness, reflecting on its eddies neither bank nor cloud, but only light, stretch itself along among the vines to the Verona lying at your feet; there first it passes the garden walls of the church of St. Leno, then under the battlements of the great bridge of the Scaligers, then passes away out of sight behind the hill on which, though amongst ghastly modern buildings, here and there you may still trace a grey fragment of tower and wall, the remnants of the palace of Theodoric of Verona, Dietrich of Bern.

"Now, I do not think that there is any other rock in all the world from which the places and monuments of so complex and deep a fragment of the history of its ages can be visible as from this piece of crag, with its blue and prickly weeds. For you have thus beneath you at once the birthplaces of Virgil and of Livy, the homes of Dante and Petrarch, and the source of the most sweet and pathetic inspiration to your own Shakespeare; the spot where the civilisation of the Gothic kingdoms was founded on the throne of Theodoric—and there, whatever was strongest in the Italian race redeemed itself into life by its league against Barbarossa; the beginning of the revival of natural science and medicine in the schools of Padua; the centre of Italian chivalry, in the power of the Scaligers; of Italian cruelty, in that of Ezzelin; and lastly, the birthplace of the highest art—for among those hills, or by this very Adige bank, were born Mantegna, Titian, Correggio, and Veronese.

"I cannot disentangle for you even the simplest of the inlaid threads of this tapestry of the fates of men that here lies beneath us, infinite like the purple of the great valley and the greater hills. But I can now mass it out for you in its broad design of light and darkness,—better, at least, than I was able to do twenty years ago, when I first tried to interpret the story of these cities of the plain."

Mr. Ruskin then called attention to the fact that he had divided the drawings from Verona placed in the room into three separate series: the first, of so-called Lombard architecture; the second, of Gothic; the third, of the early period of Revival, with its connected painting.

"The Lombardic period is one of savage but noble life, gradually subjected to law. It is the forming of men, not out of clay, but wild beasts. And art of this period in all countries, including our own Norman especially, is, in the inner heart of it, the subjection of savage or terrible, or foolish and erring life, to a dominant law. It is government and conquest of fearful dreams. There is in it as yet no germ of true hope—only the conquest of evil, and the waking from darkness and terror. The literature of it is, as in Greece, far in advance of art, and is already full of the most tender and impassioned beauty, while the art is still grotesque and dreadful; but, however wild, it is supreme above all others by its expression of governing law, and here at Verona is the very centre and utmost reach of that expression.

"I know nothing in architecture at once so exquisite and so wild and so strange in the expression of self-conquest achieved almost in a dream. For, observe, these barbaric races, educated in violence—chiefly in war and in hunting—cannot feel or see clearly, as they are gradually civilised, whether this element in which they have been brought up is evil or not. They *must* be good soldiers and hunters—that is their life; yet they know that killing is evil, and they do not expect to find wild beasts in heaven. They have been trained by pain, by violence, by hunger and cold. They know there is a good in these things as well as evil; they are perpetually hesitating between the two thoughts of them. But one thing they see clearly—that killing and hunting, and every form of misery and of passion, must somehow at last be subdued by law, which shall bring good out of it all, and which they feel more and more constraining them every hour. Now, if with this sympathy you look at their dragon and wild beast decoration, you will find that it now tells you about these Lombards far more than they could know of themselves. You may smile at my saying so,—but all the actions, and much more the arts, of men, tell to others not only what the worker does not know, but what he never can know of himself—which you can only recognise by being in an element more advanced and wider than his."

Then, passing to the second period, to be thought of roughly as Dante's time, Mr. Ruskin said that here was to be found the highest development of Italian character and chivalry, with an entirely believed Christian religion:—

"You get therefore joy, and courtesy, and hope, and a lovely peace in death. And with these you have two fearful elements of evil. You have, first, such confidence in the virtue of the creed that men hate and persecute all who do not accept it. And, worse still, you find such confidence in the power of the creed that men not only can do anything that is wrong, and be themselves for a word of faith pardoned, but are even sure that after the wrong is done, God is sure to put it all right again for them, or even make things better than they were before. Now, I need not point out to you how the spirit of persecution, as well as of vain hope founded on creed only, is mingled in every line with the lovely moral teaching of the 'Divina Commedia,' nor need I point out to you how, between the persecution of other people's creeds and the absolution of one's own crimes, all Christian error is concluded."

Of the third period, in which art and science in Italy gained their highest perfection, Mr. Ruskin said:—

"And now, thirdly, we come to the period when classical literature and art were again known in Italy, and the painters and sculptors, who had been gaining steadily in power for two hundred years—power not of practice merely, but of race also—with every circumstance in their favour around them, received their finally perfect instruction, both in geometrical science, in that of materials, and in the anatomy and action of the human body. Also the people about them—the models of their work—had been perfected in personal beauty, by a chivalric war; in imagination, by a transcendental philosophy; in practical intellect, by stern struggle for civic law; and in commerce, not in falsely made or vile or unclean things, but in lovely things, beautifully and honestly made. And now, therefore, you get out of all the world's long history since it was peopled by men till now—you get just fifty years of perfect work. Perfect. It is a strong word—it is also a *true* one. The doing of these fifty years is unaccusably Right as art; what its sentiment may be—whether too great or too little,

whether superficial or sincere—is another question, but as artists' work it admits no conception of anything better.

"It is true that in the following age, founded on the absolutely stern rectitude of this, there came a phase of gigantic power, and of exquisite ease and felicity, which possess an awe and a charm of their own. They are more inimitable than the work of the perfect school. But they are not *perfect*. It is a subtle question whether the greater manifestation of power in them indicates greater inherent power or not. I am not able—no man, unless one of their equals, would be able—to tell you, whether there is really more strength in Gainsborough, who can draw a mouth with one undulating sweep of his pencil, or in Carpaccio, who will take half an hour at least to do apparently little more. But I can tell you positively that Carpaccio's work is faultless when done—it is a mouth, and a perfect one, whereas Gainsborough's is only a lovely streak of vermilion, which looks like a mouth a little way off.

"Now it is very difficult to find a name for this wonderful fifty years' space. You cannot call it classical, for its styles differ in all kinds of ways from the time antique. Still less can you call it Christian, for its direct inspiration is entirely heathen. You cannot name it from any king, for no king of this time was worthy of the age; and you cannot name it from any one art master, for twenty masters were equally worthy the age at once. So I shall call it simply the 'Age of the Masters.' Fifty Years. Mind you, I cannot name half their great workmen for you, but these are the greatest of them—Luini, Leonardo, John Bellini, Vettor Carpaccio, Andrea Mantegna, Andrea Verrocchio, Cima da Conegliano, Perugino, and in date, though only in his earlier life belonging to the school, Raphael. But you may best recollect the great fifty years as the prime of life of three men: John Bellini, born 1430, died at ninety, in 1516; Mantegna, born 1430, died at seventy-six, in 1506; and Vettor Carpaccio—I am not sure of the date of his birth, but he died in 1522.

"Now observe, the object of these masters is wholly different from that of the former school. The central Gothic men always want chiefly to impress you with the facts of their subject; but the masters of this finished time desire only to make everything dainty and delightful. We have not many pictures of the class in England, but several have been of late added to the National Gallery, and the Perugino there, especially the compartment with Raphael and Tobit, and the little St. Jerome by John Bellini, will perfectly show you this main character—pictorial perfectness and deliciousness—sought before everything else. You will find, if you look into that St. Jerome, that everything in it is exquisite, complete, and pure; there is not a particle of dust in the cupboards, nor a cloud in the air; the wooden shutters are dainty, the candlesticks are dainty, the saint's scarlet hat is dainty, and its violet tassel, and its ribbon, and his blue cloak, and his spare pair of shoes, and his little brown partridge—it is all a perfect quintessence of innocent luxury—absolute delight, without one drawback in it, nor taint of the Devil anywhere.

"I don't know another picture like it, except a Nativity by Luini, belonging to the present Count Borromeo: it is a picture about the same size—painted rather more slightly than Luini's usual work in oil—and with a felicity of heart that wholly refuses to see anything grave in this Nativity; it is a bright fable of perfect joy, and heaven come down to earth,—the Madonna is not worshipping the child, but merely holding it and gazing at it, her face lost in one sweet satisfied rapture of mere love. She is

going to lay it in the manger—and because the straw is out of order two exquisite little cherubs, with ruby wings, are shaking it up.

“Well, for other pictures of this class. There were two exquisite ones in the Winter Academy, a little Narcissus by Luini, and the Peter Martyr, by John Bellini—the last very valuable, because you see in a moment the main characteristic of the school, that it mattered not in the least to John, and that he doesn’t expect it to matter to you, whether people are martyred or not, so long as one can make a pretty grey of their gowns, and a nice white of their sleeves, and infinite decoration of forest leaves behind, and a divine picture at last out of all. Everything in the world was done and made only that it might be rightly painted; that is the true master’s creed.

“I used to think all this very wrong once, and that it meant general falseness and hardness of heart, and so on. It means nothing of the kind. It means only that one’s whole soul is put into one’s work, and that the entire soul so spent is healthy and happy, and cannot vex itself with questions, cares, or pains.”

Mr. Ruskin next proceeded, amidst the profound and animated attention which his eloquence had imposed upon his audience, to speak to practical purpose of the rivers of Verona. He said :—

“There is but one river at Verona; nevertheless, Dante connects its name with that of the Po when he says of the whole of Lombardy, ‘In sul Paese che Adice e Po riga, Solea valore e cortesia trovarsi Prima che Federigo avesse briga.’ I want to speak for a minute or two about those great rivers; because in the efforts that are now being made to restore some of its commerce to Venice precisely the same questions are in course of debate which again and again, ever since Venice was a city, have put her Senate at pause—namely, how to hold in check the continually advancing morass formed by the silt brought down by the Alpine rivers. Is it not strange that for at least six hundred years the Venetians have been contending with those rivers at their *mouths*—that is to say, where their strength has become wholly irresistible—and never once thought of contending with them at their sources, where their infinitely separated streamlets might be, and are meant by heaven to be, ruled as easily as children? And observe how sternly, how constantly, the place where they are to be governed is marked by the mischief done by their liberty. Consider what the advance of the delta of the Po in the Adriatic signifies among the Alps. The evil of the delta itself, however great, is as nothing in comparison of that which is in its origin.

“The gradual destruction of the harbourage of Venice, the endless cost of delaying it, the malaria of the whole coast down to Ravenna, nay, the raising of the bed of the Po, to the imperilling of all Lombardy, are but secondary evils. Every acre of that increasing delta means *the devastation of part of an Alpine valley, and the loss of so much fruitful soil and ministering rain*. Some of you now present must have passed this year through the valleys of the Toccia and Ticino. You know, therefore, the devastation that was caused there, as well as in the valley of the Rhone, by the great floods of 1868, and that ten years of labour, even if the peasantry had still the heart for labour, cannot redeem those districts into fertility. What you have there seen on a vast scale takes place to a certain extent during every summer thunderstorm, and from the ruin of some portion of fruitful land the dust descends to increase the marshes of the Po. But observe further—whether fed by sudden melting of snow or by storm,

every destructive rise of the Italian rivers signifies the loss of so much power of irrigation on the south side of the Alps. You must all well know the look of their chain—seen from Milan or Turin late in summer—how little snow is left, except on Monte Rosa, how vast a territory of brown mountain-side heated and barren, without rocks, yet without forest. There is in that brown-purple zone, and along the flanks of every valley that divides it, another Lombardy of cultivable land; and every drift of rain that swells the mountain torrents, if it were caught where it falls, is literally rain of gold. We seek gold beneath the rocks; and we will not so much as make a trench along the hillside to catch it where it falls from heaven, and where, if not so caught, it changes into a frantic monster, first ravaging hamlet, hill, and plain, then sinking along the shores of Venice into poisoned sleep. Think what that belt of the Alps might be—up to four thousand feet above the plain—if the system of terraced irrigation, which even half-savage nations discovered and practised long ago in China and in Borneo, and by which our own engineers have subdued vast districts of farthest India, were but in part also practised here—here, in the oldest and proudest centre of European arts, where Leonardo da Vinci—master among masters—first discerned the laws of the coiling clouds and wandering streams, so that to this day his engineering remains unbettered by modern science; and yet in this centre of all human achievements of genius, no thought has been taken to receive with sacred art these great gifts of quiet snow and flying rain. Think, I repeat, what that south slope of the Alps might be: one paradise of lovely pasture andavenued forest of chestnut and blossomed trees, with cascades docile and innocent as infants, laughing all summer long from crag to crag and pool to pool, and the Adige and the Po, the Dora and the Ticino no more defiled, no more alternating between fierce flood and venomous languor; but in calm, clear currents bearing ships to every city, and health to every field of all that azure plain of Lombard Italy.

“Now, I know that you come to the Royal Institution that you may pass, if it may be, a pleasant evening, and that I have no right to tease you with economical or philanthropical projects; but, thinking of you now as indulgent friends, with whom I am grateful to be allowed to begin, as you know I first in public begin to-day, work involving not small responsibility, you will not think it wrong in me to tell you it has now become a most grave object with me to get some of the great pictures of the Italian schools into England, and that I think at this time—with good help—it might be contrived. Further, without in the least urging my plans impatiently on any one else, I know thoroughly that this which I have said *should* be done, *can* be done, for the Italian rivers, and that no method of employment of our idle able-bodied labourers would be in the end more remunerative, or in the beginnings of it more healthful and every way beneficial, than, with the concurrence of the Italian and Swiss Governments, setting them to redeem the valleys of the Ticino and the Rhone. And I pray you to think of this, for I tell you truly—you who care for Italy—that both her passions and her mountain streams are noble; but that her happiness depends, not on the liberty, but the right government of both.”

XVIII.

LECTURES ON LANDSCAPE.

[Three lectures delivered in the Theatre of the Museum at Oxford, January 26th and February 11th and 23rd, 1871. From the *Athenæum*, February 4th, 18th, and March 4th, 1871.]

I.

THE AIM AND STUDY OF LANDSCAPE.*

LANDSCAPE is the thoughtful and passionate expression of those physical phenomena which relate to human life, and displays such human methods of dealing with them as are either exemplary or deserving of sympathy or provocative of emotion. Take, for instance, Turner's "Vesuvius in Repose" and "Vesuvius in Eruption." The former of these is the sweetest piece of water-colour which he ever painted: it is a beautiful harmony of cool, tranquil colour; the latter represents all the violence which characterised Turner's youth: it is a beautiful harmony of hot colour, as well as an admirable combination of lines. But yet his object in painting them was not the mere representation, however perfect, of physical phenomena, but the illustration of that which brings life and death to men. Or again his "Shore at Scarborough," and "Wreck of an East Indiaman," were painted about the same time. Of these, the one represents the opposition of a dark ground to the diffused sunshine; the other illustrates the decorative purpose of white spots on a dark ground: it is an excellent instance of *ποικιλία*. But he did not paint them for the sake of these arrangements, or the mere physical phenomena, but to show, in the former, the daily course of quiet human happiness, in the latter a striking example of utter human misery.

We thus see that the main interest of a landscape is never to be found in the mere water, or land, or sky, however beautiful they may be. It is a great mistake to suppose that a great painter ever inserts figures merely for the sake of variety. All the interest of a landscape must bear some relation to figures past, present, or future, or to some form of human action. There is no more sublimity in mountains *in themselves* than in level plains: their interest attaches to them as places which man can climb, or where he can be dashed to pieces. A cloud *is itself* quite unworthy of being painted; its value in landscape is derived from its being a means of nourishment or chastisement to men, or the dwelling of imaginary beings. Turner painted sky not as a thing beautiful in itself, but as telling sometimes of an impending storm, sometimes of coming sunshine after stormy weather, and the wind and storm and sunshine were to him only of importance as affecting the welfare of men. To gather together splendid physical phenomena for the sake of the momentary sensation on the spectator is not the object of true landscape. There is a well-known American painter who seems to make that his aim. He may be a skilful imitator of nature, but he is not in the true sense a landscape-painter. One of Turner's best landscapes represents Eccleston in Yorkshire: its subject is a mere bank of grass, with some trees and ruins upon it, and some water in the foreground. Of such a scene in America, or a country without a history, no mortal could ever have made a landscape. There is nothing of essential

* This is the subject of this lecture, which was not, however, announced under any special title.

landscape scenery in it, in the sense in which it is commonly understood. It derives all its interest from its relation to human life. There is just a strip of wild copse-wood ; there are the ruins of a great abbey, fading out of sight as out of time : these take you back into past centuries. On the other hand, there are outhouses turned into a house and the mistress of it standing at the door ; there is a water-mill at work, and cattle by the side of the mill-stream : these tell of modern life in a quiet, peaceful form. We also see the white smoke rising from the chimneys (which shows that it is not in a coal-country), and a boy cutting faggots for the hearth, and clothes laid out to dry, and other clean white clothes hung over clean white stones : all this tells a tale of simplicity and purity and cleanliness, though in the midst of ruin and sadness.

But besides this, it is essential to landscape painting that all should be compassionately and tenderly done, with deep feeling and sentiment. Without strong passion and sensitiveness men can never paint well. Particularly in landscape the material influence of physical phenomena is so strong that to rise above it a great deal of sentiment is necessary. Much more strength and heart is necessary to paint landscape well than it is to paint the human form ; none but the strongest men, Titian, Velasquez, Turner, etc., can attain to it. In missal painting, the landscape is scarcely ever good, only in one or two instances ; and not only is great power needed, but the closest power of observation and attention. It requires the most careful attention to place the leaves in a tree right ; it is comparatively easy to be correct in the features of a face. In Titian's " Peter Martyr," every leaf of the beech tree is most accurately inserted.

In landscape painting, as in all art, the first thing is to be quiet, calm and modest. It is essential that the painter should like the landscape he is going to draw better than his own sketch of it. His thought must be *not* " What a good picture it would make ! " but, " If only I could get some straw of such a scene to carry away ! " His one idea must be not " How can I make a pretty picture of this scene ? " but " How can I give a person who has not seen this place, a good idea of it ? " To place the spectator, as it were, in the original scene is the aim of all true Art.

In studying landscape, we should begin with the conditions of quiet life first of all. The only instance of movement to be indulged in is in the study of sunrise. To watch the dawn will convince the student of all the difficulties of colouring, and will show him how nature defies reproduction, and landscape must always be to some extent conventional.

In beginning a subject, the first thing is to outline it, with a definite terminal pencil line ; but note, previous to commencing your sketch, (1) The date and time of day ; (2) the temperature and the direction and force of the wind ; (3) the direction in which you are looking, and the side from which the light proceeds. As the outline of solid form represents natural limits, your pencil-lines should correspond exactly with these limits. In landscape, the outline is often so complex that it is impossible to imitate it ; it is no outline, but only a softened edge. This tempts painters to neglect outline and think only of colour, thus losing their sense of organic form, their precision of hand, and their respect for every law and for all the safeguards and dignities of their art. Hence it is that landscape has become frivolous and justly despised. Turner is a great landscape painter because he can really draw an outline. It is true that he often loses his outlines, but he can invariably find them again at his pleasure. The just law of landscape then is, that whenever one space of colour is distinguished

from another by a clear limit, it must be marked by a plain and accurate outline. The outline should at first be equal throughout, though this may be modified afterwards. In some of Dürer's best pictures, the outlines are all of the same breadth; and yet he gets by means of them all the details of feature and expression. What place are these lines to hold with respect to the limit they represent? In the case of a dark space represented upon a light ground, they should be, strictly speaking, inside the dark space; but where a light space is painted on a dark ground, the outline must, on the contrary, be outside. This rule we find Turner observing with wonderful accuracy and minuteness in some of his best landscapes. For the student of landscape the most important point is that he should be constant and resolute of purpose, and should not shrink from difficulties; that he should think little of himself, much of his subject, and that he should begin with calm and quiet determination the task which he has set before himself.

II.

THE RELATION OF LIGHT AND SHADE TO COLOUR IN LANDSCAPE.

The main virtue of Turner is his representation of Form: no one has ever approached him in his rendering of organic form in landscape, or in his exquisite expression of the delicate gradations of light and shade. In painting, he first *saw* in colour, but he always first *constructed* in light and shade. The drawing was the beginning of his pictures in order of time, though not in order of conception. By him, as by all great masters, accurate form is accounted of pre-eminent value: they acquire their skill by a continual attention to the perfection of their outlines. Whether they paint straight off, like Tintoret, or sketch first of all as with a pen of iron, like Holbein or Turner, they invariably know where every detail should be; their eye decides at the first glance what is right in each minute particular, so that no line of a great master offends the eye, however coarse it may be—for coarseness of outline never displeases as long as it is correct. We see this in some of Holbein's figures: he boldly draws the broadest lines where we should expect to find them delicate and fine; but yet the result is always beautiful, even where he is drawing the lace on a lady's neck. Turner deals in the "*Liber Studiorum*" with mountains, trees, buildings and stones, in the same spirit as Holbein with figures: both draw not what suggests possible grace, but the realisations of actual form, and both with absolute accuracy. All necessary form can be given by a perfect gradation of shades of neutral tint combined with a correct outline. By this means a better result can be obtained than is possible for photography, which destroys the high lights and exaggerates the darker shades. The object of the "*Liber Studiorum*" is the delineation of solid form by outline and shadow; but at the same time the end which Turner has in view in all that he draws is the expression in landscape of such characters and scenes as have relation to the pleasures and pains of human life. Thus, in one of his sketches—a scene near Blair Athol—he seems at first sight to have made very little of an exceedingly beautiful spot. In the actual scene there is a wild mountain stream, a rock covered with all kinds of fantastic lichens, and a rich vegetation, which is a sort of finished arabesque of living sculpture. Turner strips the rock and leaves it bare, quiets the river into a very ordinary stream, and omits almost all the vegetation, except a cluster here and there. At first sight

we are grievously disappointed, but when we look further we see what he is aiming at: he thus stops short, in order to teach us a lesson. His purpose is not to give the mere external effect, but to get at the heart of his subject and bring out its true character. He puts into this scene near Blair Athol the very spirit of Scotland; he seeks to produce a kind of sadness and depth of effect by means of the feeble clear light of sky and stream; he introduces a kind of tenderness combined with a roughness of natural character; he puts you into a half-gloomy and barbarous land, and yet brings in a sort of pastoral purity and innocence, and by the simplest means gives you an insight into the nature of the country and the people among whom the scene is laid. It is just the same in his drawing of "Dunblane Abbey": he brings in a clumsy square tower and a blank vacancy of decoration, which are quite at variance with the reality. But this is because he is in Scotland, not in Italy; in his picture of the "Coliseum" every stone is drawn and every atom of vegetation introduced with such minute exactness that it ought to be looked at through a microscope in order to appreciate its execution. Turner belongs to the Greek chiaroscurist school, which is so completely opposed to the Gothic. It is essentially realistic, as opposed to Gothic imagination: it is full of seriousness and despair, as opposed to Gothic gaiety and gladness. It constantly substitutes grey for colour, in order to express the Academic or Greek fleshiness or solidity or veracity, as opposed to the spiritual and mendacious character of the Gothic school. The Greek school is a splendid addition to the natural power of great men, but it is a thing to be feared by all else. It combines the highest and the basest; for the melancholy undercurrent which underlies the character of all great men becomes in weak men a feeble and contemptible despondency.

Rubens was a splendid draughtsman of the Greek school. His varied character comes out in his picture of "Juno and Argus," which is now being exhibited among the Old Masters at Burlington House. The Juno is really a portrait of a Flemish lady, and the Argus is a good anatomical study of the human form. There is a curious absence of colour in the two peacocks which the picture represents. Rubens was not a great colourist *par excellence*; he was warped for colour by his coarser instincts. You see the Dutch artist in the fleshy baseness of the main conception, though in the delineation of form you have the skill of the Greek school, come to him through Michael Angelo, just as in his representation of the head of Iris in the picture, you have the noble northern conceptions come to him through Titian. The chiaroscurists have not the same power of adopting colour from the Venetian school which the Venetians have of adopting form from them. Tintoret is a man of far higher skill than Rubens in chiaroscuro. Albert Dürer only thought of form; whereas Turner thinks first of colour, though his wonderful power of form soon displays itself. Turner is a true Greek, who thinks of his subject, not of himself, in all his pictures.

The "Nativity" of Botticelli, in the same Exhibition, is a perfect model of what the pure Greek school did in Florence. The object aimed at in the picture is the representation of mystic symbolism by motion and by light and shade. There is a perfect dome of clouds, under which a number of angels half dance, half float in a circle, with their crowns hanging on their palms. We have already remarked that Greek drapery always shows motion and muscular form, and never expresses sentiment:

this picture is an excellent illustration of this rule. The drapery shows the every motion of the figures which it contains.

Rembrandt's picture of a "Burgomaster" is second-rate, however celebrated. In character it is not equal to Titian, or Reynolds, or Gainsborough. In light and shade, it is better than their works only in the opinion of those who prefer candlelight to sunlight. The colour, too, is in some places loaded in a way in which no painter ought to load. The lights are here and there actually false; and the kind of embossed execution is unworthy of a master. The picture is a very suitable type of the debased Greek school. Another picture—the "St. Mark"—by Cima, represents a noble human creature in a pure light. There is no attempt to improve the spectator by piety of expression, but there is a true mastery of light and shade. The unexciting colour does not at first delight, but yet it has a charm which grows upon us as we look at it, and which never fades from our mind. To look at it is always a relief, and the eye always rests on it with a feeling of quiet satisfaction. It is an excellent instance of the chiaroscurist school.

III.

THE GREEK AND GOTHIC SCHOOLS.

We must always remember that between the various schools of painting the difference is only one of degree and of tendency: it is not that the one neglects what the other pursues with the utmost eagerness, but that it pursues it less ardently; it is not that the one is entirely wanting in the skill peculiar to the other, but that it possesses it in a less degree. At the same time, there is a sufficiently marked contrast between the schools of crystal and of clay, as we may call the Greek and Gothic schools respectively. The former is chiaroscurist, the latter colourist. The aim of the former is tranquil activity; its ideal is *ελευθερία*; it seeks to make that real and material which was before indefinite, to see all things truly. The aim of the latter is passionate rest; its ideal is *σάσις*; it teaches us to see all things dimly. Yet it is difficult to explain the contrast between the two schools without apparent contradiction, since each contains ideas which seem to be irreconcilable. The Greek school is visionary and obscure, and yet in its results it is real and sharply marked. The Gothic school is essentially realistic in its purpose, and yet it is at the same time mysterious and soft in its execution. The excellencies of these two schools are united in four great painters—Titian, Holbein, Turner, and Tintoret, who are therefore sometimes spoken of as belonging to the one school, sometimes to the other. The real fact is that Holbein and Turner were Greek chiaroscurists nearly perfect in their adoption of colour. Titian and Tintoret were Gothic colourists who were absolutely perfect in their adoption of chiaroscuro.

All elementary exercises in colour must begin with the clearest possible separation between the various colours. As, in music, perfection consists in marking off distinctly each delicate difference of sound, so in painting every minute shade of colour must be carefully distinguished in order to attain the highest results. Some great colourists even leave dark lines between their colours, like the broad black lines in painted windows: we see this especially in Paul Veronese and Titian. In every great master of colour it is a necessary characteristic that he is able to paint each separate portion of his picture apart from all the rest, and that every

juncture should be made with the greatest care and with the greatest distinctness of will. This precision of method and of touch is very noticeable in Carpaccio's pictures. They will bear the closest examination, and without being thus examined half their beauty will be lost. It is an absurd mistake to hang any pictures of the Venetian School high out of reach or in an obscure light, as thereby their marvellous colouring is deprived of all its effect. One law may be universally observed in all painters of this school,—that they make white precious and black conspicuous. They paint with admirable skill a white cloud, which comes out clear and clean, even out of a white sky. They introduce a single touch of black merely to give relief to the general colouring of their pictures, amid the extreme modesty of colour, which is one of their remarkable characteristics. They afford an excellent illustration of the rule which all great painters adhere to, viz., that the value of colour depends only on its subtlety, never on its violence ; on its refinement, not on its loudness ; on its being soft and genial, not harsh and striking.

The colouring of the Greek School is essentially sad, that of the Gothic essentially gay : the Gothic is always cheerful ; it assumes that all nature is lovely, and never paints change and decay, but only what is bright and healthful and a fit object for our love. This is a defect in Gothic art, since it is impossible for Art to show a complete sympathy with humanity without the memory or the present consciousness of pain. Of exquisite Gothic landscape there are, perhaps for this reason, very few existing instances—not a dozen in all. There are some which are very beautiful, but not of first-rate excellence, in the painted Missals : one of the finest is to be found in the Psalter of Henry the Sixth, where the landscape and the flowers are exceedingly lovely. It was the Reformation which destroyed the power of the Gothic School ; the modern Pre-Raphaelites made an attempt to revive it, but they pursued dramatic sensation instead of real beauty, and so their highest efforts have resulted in painting wild apple-blossom with striking effect. None of them has ever succeeded nobly in painting even a head of wild roses or a mountain glade full of wild sorrel. The failure of modern painters in simple landscape arises from the idea that it is an easy subject ; when they find out their mistake they are discouraged, and seek to gratify the public taste rather than to paint what is in itself beautiful. Now the public mind is impatient of trammels, and is ignorant of every law of Art ; hence it is easily satisfied, and is deceived by the self-complacency of the painter who pretends to an ability which he does not possess, and so blinds the public to his want of patience and of the finer qualities necessary to a real artist. What a contrast there is between the carelessness and unskilfulness of the ordinary modern painter and the accurate detailed skill of Bellini or Turner ! In one of the churches at Venice there is a Madonna by Bellini in which we are struck with the wonderful reality of a scroll which St. Jerome, who is introduced in the picture, holds in his hand. If we examine it closely, we see that this reality arises from the fact that two whole chapters are written out bodily. So in a picture of parchments drawn by Turner, in which the deeds have all the seals and coats-of-arms most carefully and accurately painted : the actual signature by Fairfax, the Cromwellian general, is forged letter by letter, although it is so small that a magnifying-glass is required to decipher it.

In studying any school of art nothing is more important than to gather up the right clue ; we must keep before us the conviction that all things are bound together and connected one with another. Thus the Greek

School pursues truth as its vital point; and if it misses this, it misses everything. Even Michael Angelo, when he tries to draw a dragon without carefully studying it in detail, does not draw it successfully, but represents it as very like a sausage; while Carpaccio, on the other hand, is always true to life, and if he draws a snake, it is, above all things, black and crawling, clinging to the dust, hideous and cunning—a fit emblem of the devil, whom it represents.

The object of the Chiaroscurist School is to get sunshine and warmth without colour; everything is drawn in mystery, and yet it represents a marvellous contrast of light and darkness, cloud and fire. In Raphael we have combined the misty distance of the chiaroscurists with the finished detail of the Gothic. In Turner, again, we have perfect form attained, and all developed in the cloud and fire of the Greeks. His picture of Dudley is an instance in point. The scene is sketched with a most perfect accuracy; we have the roaring furnaces in the foreground, and behind we see in the distance the church and castle fading away into smoke and fire, to show the power of the manufactures and machinery of England to do away with all reverence for authority, whether of Church or State. In all Turner's pictures there is nothing more wonderful than his intense sympathy. In one of his sketches he introduces a scene of agricultural life: everything in the picture is neglected and unhomely and coarse; the sternness and ruggedness of the scene tell of desolation and of misery; the thorns and thistles tell of Nature's curse. The object which he had before him in drawing it was to illustrate the degraded and miserable condition of the agricultural poor of England. One of his early works represents a scene which explains to us how the Greek mythology had its origin. It is a picture of a scene in the Valley of Cluses, on the road from Geneva to Chamounix. It is full of that absolute simplicity and picturesque archaism which was the cradle and the source of those immortal myths by which the Greeks represented to themselves their appreciation of Nature's loveliness.

XIX.

A LECTURE ON STONES.*

[From the *City Press*, April 15th, 1876.]

ON commencing, Mr. Ruskin at once put himself on good terms with his audience by a few friendly words, and then introduced his subject by calling attention to a sovereign and a pebble. Of the first, he remarked that he knew, to some extent, what a pound would do, and what it was good for, but there was much to be learnt about the sovereign which very few people were acquainted with. For instance, it had stamped on it a man on a flying horse, stabbing at an impossible dragon in a manner in which it would be impossible to kill him. They called the man St. George, but people did not know much about St. George, or why he should be on the sovereign. Then as to the pebble, any apothecary could tell them of what it was made, and, for that matter, could tell, too, what the lecturer and his hearers were made of; but in doing so, he would not tell them what a boy or man was, and still less what such an inexplicable thing as a girl or a woman was. To know what a thing was, they must know what it could do and what it was good for. They knew that a piece of flint,

* Addressed to the boys of Christ's Hospital.

when struck by steel, would produce fire, but there was more to be learned about it than that. In some places it fortified the cliffs of England, and on the very brow of that cliff the flints were taken up in the softest form by the grasses that grew there. This had been examined by one of his pupils—a student at Oxford, who had taken the stalk of a particular kind of grass, and had, by subjecting it to the influence of an acid, obtained pure flint—the fact being, that there was not a bit of grass grown that did not make its skeleton of flint, just as human beings' bones were built up of lime. To understand the stones, it was necessary to consider not only what they could do, but what they could suffer, and whether or not they were amiable things—whether they had ever been loved. Now, it was easy to understand the love which men had for sovereigns, and their love for the bright and beautiful amethyst, and opal, and onyx; but was that little black pebble cared for? And yet there was beauty in it, and it was the right understanding of this beauty that brought us into somewhat of sympathy with the power that made us, and preserved us, and gave us the dust of the earth even for our delight. The Bible mentioned specially amongst the minerals, gold, crystal (or bdellium), and onyx; and these three might be regarded as types—the gold standing for all metals, the crystal for all clear, brilliant stones, and the onyx for all stones in which the colours were arranged in veins or bands. Gold suggested thought of the powers exercised by the metals, and what had been done by them for and against man; and the crystal reminded them of the influence of jewels over the mind, and of the ill that had been wrought in connection with them by man in error, and by woman in vanity; and the question arose whether these stones were blessings or not? They were spoken of as blessings throughout the Scriptures, but it was doubtful if we had not again and again made them curses, and sacrificed them to devils rather than to God. Then there came the inquiry, How these stones were made for us? We were told, “There is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold, where they find it”; but no geologist could say how that gold got there—they could only tell that there it was. Another mystery was that of crystallisation, and another the growth of a pebble. On every hand, the student was reduced to a continual asking of questions, and the wiser he was the more he asked. The man who knew but little was satisfied that he was very wise; but as he progressed, he found himself floating on the top of a sea of knowledge, and was delighted to find how deep the waters were. Alluding to the museum which is in course of formation at Christ's Hospital, Mr. Ruskin observed that it was important, for the purposes of study, that it should not contain too much. With a small amount to look at, they would be able to give it better attention. There might be a thousand beautiful specimens of crystallisation, but they would not be able to grasp them all at once, and it was better to study three or four than to attempt to make the acquaintance of so many; they could no more look at twenty things worth looking at in an hour, than they could read twenty good books in a day. It might be asked, “What were precious stones made for?” They could only have a moral value, for one could not eat diamonds; and though one might drink pearls, the effect would only be to make the vinegar dead. A pig would not care to have his food served in a silver trough, but noblemen and gentlemen liked silver troughs; they preferred their food off plate, thereby showing their superiority over the pig, as seeing something better than the pig does. The love of the beautiful was associated with the use of colours; and, in connection with

this point, the lecturer explained, somewhat in detail, the symbolical effect of colour in heraldry, from which some interesting lessons were drawn. Mr. Ruskin concluded by reminding his hearers that central truths were always beautiful and lovely, though half-way truths might be exceedingly ugly. The symbolical aspect of stones suggested important reflections; as, for instance, when men were found worshipping a black stone because it fell from heaven, they were doing a thing which was not wise, but it was half-way to wisdom. The lecture throughout was copiously illustrated with diagrams, and a collection of stones, to which frequent reference was made by the speaker.

At the close, a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. J. D. Allcroft (the Treasurer), and seconded by the Rev. G. C. Bell, the boys endorsing it with three ringing cheers, which, however, hearty as they were, could hardly have more fully indicated their satisfaction and enjoyment than did the close attention with which the lecturer's remarks were followed. Mr. Ruskin, in responding, expressed his pleasure at being present, and promised to repeat his visit as opportunity might offer.

XX.

COMMUNISM AND ART.*

[From the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, April 28th, 1876.]

MR. RUSKIN, before replying to any remarks, stated that he had come by all the crooked roads he could find from Newark—and he had found some queer ones on the way—instead of coming by rail. A gentleman then asked if the museum would be opened for the students to make copies from the engravings and other works of art? Mr. Ruskin replied in the affirmative. It would be when in a complete condition. It was then asked whether he objected to the use of machinery entirely? and a lady supplemented that query by instancing the sewing-machine, to which she understood Mr. Ruskin had raised serious objections. Mr. Ruskin, in reply, intimated that he considered that the art of sewing had been lost by the coming into use of sewing-machines, and he questioned whether there was a woman in the whole country who could produce anything like Queen Elizabeth's bed, or the tapestry of William the Conqueror which bore his portrait. He admitted, in the first place, that in his writings he had not alluded to any machines except those actuated by heat, but recently in his "*Fors Clavigera*" he had forbidden the use of sewing-machines amongst the Companions of the Order of St. George. Several desultory questions followed. A gentleman said in his opinion he had as much right to have as much money as any other man: everybody ought to be on an equality; there ought to be no poor. The money spent in Sheffield in connection with the Prince of Wales' visit would have served to have placed in comfortable houses all the paupers in the town, and the money spent by the

* "Last evening about twenty persons assembled at the New Museum established by Mr. Ruskin, at Walkley, for the purpose of hearing Mr. Ruskin's opinions on various subjects, and of giving their own. Amongst those present were six ladies. The proceedings were chiefly of a conversational nature, and no set speech on any one of the several subjects dealt with was given. Primarily, the subject of Communism came up, and its most extreme principles were freely and enthusiastically advocated by one or two of those present."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

country on the Prince's visit to India would have done the same for the whole of England. The visit to India was a fool's errand altogether. Mr. Ruskin mildly objected to this latter expression, remarking that such was hardly the case, and added, as to "Communism," that he believed in it in its broad principles, and had so far advocated it. The word Communism was susceptible of many meanings. The gentleman who had previously spoken proceeded to suppose one man riding on a horse and another man walking on foot,—might not the latter think he had as good a right to be on horseback as the former? Mr. Ruskin jocularly observed that there might not be horses enough for everybody to ride. He liked to see men fond of animals. He liked his dog and he liked everybody else to like him. He was equally fond of his horse. As to Communism in the sense spoken of by his friend, the first start they should make should be amongst themselves—to cultivate love between themselves, and afterwards to go further in the general principles of Communism. In reply to another question as to machinery, he said there might yet be a grand use for machinery by utilising it for the purpose of extending the temperate zone by means of cutting away icebergs in the frigid zone and blasting rocks. It might also serve to turn Mount Vesuvius into some sort of a useful place, and make its lava grow grapes. Communism then again cropped up, and a gentleman gave his idea of what a state of Communism ought to be. They should all live together in furnished apartments, and they should start at the outset by manufacturing boots. Mr. Ruskin asked why not hats? They must first get the funds before they thought of dividing them. The gentleman, pursuing his theory, said that what they wanted was to have a Government of their own, which would gradually grow up stronger and more powerful than the Government of the country itself. Mr. Ruskin observed that if they were to form a Government of which his friend had spoken, they would want a million of men with strong shoulders to make any change in the general government. Before they could hope to change the Government of the country, they must become stronger than the Government.

A member of the Society of Friends who was present said his friend Mr. Ruskin, in his opinion, did not make his works sufficiently well known in Sheffield. They ought to be more easy of access, so that they could get up an agency here for their sale, whereby the working men could easily obtain them. He thought that Mr. Ruskin was too modest. Mr. Ruskin thought he was not too modest; and a phrenologist, who was present, added that Mr. Ruskin's bump of self-appreciativeness was pretty well developed. Mr. Ruskin, resuming, said that people who cared for "Fors" could get it for the price of a pot of beer. That publication was the result of twenty years' work and experience which he offered to them, but if they did not want it he would not throw it at their heads. If they would not buy it and his other works, and give a fair price for them, he should not be at any trouble to bring them before them.

By this time a majority of those present had evidently begun to tire of so much time being consumed by the subject of Communism; and art matters were introduced. In the course of the discussion, a gentleman asked Mr. Ruskin's opinion as to Holman Hunt's picture, "The Shadow of Death." In reply, Mr. Ruskin said the artist had made a great mistake in going away from England into Syria for five years. By doing so his fine artistic perception became blunted, and he had no doubt that there was a disposition engendered to rest contented with one thing—a disposition

which was very happy in a child only. On this point he could tell them an anecdote relating to a little girl in the neighbourhood of Coniston, where he had been staying. A child broke her doll, and was naturally grieved, the more especially as there was no toyshop in the neighbourhood. In this strait they went to the village carpenter, and got him to turn a doll out of a common piece of wood. This production, of course, had neither eyes nor ears, but the child was thoroughly delighted with it. Mr. Holman Hunt had gone away, without any examples of the old masters to guide him during his absence, and had looked at his own work, throwing a few shavings and other things about and contemplating them until he was charmed with the result. The picture was wrong in conception; there were many faults in it; and he could not help thinking it was a bad picture. If the work was done in a right spirit and in a true cause, it was a pity so much time had been wasted upon it. If the artist had begun the right way to forward the cause he seemed to have at heart, he would have made many sketches of Christ's life, and have had them in every shop window. A gentleman rose and said there seemed to be two parties in the room, and he thought they should now talk about what they wanted to know as to the way in which they could help Mr. Ruskin in connection with the Walkley Museum. Mr. Ruskin said that whatever he brought he should have perfect of its kind without regard to cost, although the articles might not at first be numerous. If any of them in their leisure time would make him little things such as a frame or a box they would help him much and he would be thankful. When he wanted such articles he would ask for them. At present and for some time to come the collection would not be extensive, and it would only be increased in proportion to the appreciation shown by the students. The rose-garden idea, as propounded by Mr. Ruskin in his "*Fors*," was then alluded to, but he stated that it was only yet in its infancy—one of his dreams. He added that so far as the cost of this Museum was concerned, it was derived from the interest of the money in the hands of or belonging to the St. George's Society. Whilst on the subject of money, he might say that the St. George's Society intended to have a coinage of their own. They would have a currency peculiar to themselves, with the representation of St. George on the one side and of Michael the Archangel on the reverse. They would carry those about in their pockets. A gentleman asked how they would distinguish the Brothers of St. George from other people? Mr. Ruskin said they would have their badges as well as the special coinage, which would be ample for the purpose. A gentleman inquired of Mr. Ruskin what his opinions were on the subject of the repression of crime? Mr. Ruskin answered that he thought so strongly upon the subject that he dare not give expression to his ideas for fear of being misunderstood, or that he should be charged with cruelty. The subject of the Museum was then discursively alluded to, Mr. Ruskin stating that it is at present merely the nucleus of what he will make it if he finds that it is properly appreciated. In that event he would have works of the very best class, whether engravings, metal works, or other art objects. The discussion then closed, having lasted about three hours.

XXI.

ST. GEORGE'S MUSEUM.

I.—ITS ARCHITECTURE.

[From the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, July 20th, 1882.]

MR. RUSKIN entered the room, and being invited to a chair on the Mayor's right hand, explained that as to the legal ownership of the Museum he was prepared to place himself entirely in the hands of Mr. Bagshawe and the legal gentlemen. As to management, he wished to keep that in his own hands; and by management he meant, first, the arrangement of the objects; and, secondly, the method of making the Museum useful to students. His first idea had been simply to enlarge the little house at Walkley in the plainest manner; but kind friends had talked of other sites, and had put more ambitious schemes into his head. He had talked the matter over with Mr. Robson, the architect, who had prepared some plans, which he (Mr. Ruskin) laid on the table. His idea had been to follow the style of architecture so long used in Florence, and to secure ornament by inlaid work, which was easily kept clean. He proposed that the building should be of red brick, faced with the marbles of Derbyshire; but Mr. Robson pointed out that neither Derbyshire nor any other marbles would stand in our climate, and suggested instead granite. That would, no doubt, somewhat increase the cost. Mr. Robson suggested that one section only of the building should be first erected, and he estimated the cost at about £5,000.*

II.—ITS CONTENTS.†

[From the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, Thursday, October 23rd, 1879.]

ON leaving Mr. Mappin's, Prince Leopold proceeded on his promised visit to Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Walkley. Mr. Ruskin received the Prince, who, with his suite, passed into the grounds, and the gates were closed upon them.

At the garden gate Mr. Ruskin greeted his Royal visitor respectfully, but in silence, reserving his more formal welcome until, having conducted the Prince down the garden, he ushered His Royal Highness into the house with a few appropriate words. He shook hands with each member of the party, and expressed his sorrow that Professor Stuart was not of the number. Assembled in the small apartment containing his treasures of art and nature, Mr. Ruskin presented to the Prince Mr. Swan, his valued curator, and then expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon him by

* An interesting conversation (says the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*) with Mr. Ruskin ensued, and it was the unanimous feeling of the meeting that such an opportunity ought not to be lost to the town. Several sites were spoken of, but the suggestion of a site on the Endcliffe Hall estate met with very general approbation. A committee was appointed to confer with Mr. Ruskin, and draw up a definite proposal to submit to the public. Mr. Ruskin was good enough to say that he placed his services entirely at the disposal of the gentlemen present; and it is hoped that a public meeting may be arranged, which Mr. Ruskin will attend, as soon as preliminaries are settled.

† Taken, as will be seen, from an account of the visit of Prince Leopold, when in Sheffield, to the Museum.

this visit of Prince Leopold's. He referred in terms of warm eulogy to the address delivered by His Royal Highness on Monday. On one sentence in that speech Mr. Ruskin dwelt with especial pleasure—that in which reference was made to the lessons which are the rightful inheritance of children. Proceeding, then, to show to Prince Leopold the contents of the Museum, Mr. Ruskin first drew attention to the large picture of "The Madonna and Child," painted by Verrochio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci, "given to me in Venice by a gracious fortune, to show to the people of Sheffield,"—to whom, he explained, it was especially appropriate, since, besides being an unrivalled painter, Verrochio was also a great worker in iron. Mr. Ruskin dwelt with enthusiasm on the teachings and technical merits of this picture—on its lessons of the reverence that is due to woman, and the reverence that all Christianity, through that, its purest element, shows (in the kneeling Virgin) to Christ. That picture, he said, was an answer to the inquiry often addressed to him, "What do you want to teach us about art?" It was perfect in all ways—in drawing, in colouring; on every part the artist had worked with the utmost toil man could give. He drew especial attention to the beauty and detail of the Virgin's girdle of embossed gold. A copy, by Mr. Ruskin, of Carpaccio's "St. Ursula," next attracted attention. The power of that Museum would, Mr. Ruskin went on to say, depend upon its giving pleasure, and by the attractions of beauty; but as the foundation from which all teaching must start they had there the most perfect specimens of the Bible—the Baskerville, the German Ulrich Bible, with plates mostly by Holbein and Dürer—which are unequalled for perfect illustration of the meaning of the Scriptures. Then there were elaborate specimens of English illuminated MSS. of the Vulgate, and following these the first perfect copy of Holbein's "Dance of Death." After that again came Carpaccio's "Death of St. Jerome," the translator of the Bible into Latin; and then "St. George." Turning from these illustrative keys to the teachings of his Museum, Mr. Ruskin drew Prince Leopold's attention to his unique collection of minerals and precious stones—to the specimens of gold and virgin silver, amethyst, onyx stone, and many other unrivalled examples of the wonders of mineralogy. "I want," said he, "to get everything beautiful"; and, in answer to a question, he added, "I am proud to say that, unlike other collectors, I never spare cutting my specimens, always looking to that which will best show texture. My main aim is to get things to show their beauty." Then, passing from the upper case of precious stones and minerals, Mr. Ruskin showed many of the treasures in the drawers, beginning with the simple flint pebble, and passing on in natural succession to jasper and agates, to specimens of which, showing all the wondrous laws of their structure, he called attention. Then on to quartz and felspar; "and so we get," said he, "the constituents of granite, and, getting that, you go on to the constituents of everything else." Then there were amethysts, cut so as to show their stellar form, and opals and crystals, with their perfectly natural facets—types of a beauty with which it is Mr. Ruskin's hope to attract working men to an interest in the structure of such things.

Turning next to the cabinets, in which are stored his etchings and photographs, Mr. Ruskin pointed to them as illustrating the way in which he proposed to get his Museum ordered—a work in which he had been engaged for a week past. He showed a photograph from that earliest church in Venice, on which is inscribed his favourite legend, enjoining on the merchants to be just, and to have their weights true. That, said

Mr. Ruskin, was the beginning of the whole commercial prosperity of Venice; from that came the pure gold of the Venetian zecchini (ducats). Mr. Firth would, he thought, be interested to know that when he was daguerreotyping in Venice, and wanted absolutely pure gold for his plates, he could get nothing so pure as those old Venetian coins; and all the city's prosperity was the outcome of that honest thoroughness. A series of photographs from Venice, showing the various forms of the Greek acanthus, was exhibited, Mr. Ruskin drawing especial attention to the variety introduced by the play of the workman's hand, no one leaf being like another. In drawings of his own which he produced, Mr. Ruskin said his object had been to show how our English leaves were adapted to the same treatment—the oak leaf, for instance. He hoped to show a series of rude carvings by Sheffield boys and girls from natural leaves. He was going to have a series carved in wood, and the cabbage or kale would be the first—for that was the vegetable which in the north was the origin of our most beautiful sculptures. Mr. Ruskin showed with pride a cast of one of the vine leaves from the Ducal Palace, displaying admirably, with a fidelity that nothing could rival, the patient skill of the workman of the fourteenth century, and an edge than which nothing could be finer or clearer. Then the learned Professor drew attention to a rough block of sandstone—a specimen showing the pure cleavage of the sands of England “which, thanks again to *Fors*, I was able to take from Brantwood.” The lesson herein was characteristic of the whole teaching of the Museum—a leading up from the simplest thing to those greater things on which he had been discoursing; and, turning to the Prince, Mr. Ruskin observed, “You, sir, said in your most excellent address that England is the mother of great nations. May we not teach her to remember also that she has great ancestors?” With reference to his projects in regard to the Museum, Mr. Ruskin said he did not want to build another room until he got that one room into perfect condition. Then, when that room was made the vestibule, and in this way showing the source of all beauty, as he got power—having been quietly acquiring the necessary land—he hoped to make reading-rooms for the workmen, which they could use in connection with this room. Drawing his Royal Highness's attention to the beautiful view from the windows, now lighted up by gleams of sunlight, Mr. Ruskin continued: “I hope always to have pretty things for them to see, and light to read by, and fitting everything close as I do so. And I hope it may be filled by workmen who will join to scientific teaching this study of art and nature, and that it will be felt by the town worth making an effort to fill the rooms with books. If anything now fails,” added Mr. Ruskin modestly, “it will be my fault”; but he was understood to say that the town authorities would find him in every way obedient to their desires, as his Royal Highness would do him the justice of admitting that he was ever submissive to the powers of the land, as represented by her most gracious Majesty and her royal children.

Prince Leopold mentioned that he had yesterday received from Coniston a most charming present. This referred to a request that he would accept a bust of Mr. Ruskin, by Creswick, a young Sheffield artisan of much promise, who has the advantage of Professor Ruskin's teaching and help. While Mr. Ruskin was modestly disclaiming any connection with the present, Mr. Swan explained that it had been made without Mr. Ruskin's knowledge.

Time now pressing, the Prince was compelled to bring this interesting

interview to a close. It had lasted thirty-five minutes. Mr. Ruskin, expressing the hope that he had not detained his Royal Highness too long, accompanied him and his suite to the carriages; and they drove away back to Oakbrook to luncheon, amid the cheers of the crowd which had been waiting outside.

XXII.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.*

[From *Sorley's Ulverston Advertiser*, January 13th, 1881.]

"I HAD been thinking, my dear children, what to say to you, and I felt it extremely difficult to shape my thoughts aright; but the remarks which have just been offered, and the hymn which you have so well sung, have removed the difficulty, and I feel it a pleasure to say a few words to you. 'Tis true, I wish to see children happy, and to be happy is to do what's right and good. Christmas time, of all times, is most calculated to make young people happy, because of the great event celebrated at this glad-some season—when the infant Saviour was born, that He might make all people happy, and especially the little ones whom He so much loves. But, to be happy, my dear young friends, you must try to make others happy, your parents, and those who have charge over you, by seeking to do what is right and good. I was noticing, in the hymn you sang, the words, 'Shall we gather at the river, where bright angels' feet have trod?' which seem to carry one on to the future instead of thinking of the present. Not only have angels trod this earth in old times, but they do tread it even now, for that they are often about us, helping us in many ways; present at our tables, and also at our beds; and we ought to think of this, and rejoice that we have such heavenly companionship. I was much interested this morning in reading the account of the angels visiting the shepherds of Bethlehem, and telling them about the infant Saviour born there. You know what shepherds are, and what are their duties. The children of our towns,

* The following sentences from the *Advertiser* explain the occasion on which these remarks were made:—

"Professor Ruskin, of Brantwood, on Thursday last, gave a sumptuous dinner in the schoolroom, Coniston, to all the children of the place and neighbourhood, to the number of three hundred and fifteen. The event was one of unusual interest to the parents, as well as to the children, making as it did a new era in the character of our Christmas festivities. The day was opportune—Old Christmas Day—and the weather most auspicious, indicative more of early spring than the depth of winter.

"A flag from the church tower signalled to the children the coming festival, and a little before the time for assembling, troops of the young expectants might be seen wending their way to the place of rendezvous, converted for the nonce into a banquet-hall of a very attractive kind.

"At twelve, Mr. Ruskin, accompanied by Mrs. Severn, Miss Gale and others, arrived; and forthwith the children were marshalled in, under their respective heads, to the places assigned to them.

"The proceedings commenced with singing the hymn 'Great God! and wilt Thou condescend'; then a few words of introduction from the incumbent; next Moody and Sankey's hymn 'Shall we gather at the river?' was sung in admirable time and with much feeling; after which Mr. Ruskin kindly addressed the children in something like the above words."

many of them at least, have never seen a shepherd or a sheep, or beautiful green fields, or mountain scenery. But you are living in the midst of them; and you ought to be very happy and very kind one towards another. It is a strange thing that shepherds were more honoured than the 'wise men from the East'; for these were simply guided by a star, and directed to make inquiry where Christ was to be born; but the shepherds were told by an angel the precise place where they were to find Him. And He was born in Bethlehem. You, perhaps, know that that means 'the house of Bread': singular thing that He, who is the Bread of Life, should have the house of bread for His birthplace. He wishes us to be happy here, as well as hereafter. See how He looked after the wants of those around Him. He fed five thousand men with bread. He gave to His disciples bread, and fish, already cooked on the margin of the lake of Galilee. You have your lake here, and fish swimming in the lake. So you can imagine the disciples feeding upon what He had supplied—and how thankful they must have been. I am glad to give you this feast, to help you to be happy and to encourage you to be good. Then, again, I see in that beautiful hymn we are taught to pray, 'Jesus, here from sin deliver,'—that is what we want to be delivered from, our sins. You know Jesus came as 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.' This was what John the Baptist said, and so we must look to the Saviour to deliver us from sin. It is right we should be punished for the sins which we have done; but God loves us, and wishes to be kind to us, and to help us, that we may not wilfully sin. So try, my dear children, to be good and kind to those about you and over you. Remember our Saviour said, 'I stand at the door and knock; if any man (or child) open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me,'—that is, He will make us happy, if we but receive Him in our hearts, and will minister to our present as well as our future wants. And now, children, I hope you will all enjoy yourselves."

XXIII.

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[From the *Daily News*, July 11th, 1877.]

Delivered at the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

MR. RUSKIN, in supporting the adoption of the report, said as he was somewhat concerned in the studies of the scientific world it might be thought that he sympathised in the resistance offered, not without some ground of reason, to some of the more enthusiastic and, he feared in some respects, exaggerated and sentimental actions of the Society. He pleaded in the name of poor animals, that none of them should act too much on the feeling of pity, or without making a thoroughly judicial inquiry. In looking at the report, he found part of the Society's admirable evidence mixed up with sentimental tales of fiction, and other means of exciting mere emotion, which had caused them to lose power with those who had the greatest influence in the prevention of the abuses which the Society desired to check. The true justice of their cause lay in the relations which men had had with animals from the time when both were made. They had endeavoured to prevent cruelty to animals; they had not enough endeavoured to promote affection for animals. He thought they had had too much to do in the police courts, and not enough in the field and the cottage garden. As one

who was especially interested in the education of the poor, he believed that he could not educate them on animals, but that he would educate them by animals. He trusted to the pets of children for their education just as much as to their tutors. He rejoiced in the separate organisation of the Ladies' Committee, and looked to it to give full extent and power to action which would supersede all their expensive and painful disputable duties. Without perfect sympathy with the animals around them, no gentleman's education, no Christian education, could possibly be of any use. In concluding, he pleaded for an expansion of the protection extended by the Society to wild birds.

XXIV.

ON VIVISECTION.

[From a report of a meeting on Vivisection held on December 9th, 1884, at Oxford. Printed in the *Zoophilist* of January 1st, 1885, and reprinted in a pamphlet of seven pages by the Anti-Vivisection Society,* 1, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.]

PROFESSOR RUSKIN said he had learnt much from the speakers,† but there were one or two points which he should wish to refer to. It was not the question whether experiments taught them more or less of science. It was not the question whether animals had a right to this or that in the inferiority they were placed in to mankind. It was a question—What relation had they to God, what relations mankind had to God, and what was the true sense of feeling as taught to them by Christ the Physician? The primary head and front of all the offending against the principles of mercy in men and the will of the Creator of these creatures was the ignoring of that will in higher matters, and these scientific pursuits were now defiantly, provokingly, insultingly separated from the science of religion; they were all carried on in defiance of what had hitherto been held to be compassion and pity, and of the great link which bound together the whole of creation, from its Maker to the lowest creature. For one secret discovered by the torture of a thousand animals, a thousand means of health, peace and happiness were lost, because the physician was continually infecting his students not with the common rabies of the dog, but with the rabies of the man, infecting them with all kinds of base curiosity, infecting the whole society which he taught with a thirst for knowing things which God had concealed from them for His own good reason, and promoting amongst them passions of the same kind. No physician now dwelt in the least upon the effect of anger, upon the effect of avarice, upon the effect of science itself pursued without moral limit; and the rabies of all defiance and contradiction to all the law of God had become the madness abroad, which was without reason at all, and was setting itself against everything that was once holy, once pure, once revered among them. For his part, he thought they must not dwell upon minute questions as to whether this or that quantity of pain was inflicted. The question was that here in Oxford their object was to make their youths and maidens gentle, and it seemed to him that they might at least try to concentrate

* The full title of the Society is the "Victoria Street, Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, united with the International Association for the Total Suppression of Vivisection," 1, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

† The Bishop of Oxford was among those who had preceded Mr. Ruskin.

their efforts to prevent these subjects of science being brought into contact with the minds of the noblest youths and maidens who came there to be made gentlemen and ladies. Their noblest efforts and energies should be set upon protecting the weak and informing the ignorant of things which might lead them to happiness, peace, and light, and above all other things upon the relation existing between them and the lower creation in this life. He had always said that a gentleman was primarily distinguished by his fellowship with the nobler animals of creation, and the peasant chiefly by the kindness which he showed to every useful one.

XXV.

A DRAWING-ROOM LECTURE.

[From the *Spectator*, June 10th, 1883.]

PROFESSOR RUSKIN, to please some of his friends who could not obtain admission to his Oxford lectures, repeated to them this week, in a private house at Kensington, much of what he had said as Slade Professor on the merits of Miss Kate Greenaway; but he gave his hearers, besides, the pleasant surprise of finding in Miss Francesca Alexander, some of whose drawings were exhibited, an artist whom we may take to be a good exemplar of Professor Ruskin's lifelong teaching: Slightly altering their application to Miss Greenaway, his words express so well what these drawings appear to us to do, that we venture to quote them:—"The beauty of them is being like. They are blissful just in the degree that they are natural; and the fairyland" (or, in Miss Alexander's case, the spiritual land) "she creates for you is not beyond the sky, nor beneath the sea, but nigh you, even at your doors. She does but show you how to see it and how to cherish. Long since I told you this great law of noble imagination. It does not create, it does not even adorn: it does but reveal the treasures to be possessed by the spirit."

And these drawings by "Francesca" go far, by their power of truth and grace, to reveal to us Professor Ruskin's meanings. They show us wherein his magic lies, and partly explain to us the spell by which he binds all who acknowledge him as a teacher. The opening words of his lecture express the sympathy which exists between his delight in "whatsoever is lovely" and "Francesca's" expression of peasant life and wild-flower beauty in their fairest forms. "I have never until to-day," he said, "dared to call my friends and my neighbours together to rejoice with me over any recovered good or rekindled hope. Both in fear and much thankfulness, I have done so now; yet, not to tell you of any poor little piece of up-gathered silver of my own, but to show you the fine gold which has been strangely trusted to me, and which before was a treasure hid in a mountain field of Tuscany; and I am not worthy to bring it to you, and I can't say what I feel about it, and am only going to tell you simply what it is and how it came into my hands, and to leave you to have your joy of it."

In the first part of the address the Professor roused his listeners, as he alone knows how, to sympathy with Miss Greenaway's genius, supporting his admiration of her "minuteness and delicacy of touch carried to its utmost limit" by a quotation from M. Chesneau's volume on "*La Peinture Anglaise*." Then Professor Ruskin, with earnest words, spoke of the idyllic English landscape in Miss Greenaway's drawings. "Would you wish me," said the critic of the ideal life, not less than he is the critic of

modern art, "with professorial authority to advise her that her conceptions belong to the dark ages, and must be reared on a new foundation? or is it conceivable to *you* that perhaps the world we truly live in may not be quite so changeable as you have thought it—that all the gold and silver you can dig out of the earth are not worth to you the kingcups she gave you of her grace—and that all the fury and the flutter and the wistfulness of your lives will never discover for you any other than the ancient blessing, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul'?"

The canons of taste which he declared in his lecture—canons so well known that we need not discuss their adequateness—were very remarkably illustrated in twenty drawings in pen and ink by Miss Alexander, an artist, we believe, until Mr. Ruskin's recent Oxford lectures, unknown in England. Since Leonardo da Vinci's flower studies, we can recall no drawings of the "herb of the field" equal to "Francesca's" for strength and delicacy, for truth, and the reverence that comes of truth; though she has perhaps somewhat to learn in expressing human form. From an improvisatrice of the Tuscan villages Miss Alexander received most of the legends and hymns which have suggested her drawings, and which have been collected by her during many years of constant intercourse with the Tuscan *contadini*. They are the sparks which have kindled her imagination and given life to her skill. They remind us, in their innocent freshness, of the *Fioretti* which, six centuries ago, gathered round the memory of St. Francis. The illustrations of "La Madonnina" visiting, with St. Joseph and her Child, the gypsy's cottage, in four designs, are perhaps the most charming of the drawings which were shown to his friends by Mr. Ruskin; and of them, we may select the group which illustrates Mary's words to her humble hostess, as specially full of true sentiment. Of the Divine Child she says, and the drawing declares:—

"Figlio è dell' Eterno Padre,
Come Dio di maestade,
E como uomo; e figlio mio,
Per sua mera cortesia."

We know no modern design comparable to this for meaning and grace, unless it be one by the same artist, of a Tuscan woman sitting; and the study of the daisy-plant which illuminates the text is worthy of the main figures. "Francesca's" book deserves, as it is to have, publication; and we trust that before long these twenty drawings may be available to the public, not only because of their intrinsic excellence, but as they are a commentary on much of Professor Ruskin's teaching, and are a presage of hope for a future art that may possess the qualities for which he now looks to Pre-renaissance centuries. The Tuscan legends, no doubt, had large part in the spiritual suggestiveness and the singular sweetness which give their charm to Miss Alexander's conceptions. The radiance she evokes from the simplest visible things makes belief in what is not seen easy. The faith of the Tuscan peasant guides, perhaps unconsciously to herself, her accurate design; and she reveals more than she may herself know of what her "Holy Family," her "St. Christopher," and even her lovely "Tuscan Women," truly mean to those who, shutting out the nineteenth-century glare, study them in earnest and in quiet.

Meantime, they aptly hit the special mark in drawing at which Professor Ruskin teaches his disciples to aim. They illustrate the dictum that all the magic and power of art are in its truth to nature, as nature was

created by the Great Artist. The fidelity of "Francesca's" drawing in black and white forces many complex and far-reaching truths on us, and proves once more that very simple means are adequate to rouse in us the highest emotions, when used in good faith by genius of "good will."

All Professor Ruskin's friends must be glad to see how well his Oxford work has agreed with him. He has gifts of insight and power of reaching the best feelings and highest hopes of our too indifferent generation, which are very rare. Agree or disagree with some of his doctrines as we may, he constrains the least hopeful of his listeners to remember that man is not yet bereft of that "breath of life" which enables him to live in spiritual places that are not yet altogether depopulated by the menacing army of physical discoverers.

XXVI.

MR. RUSKIN'S LATEST.

[From the *St. James's Budget*, March 16th, 1883.]

MR. RUSKIN'S first lecture at Oxford attracted so large an audience, that half an hour before the time fixed for its delivery, a greater number of persons were collected about the doors than the lecture-room could hold. Immediately after the doors were opened, the room was so densely packed that some undergraduates found it convenient to climb into the windows and on to the cupboards. A correspondent sends us the following account of the lecture :—

"The audience was composed almost equally of undergraduates and ladies; with the exception of the Vice-Chancellor, heads of houses Fellows and tutors were chiefly conspicuous by their absence.

"It is, no doubt, difficult to know what should be the plan of a lecture before such an audience. Mr. Ruskin's, if somewhat unconnected, was at any rate interesting. He carried his audience with him to the end, as well in his lighter as in his more impassioned periods. Perhaps the most interesting part of his lecture was the beginning, in which he spoke of the late Mr. Rossetti, and compared his work with that of Holman Hunt. Of Rossetti he spoke as having done more than any other man of this century to raise and change the spirit of British art, and as the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the romantic school in England. The word 'romantic,' Mr. Ruskin explained, he always used in its noblest sense: that way, namely, of looking at the real world adopted by Burns, Scott and Tennyson. Incidentally he spoke of Tennyson as at his best in 'Maud,' 'In Memoriam,' and 'The Northern Farmer.' Holman Hunt he regarded as the pupil of Rossetti; though in so doing he by no means meant to qualify his admiration of Hunt. For the pupil is often greater than his master, and it is a quality of dominant minds to know of whom to learn. While Rossetti's art culminated in 'The Virgin in the House of St. John,' that of Holman Hunt is at its highest in 'The Light of the World.' In these pictures the essential difference between the two artists might be seen. Rossetti regarded the Old and New Testament as a beautiful poem; but to Holman Hunt, 'the story of the New Testament became not merely a reality, not merely the greatest of realities, but the only reality.' The latter was 'beyond calculation greater, beyond comparison happier, in his art' than the former.

"Mr. Ruskin then passed on to his own attitude as an art critic. Trying to express his own feelings about a scene in a work of art, he said he had

long given up. He did but try to distinguish what is to all men lovable, if it be but pointed out to them, from what is to all men vile. He knows that fresh air is better than fog, blue sky than black; but how he is comforted by these things he knows not. This it is only given to the poet to express.

"The next point he touched on was the influence of Christianity on art, insisting as it does on the doctrines of self-sacrifice and self-denial.

"Here Mr. Ruskin concluded the more serious part of his lecture. His audience need fear no more sermonising, he told them. He was about to touch on lighter matters. He had made some discoveries: two lads and two lasses, who, though not artists, could draw in a way to please even him. He used to say that, except in a pretty graceful way, no woman can draw; he had now almost come to think that no one else can. (This statement the undergraduates received with gallant, if indiscriminating, applause.) To many of his prejudices, Mr. Ruskin said, in the last few years the axe had been laid. He had positively found an American, a young lady, whose life and drawing were in every way admirable. (Again great and generous applause on the part of the undergraduates, stimulated, no doubt, by the knowledge that there were then in the room two fair Americans, who have lately graced Oxford by their presence.) At the end of his lecture, Mr. Ruskin committed himself to a somewhat perilous statement. He had found two young Italian artists, in whom the true spirit of old Italian art yet lived. No hand like theirs had been put to paper since Lippi and Leonardo.

"Mr. Ruskin concluded by showing two sketches of his own, harmonious in colour and faithful and tender in touch, of Italian architecture, taken from the Duomo of Lucca, to show that though he was growing older his hand had not lost its steadiness.

"And so he concluded a lecture which, though it seemed to lack some guiding principle, yet carried the audience with it throughout, and seemed all too short to those who were fortunate enough to hear it."

Literature and Life on the Modern English Stage.

SOME of those irreverent persons who are bold enough to consider that critics are by no means above criticism have endeavoured to bring ridicule on the sages by printing side by side a number of critical judgments on some popular Academy picture. It must be confessed that the result, however amusing, has been somewhat bewildering. A Latin proverb, which I will spare my readers, warns us of the futility of disputing about matters of taste; and art is very much a matter of taste. But facts and taste are different things. If one man says that a certain object is in drawing, and another that it is not, one of the two is demonstrably wrong. Many issues, however, cannot be so simply stated; and the question of the modern drama and its relation to

literature and life is not one which can be summed up in the compass of a sentence. The judgments on this subject are infinite in number and variety; the differences between the critics are fundamental, the verdicts as opposite as the poles. For instance, Mr. Traill, in *The New Review*, argues that plays are literary to the extent to which they are undramatic, and dramatic to the extent that they are unliterary. *The Anti-Jacobin* retorts that the most dramatic plays are the most literary. *The World* cries out that the modern English drama is bad both as drama and literature; *The Telegraph* considers it eminently satisfactory.

Laying aside all statements of what the drama should be, it may not be altogether outside the question to look at it with a view to finding out what it really is.

Writers for the stage may deal with their subject-matter, human life, in three distinct ways. They may produce a travesty, a caricature, which is by far the easiest of the methods. The travesty may be a conscious one, such as *Patience*; or it may be unconscious, as, for instance, *The English Rose*, which pretends to gravely depict real life, when in truth it is a wild burlesque. The second method is far more difficult; it is photographing life, depicting its facts as the sun depicts the human face without adding or concealing anything, simply producing a perfect superficial likeness. Though extremely difficult, this is not the highest art. The greatest dramatic artists do with their material what a Turner or Claude Monet does with a landscape. The essential truth is preserved, but the trees and sky and fields have added to them the personality of the painter. The supreme playwrights have a far more profound knowledge of human beings than the dramatic photographers; they have, in addition, the divine creative faculty, and a play by one of them is at once a record and a creation. The position of these three classes of writers towards human life may be illustrated by again borrowing from the art of painting. If you desired to get a knowledge of the face of a human being, and you had nobody else who could draw, you might send a caricaturist to make a sketch of it; if, however, a photographer were at hand, you would send him in preference to the caricaturist; but suppose you had at your command a great portrait painter—a Raphael, a Velasquez, or a Sargent—you would not hesitate to give him the commission, feeling sure that of all the three workers he would record the most facts and bring you the highest truth. The truth would be none the less truth because it was not mechanically stated, because the facts of the face of one human being had been made to pass through another human being's heart; the process, indeed, would make them all the more

perfectly appreciable. An example of such a narrative of facts may be seen in Whistler's portrait of Carlyle. Who that has studied that masterpiece can doubt that he knows as much about the outward Carlyle as any one human being can tell him? The whole truth he does not know,—not merely because, being man and not God, perfect truth is not for him; but because, as Carlyle himself tells us, the most cunning artist is unable to represent perfectly the face of even the simplest human being.

Now, I venture to think that our English playwrights of to-day belong to the first of the three classes mentioned above: they are caricaturists, farce-writers, either avowedly farce-writers or professedly serious delineators who are farce-writers in spite of their professions. Look "under the clock" in to-day's paper, and count the theatres which are devoted to what is avowedly farce and burlesque, and then try to distinguish among the rest those where unconscious farce is presented. You will find that the farcical pieces are in a huge majority. Dryden defines farce as "that in poetry which 'grotesque' is in a picture; the persons and actions of a farce are all unnatural, and the manners false." The essential qualities, then, of a farce, according to Dryden, are unnaturalness and falseness. How many plays now running could be called natural and true? Surely, only a miserably small percentage. Indeed, I confess that, so far as I can see, in not one of the now running plays by contemporary English dramatists is the farcical element entirely absent. In *The Times*, for example, you have a so-called comedy, whose symmetry is terribly disfigured by farcical expedients; in *The Crusaders*, an ambitious and meritorious attempt at serious drama, tragedy, comedy, and farce are all present, and mix as little as oil and vinegar. Surely, however, I think I hear you say, all these elements are found side by side in the greatest dramas in the world. This indeed is true beyond all question, and of no writer is it truer than of Shakespeare, who was not so much a man of many-sided genius as a man with genius of several distinct kinds. He was a philosopher, a psychologist—unconscious if you like—a humourist; above all, a poet. His divine versatility is incomparable; but, as Mr. Swinburne has pointed out, in nothing is his Titanic power more perfectly to be appreciated than in the way in which, out of many apparent incompatibilities, he creates one superb congruity. None of his plays illustrates this faculty better than that strange idyl of two worlds—the world of realities and the world of fantasy—*The Midsummer Night's Dream*. Here Shakespeare blends harmoniously, not merely the varying elements of human life, but with "faultless felicity of Divine caprice" he includes, as well as men, in his *dramatis personæ*,

fairies, whose homes are among the irises and rushes growing by the brookside. And dramatists of genius far more modern than Shakespeare "comically relieve" their tragedies without destroying their symmetry or producing a too heterogeneous effect. Even that grim, squalid, but supremely impressive play *Thérèse Raquin* has its comic personage in M. Grivet, and is truer to life in having him, because life is no more unbroken tragedy than unbroken farce. There is no objection—indeed, there is a definite merit—in the presence of various elements in the same play, if these elements are properly compounded; they must not produce the crude effect of the colours in a patchwork quilt, but rather the ordered harmony of arras tapestry. The component parts which make up *The Crusaders* are extremely varied, but the whole reminds one of a plum-pudding in which the raisins have quarrelled with the currants, the candied peel with the suet; and instead of combining to produce the flavour we know so well, they sulk, and take up their abode in separate parts of what should have been a common home. If, then, the modern drama is for the most part farcical, and if even the serious plays are partly farcical, as well as lacking in congruity, have we not already a serious indictment against it? If a faithful mirror were held up to modern life, the reflection would hardly be farcical: the grotesque would be there, I make no doubt, but the picture would lean towards tragedy, and, I fear, towards rather mean, squalid tragedy. That it is the dramatist's duty to hold the mirror up to nature, I presume, needs no demonstration. Men go to the theatre to see themselves, not as others see them, for that would be not seldom as incorrectly as they see themselves, but as they are. To enable them to do this is the obvious duty of the serious dramatist, and one which, if it be properly performed, places the theatre among the loftiest and most important institutions which the genius of man has devised. Its mission of amusement has been too long insisted upon at the expense of its higher mission; but it is by virtue of that higher mission that it is entitled to respect.

The people of our modern drama are taken wholesale, not from life, but from the theatrical property-room; they are properties like the plaster-of-Paris masks, or the sawdust butcher's meat in a pantomime, and they are about as like men and women as the dummy leg of mutton is like the real thing. They have a rough external resemblance, and that is all. For the most part their emotions, minds, and morals are extravagantly simple. They are creatures of one emotion, dominated by a single impulse. And yet it is a mere commonplace to say that man is heterogeneous,

that the human creature is tremendously complex. We cease to wonder that he is so when we remember that he is at once an animal, an intelligence, and a bundle of passions. These stage people, hewn in black or white marble, are like no created beings ; their simplicity is supernatural. Of course it is a profoundly difficult thing to create a man in all his parts and variety ; in the doing of it men have made themselves immortal, and deserved their immortality. But between total failure and perfect accomplishment there lie all the degrees of failure and success ; there are many qualities between the average writer of melodrama and Balzac. We do not ask our playwrights to turn out Clytemnestras, Cassandras, Hamlets, and King Lear, nor even Poiriers and Nora Helmers, because we know that the capacity to do so is given to only a few men in each century ; but we do ask them to read in the ever-open book of life, to seek inspiration in the world of men, and not in the convention-stuffed theatre. If they do so, the result cannot fail to be exhilarating or impressive. How fresh, how real, how delightful, for instance, was Monty Trimble in Mr. Pinero's *Times* ! We felt that in him the writer was adding, not perhaps a great portrait, but a valuable little sketch to the dramatic gallery,—slightly farcical, if you will, but showing in the clearest way newly observed and carefully considered fact.

The artificial characters and the endless repetition of the same type, differing only in externals, naturally lower the whole artistic value of the modern theatre. That the repetition does go on will be allowed by any modern playgoer who takes plays as they come, —the good with the bad, the sane with the senseless. At this moment a pair of boy and girl sweethearts is to be found in no less than three of the serious plays* now being performed at the principal West End theatres. In one case the couple are a little older, in another a little younger ; but, except for some purely superficial variation, they are the same. And in addition they are unnatural : the girl nearly always scorns the boy whom every rebuff makes more humble and more ardent. This position may have existed in the days of chivalry—it certainly did, if we are to believe the tales which our fathers have told us—but it exists no longer. In affairs of the heart this is the golden age, not for women, but for men. The modern Eton boy is more inclined to snub than to be snubbed. Again, the average play is a mere string of incidents, a recital of unexplained and frequently improbable actions. We are shown a series of most unnatural mental states without so

* Two of these plays, *The Honourable Herbert* and *Forgiveness*, have been since withdrawn.

much as a hint as to how they are reached. In nothing is the relative worthlessness of the modern drama seen more clearly than in its utter failure to grapple with even the most elementary problems of psychology, notwithstanding that psychology is rapidly becoming an exact science, and one which is surely of the very essence of the playwright's business. In the time of Shakespeare its very name was unknown ; and yet Shakespeare created men and women thrilling with vitality, their minds most subtly constructed, their conduct perfectly intelligible. His great creations are profoundly psychological,—so actual that they have ceased to be the people of a play, and have become citizens of the world. But it was doubtless a power which the study of no science can supply that enabled Shakespeare to perform these miracles of characterisation. We must not ask the average man to bear a yoke fit only for Hercules. Yet something better than we get might be given us if our dramatists would study life in the light of the science which Sir William Hamilton has defined as the one "conversant about the phenomenon of the mind." The observation of life is the first necessity,—so obviously the first necessity that the marvel is that it should ever be necessary to insist on it. If our playwrights cannot and do not record life, their works may be remunerative, they may please an unintelligent majority, but they cannot have any artistic value. For with the counting of noses art has nought in common.

When we consider this absence of psychological delineation in our native dramatists, and then turn to Ibsen, how great the void seems ! Look at Nora Helmer. Could anything be more complete than the revelation of this woman's complex mind ? Nothing that she does need cause surprise if the foreshadowing touches have been carefully followed. The sweet-munching, a trifle in itself, becomes exquisitely important when viewed in relation to the woman's after-conduct. It is such profoundly realistic details as this that give to stage persons their vitality. A similar touch Mr. Jones has attempted in *The Crusaders*, when, as the curtain rises, he makes Cynthia Greenslade pretend to be asleep, in order that she may produce a more *piquant* impression on Mr. Dick Rusper, whom she sees approaching at the moment. In that little act the coquette stands revealed. A few more such indications, and her conduct—not by any means commonplace, for she was something more than a flirt—would have been intelligible ; but more such touches were not vouchsafed us. When compared with Mr. Haddon Chambers, however, Mr. Jones is a profound psychologist. In *The Honourable Herbert* we are presented with the curious case of a gentleman who protested he loved his wife, a

beautiful woman, to whom he was nevertheless unfaithful soon after his marriage for the sake of a girl whose vulgarity was not even interesting as vulgarity very often is. Now, of course it is quite possible that at some time in the history of the world somebody has acted like the Honourable Herbert Dering did in the play. The depths of human folly have yet to be sounded; it would be hard to state anything of which man is not capable. But really the Honourable Herbert was a trifle too curious for us to accept him without question. No explanation of his conduct is offered; but Mr. Chambers supplied us with a proverb in place of psychology. "Hell burns in the blood of the Derings" is all we were told, and positively it was too vague. If Mr. Dering were tired of his wife, we could understand his seeking consolation at the hands of even so commonplace, so incomparably less attractive a woman as his former mistress. But he takes the trouble to declare his affection for his wife, and prevents us pleading satiety as an explanation. Yet his is the chief male character of a play on which we were told Mr. Haddon Chambers had spent great labour.

I will conclude this long complaint, which I hope you have found less unpleasant to read than I to write, with pointing out just one more aspect of the case. Whatever can be said against this age, it cannot be considered one of intellectual stagnation. Inartistic we may be, but at least we are intellectually enterprising. The theories and discoveries of modern philosophers may, or may not, have played havoc with the poetry of existence. Speaking for myself, I cannot see that they have, for there will be poetry in life as long as women are fair and men love;—is not love the beating heart of poetry? But beyond all question they have placed life in a new light, they have illuminated dark places, they have laid bare things that were hidden. The widely accepted doctrine of evolution has placed man in a new relation in the universe. He is no longer to be considered the result of a special miracle whose action is confined to himself; but one of the results, at present the highest, of a single vast creative act to which all life owes its origin. The word "destruction," the word "death," has been swept from the vocabulary; for there is no destruction, no death—only metamorphosis:—

"This hot, hard flame with which our bodies burn

Will make some meadow blaze with daffodil;

Ay! and those argent breasts of thine will turn

To water-lilies; the brown fields men till

Will be more fruitful for our love to-night:

Nothing is lost in Nature; all things live in Death's despite."

So Oscar Wilde enshrines the great fact that—

"We shall not die!

The universe itself shall be our Immortality."

Yet, having done this, there are still those who refuse him the name of poet! Again, take the theory of heredity—no theory, but a tragic, a tremendous fact—which insists that parents give to children something more than life and a name; that they give to them their characteristics, physical and mental, their virtues and defects, which are perpetuated to infinity, modified or intensified, it may be, by environment. These great fundamental principles bring in their train a thousand minor considerations with which at this moment the air is full. The intellect of the world was never more intensely or more variously occupied. The strangest new views, the most amazing new discoveries, are so frequent that we cease to wonder at them. The sexual relation, the position of women in society—these and a hundred other problems are being resolved in the brain of the age. Something of all this should surely be apparent in the drama of our day; but it is quite independent of its time; it is discontented with it; it is in no sense a reflection, either actual or idealised, of modern life. Nor, on the other hand, is it nobly romantic; it is no golden light to illuminate a grey age, no cool fragrant breeze breaking in upon the stifling atmosphere which surrounds us. It is at once unnatural and unimaginative; before all things it is vulgar. Now, for my part, I should like to see it frankly realistic,—realistic not so much superficially as essentially. And if it were so, what a strange, palpitating, multi-coloured thing it would be! Its sunny, shallow optimism would give place to a certain melancholy, its cocksureness to doubt: a change, maybe, from bright colours to drab; but better drab than the furious want of harmony of the present dramatic palette—the greens, yellows, violets, crimsons, crudely tossed side by side without a thought of blending. How well the drama of Elizabeth reflected her majestic days! How full of passion, of enterprise, of progress, was the dramatic writing of that incomparable period! But if realism is the consummation I desire, I can conceive another. I recognise that the drama might be a storehouse of poetry to which men, weary of the grim prose of life, might turn with a certainty of finding spiritual refreshment, an oasis in the waste of life where shady palms grew and where bubbled perpetually a crystal stream. Getting neither of these, we get uninspired triviality, which at best gives one but a little mental relaxation—a thing, indeed, nowadays not to be despised. But remember that the riders at a circus can do as much if one has not lost all taste for simple pleasures.

All this wearisome list of objection to the drama of our day

has, I fear, induced you to put me down as a *laudator temporis acti* of an extreme type; but if I praise the past, I hope for and believe in the future; and it is not the immediate past I sigh for—indeed, the contemplation of that pathetic period makes me rejoice in the present. For I think there is no doubt that we are better off now than they were—I am not old enough to say “we”—when Robertson was the fairest flower of a garden, the poverty of which seems to me to be sufficiently proved by the very fact of his supremacy. Mr. Pinero is surely a more capable playwright than Mr. Robertson; his plays have in them more observation, more humour, more imagination and greater literary qualities. And it must not be forgotten that in his day Mr. Robertson was considered the apostle of nature on the stage; that he was the centre of a great critical war; that, in a word, he was the Ibsen of his time. It seems almost incredible that the author of *School* should at any time, even in a period of the most profound artificiality, have been considered realistic. Sometimes he was graceful; he was nearly always facile, and often genuinely amusing. But to look for nature in such a flimsy piece of sentimentality as *School* would be about as likely to meet with success as seeking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Let us call to mind one or two of the salient points of the comedy.* The pupils of the very remarkable institution which gives its title to the play in the first scene worry the white-haired husband of the principal to tell them what love is, and he replies in a huge speech about Aphrodite. If there is one thing more improbable than the question, it is the answer. A little later we are shown the young ladies of the establishment flinging books at the usher, who has insulted the pupil-teacher, who just before was himself insulted by the principal. At the annual examination the spectators consist of three persons—a local magnate, a rich young peer, and his aristocratic but penniless friend. The rich young peer falls in love with the pupil-teacher, “spoons” her in the moonlight with the aid of a milk-jug, while his poor friend gets hold of the daughter of a plutocrat, whose manners are a little better, and only a little better, than those of a coster girl. I will only say in conclusion that the details are on a level, so far as nature goes, with the main incidents. The pupils wander about the shrubbery after nightfall impersonating ghosts, and it is well to remember that a short time before we see these

* I illustrate my contention from *School*, instead of any other of the works of this author, because its recent revival at the Garrick Theatre has brought it into notice.

very unsophisticated maidens profoundly interested in a nursery fairy-tale. Surely this is a caricature so gross that to talk of nature in connection with it is absurd. Dickens' school in "Nicholas Nickleby" is said to be an exaggeration; but will it compare for a moment with this preposterous Robertsonian school? But if these plays are not natural, they are, if we may believe the critics of the time, at least delightfully healthy, thoroughly improving to all who see them, most unimpeachable in tone, most sound in moral. What a supremely elevating person the hero of *School* is I will leave Mr. Ruskin to point out. He describes him as "a tall youth with handsome calves to his legs, who shoots a bull with a fowling-piece, eats a large lunch, thinks it witty to call Othello a 'nigger,' and having nothing to live on, and being capable of doing nothing for his living, establishes himself in lunches and cigars for ever, by marrying a girl with a fortune." The girl in question, I think, needed all her money to excuse her ill-breeding. Now, *School* is a work eminently characteristic of its time. It is a vast improbability—relieved, it is true, by touches often pretty and sometimes fresh and natural. And the contemporaries of Mr. Robertson were hardly his superiors; in popularity, at least, he had no equal. Mr. Tom Taylor wrote a few solid plays, but he was devoid of imagination; Mr. Boucicault had imagination among many gifts, but he took very little trouble to use those gifts properly, and he was quite innocent of culture; Mr. Charles Reade was a man of genius—at least, he always said so—and was too "superior" to learn the technics of playwriting; and as for Mr. Albery, what might he not have been and, alas! what was he? The men of to-day may not be better, with perhaps one or two exceptions, than those named above, but I do believe they take their business more seriously, that they are more genuinely in earnest, and though I know earnestness is very often in art wedded to mediocrity, a little earnestness will do our dramatic writers no harm. Mr. Robertson, I have already said, was the centre of a critical war. Now, whatever his merits—and they were undeniable—I must say that, if our critics are to quarrel at all, it is a good deal more encouraging to find Ibsen the bone of contention than Mr. Robertson, because Ibsen is at least a man of extraordinary strength and originality. Even his enemies call him "a powerful and unpleasant writer." According to your temperament, you will find Mr. Robertson a pleasant or an unpleasant writer: that you will find him powerful is hardly probable; if you do, I think you may safely pride yourself on an invaluable capacity for deriving much emotional excitement from a not very large cause. But this state has its drawbacks. You will be well advised not to go and see such a play as *Thérèse*

Raquin, because, if Mr. Robertson moves you powerfully, M. Zola would make you positively ill, and the most advanced advocates of a serious theatre will hardly go so far as to assert that that is within its legitimate scope.

In turning to the literary aspect of the modern theatre, I recognise that I am on dangerous ground. The opinions on the subject are positively multifarious; everything has been maintained that human ingenuity can maintain, and some *dicta* have been given out authoritatively which are positively entrancing in their eccentricity. Perhaps Mr. Traill, in his article in *The New Review* for December, has succeeded in producing the most fantastic contribution to the discussion. I assume that he is serious, though I am not quite sure that such an assumption is wise. He asserts that literature and the drama have no connection, never have had any, and never can, and that good acting dramas are good in so far as they are unliterary, that "literary drama" is a contradiction in terms like "picture-statue," "miniature-fresco," or "flat-relief." Now, if Mr. Traill is right, it is certainly a curious fact that every great acting play of any age is a piece of literature, that the greatest acting dramas are matters of common knowledge to persons who never enter the theatre. To explain this, he would have us believe that the literature is not essential to the play, that it is hung on; that the dramatist, in producing his work, is two individuals—a playwright and a man of letters; that when he is the first he is not the second, and when he is the second he is not the first. To prove his contention, Mr. Traill asserts, and justly, that the Greek drama was not drama at all in the modern sense of the term, nor altogether was the more recent drama of Elizabeth. "The modern sense of the term"—that appears to me to be the whole question. If you overlook the time for which the play was written, if you overlook the dramatic conditions of that time, there might be something in the contention. But why should you do so? Shakespeare is undoubtedly a poet for all time; but Shakespeare is no more an acting dramatist for all time than Aristophanes, or the anonymous author of a miracle play. In the nature of things no dramatist, be his gifts what they may, can be a dramatist for all time, because the conditions of the theatre, the demands of the audience, change so radically that sooner or later he must become obsolete. The Greek dramatists are theatrically obsolete, because the form of their work has, in the intervening centuries, been completely superseded. They are essentially antique as dramatists,—just as, whatever may be said to the contrary, is Cimabue as a painter. Shakespeare still holds the stage in part, because there is in some of his work sufficient of the modern spirit to prevent it

becoming hopelessly archaic. That he will be eventually as little played as Aristophanes I hold not merely conceivable, but natural. Already a great number of his plays are permanently out of the bill, not because they are too literary—indeed, the most popular are the most literary—but because they are old-fashioned. Molière still holds the stage almost in his entirety, because sufficient time has not elapsed for his work to become out of touch with the time. Doubtless his turn will come. But Mr. Traill points out that the famous literary pieces in Shakespeare's popular plays do not help the action, that they might be cut out, and would be cut out by a modern manager if they had been written by a contemporary. Perhaps, though the examples he chooses are not happy ones; but why? Because the tendency of the drama is to become *representative* as opposed to *presentative*. In the days of Shakespeare the audience were quite prepared for presentation; they wanted to know what Shakespeare thought of life, and the soliloquy of Hamlet was to them good drama; they wanted to hear his theory of histrionics, and the Advice to the Players was good drama. Now these things are not wanted in plays. They get applause because they are among the most famous utterances in the language, and because of their tremendous intellectual power.

The reason why the presentative side of the drama is disappearing is tolerably obvious. The forms of literature have increased enormously since the time of Elizabeth; the methods of obtaining publicity have been multiplied. New views may be presented in a hundred ways, and the public demand in the modern drama illusion, representation. That the presentative element will ever disappear entirely, I question. Indeed, a purely representative drama is hardly conceivable; but this is a question upon which I must not enter now, for it is one upon both sides of which very much might be said. Mr. Traill would find it much more difficult, if not impossible, to sever the literature from the drama in a modern play such as *The Pillars of Society*—or, to take an example of an entirely different kind, *Le gendre de M. Poirier*; and I suppose that it will be generally admitted that these plays are literature.

So far, however, Mr. Traill's contention is at least ingenious, however amazing; but when he tries to prove that Mr. Dion Boucicault is a more popular acting-dramatist than Shakespeare, he, to use an expressive bit of slang, gives himself away. Leaving out of the question the lapse of three centuries, which tells entirely for Shakespeare, what are the facts of the case? The commercial argument never fails to appeal to the average Briton, so we will begin with that. The English acting-rights of

Mr. Boucicault's most popular play are worth certainly not more than £200 : suppose the sole rights of playing *Hamlet* in England for ten years were for sale, do you think that Mr. Tree and Mr. Barrett would let Mr. Irving purchase them for five times the sum ? And what is the value of the French, German, and Italian acting-rights of *all* Mr. Boucicault's dramas ? It is hardly probable that they would fetch a five-pound note. But for the rights of *Hamlet* there would be, I expect, rather keen competition between M. Monnet Sully and Signor Salvini, between the Comédie Française and the Meiningen Company. I suppose the actual test of popularity is the frequency of performance to paying houses. In this matter the proportion of Shakespeare to Boucicault is at least as a thousand to one. Shakespeare is played every night in Germany ; he occupies the Théâtre Française at this moment ; and in London, where we have now no Boucicault, at two theatres the Swan of Avon is drawing crowded houses. Mr. Traill is a brilliant and acute writer, a scholar, and something of a wit, and it occurs to me that the statement I have just dealt with may be a sly joke. But if Mr. Traill jests in this way in the solemn pages of *The New Review*, amongst his numerous brilliant qualities reverence is certainly wanting.

It is time we looked at the prospects of drama, which shall be both literary and living, in England, and naturally we turn first to playwrights of acknowledged reputation, of whom Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Sydney Grundy are the most remarkable. Of the first two of these I have said something in this place already, and I will only add that in their works there is a good deal of life, and something that comes very close to literature, and I hope and believe that we have by no means heard the last of them yet. Mr. Gilbert has made libretto-writing one of the minor fine arts, and has written some excellent plays in which his literary skill is conspicuous. Mr. Grundy produces dialogue as terse and clever as one can wish,—*A Pair of Spectacles* was a work of art, and one can only hope that he will produce much more of like quality. But none of these men is—and none of them is likely to be—an epoch-making dramatist, such as some people tell us is essential to the resurrection of the drama. Many would have us believe that we have such a figure in Henrik Ibsen, and I cannot but think that his influence has been profound and will be permanent. It is said, with some show of truth, that Ibsen, though he really sees life, does not see it whole, that he is like a visitor to Madame Tussaud's who spends all his time among the immorality and insanity of the Chamber of Horrors, and neglects the morality and sanity in the other rooms,

which after all form the greater part of the show. But, however squalid, what Ibsen gives us *is* life, and, moreover, that aspect of life which English playwrights, with shallow optimism, have left unrecorded. It is the one, too, on which the thought of the age insists; and though his plays may or may not be art, they are to me, at least, grandly impressive, legitimately didactic dramas. But the Ibsen movement has already had its prominent place taken by the Mæterlinck movement, from which I cannot say I expect so profound an influence. A short play by him has been produced, and two have been published. Like Ibsen, he leans to pessimism—like him, he is realistic, but in addition he is romantic and mystic; still he has not the savage strength nor the technical skill of the Master. He has intense moments and undoubted originality, as I think the following characteristic soliloquy from *The Princess Maleine* (in which Pluto is a dog) will prove:—

“Where are you, my poor Pluto? Oh! your eyes are all ablaze now. But what makes you afraid of me to-night? I shall go back to bed. (*Lies down again.*) If I could but get a little sleep! O Lord! O Lord! How sick I feel! And yet I do not know what is the matter with me; no one can tell what is the matter with me. The doctor does not know; Hjalmar does not know. (*Wind stirs the bed-curtains.*) Oh! some one is laying hands on my bed-curtains! Who can be moving my bed-curtains? Is any body in my bedroom? There must be somebody in my bedroom! Oh! here is the moon entering. What can that shadow be—on the tapestry, now? I fancy the crucifix is swinging on the wall. Who can be laying hands on the crucifix? Good God! Good God! I cannot remain here any longer.”

The whole play, as well as the *Intruder*, is pitched in this vein of supernatural sensationalism.

Very different is the voluptuous colouring of Emilio Montanaro, who is to follow Mæterlinck as the hero of the hour. His idyl, *In the Garden of Citrons*, has been translated by Mr. J. T. Grein, and a fragment of it, which has appeared in *Dramatic Opinions*, I quote here. Among the *dramatis personæ* is a parrot:—

PABLO (*pointing to his heart*). My soul is empty; I am unhappy.

THE PARROT. *Amaté! Amaté!*

SENORA GONZALES. Poor Pablo! Your heart is empty, and even your mother cannot fill it.

PABLO. Don't misunderstand it, mother; you—

SENORA. I know I am in your heart in a way (*smiling*); but grey hairs do not fill a heart—they pad it, and make it soft and warm for others, for younger guests.

PABLO. I love you better than any woman in the world, my own, my darling mother.

SENORA. I know it, Pablo; it is not a mother's love you want: my love

is like a mild temperate noonday sun that gently tends and ripens the budding flowers ; my love fortifies, but it does not inspire. You are twenty ; you want the hot, the boiling, scorching, radiant morning sun that caresses and tortures, that gladdens and pains ; you want a maiden's love to break that grey wall, as you call it ; you want a muse.

THE PARROT. *Amate ! Amate !*

This is decidedly picturesque, and we will hope that the new foreigner will prove as interesting as those we already know. In theatrical questions surely we Englishmen shall never be called insular again. Scandinavian, Belgian, Cuban—all these have been, or are to be, before us, and we could hardly have greater variety. It cannot be other than good that the Independent Theatre Society should introduce us to foreign writers who can teach our native dramatists important facts, or at least bring to their notice new ideas and new technics. It is well for us all to see something of the intellectual life of other nations, and it is obviously to our advantage to become acquainted with a writer such as Ibsen, of whom the least that can be said is that he is thought-compelling.

But, after all, it is Englishmen who will create a worthy contemporary native drama, if such a consummation is to be reached at all ; and certainly we have amongst us a number of imaginative writers who are making our magnificent literary history grander still. The pity of it, from the point of view of the stage, is that they do not turn their attention to the drama ; or if they do, they fail to acquire the preliminary knowledge which is of the essence of success. Nor does their failure arise so much from a superfluity of art as from not being artistic enough. Mr. Henry James, for instance, is a novelist of delicate perception and exquisite finish. He can make a chapter, and an interesting one, from the most trivial incidents ; and yet when he comes to write for the stage, he gives us whole scenes of crude melodrama, which have not even the excuse of being theatrically effective. To say that there was a certain aroma, a bouquet, about *The American* is only to say that it was the work of Mr. Henry James. Happily, a first failure, or at best a very qualified success, has not discouraged him. He will soon produce another play, and this time we hope to find that he has trusted to his own fine artistic instincts, and given way less to theatrical conventions, which are not by any means fundamental. To ask a great acting play of Lord Tennyson is perhaps audacious, looking to his age, and far more to the enormous debt we already owe him. He has done enough in extent and variety to secure a dozen immortalities, and has earned a far greater amount of gratitude than, even if it is offered, he could possibly have time to accept. The plays he has produced have been rich in literary

qualities, but they have not taken account of new theatrical conditions, and are eloquent echoes of the spacious days of great Elizabeth. Mr. Daly is soon to give us a new drama from the Laureate's hand—one dealing, it would appear, with woodland life, and looking to the happy choice of the subject-matter, and to the poet's immense and varied gifts, and to his wider experience, it is quite possible that a fine play is in store for us. Mr. Henley and Mr. Stevenson have already produced a play which I have unfortunately not seen acted, but which, from what I know of it, is, I should think, a very artistic piece of work. The best critics applauded it; that the public did not confirm their verdict is a fact which, though profoundly regrettable, cannot be overlooked. The idea of Mr. Henley and Mr. Stevenson joining forces, and then not producing literature, is incredible to those who are familiar with the poetry of the first and the prose of the second. Perhaps *Beau Austin** was a little too good for a public by no means familiar with delicate dramatic writing; these writers, at least, were innocent of attempting to write down to the supposed theatrical level. Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. J. M. Barrie are all about to produce plays, so of these no more need be said until they have done so.

So much for leading writers who have attempted the drama. There still remains a majority of literary men of high rank who easily could produce plays if they would. At least, one can hardly believe that they would fail if they devoted themselves to the task with patience and determination. Rome was not built in a day, nor can the requirements of the theatre—the real requirements—be mastered in so short a time. Mr. Swinburne is a poet who has few living equals, and only one superior—Lord Tennyson. His lyric gift is of the highest order, and he lacks not passion. He has produced plays for the study. Could he not add new leaves to his laurel wreath by making the theatre richer for the service of his muse? In Mr. George Meredith we have a novelist whose insight into character is profound, and whose work is essentially dramatic. He commands a strangely picturesque and original style; he is wonderfully vivid, though sometimes involved and sometimes bizarre. If he were a Frenchman, he would almost certainly be a successful dramatist, as well as a novelist. Is it too much to hope that he will enrich the stage with more than one masterpiece, as he has already enriched contemporary fiction?

* In a letter in answer to a question I put to him, Mr. Henley informs me that it is his intention, during the present year, to publish *Beau Austin* and some other plays written in collaboration with Mr. Stevenson.

And Mr. Hardy, whose new success places him higher than ever in the ranks of literary artists, will he not give us a play? Are the delicate talents of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Andrew Lang not to be employed in some graceful fairy play, in some delightful burlesque, or in one of the other forms of drama suited to their gifts? As for Mr. George Moore, realist, can it be that he, with his glowing tiger-lily gifts, will be content to leave the drama untried? And, finally, will not those other writers with powers of observation and literary skill range themselves under the banner of an artistic and at the same time many-sided theatre?

The answer to these questions depends first on these distinguished individuals themselves. But it is little use their consenting unless our theatrical managers consent, and these will not, indeed cannot, do so unless the public, whose servants they are, say "Yes" in no uncertain way. I am not unpractical enough to hope for a time when every London playhouse will be furnished with an artistic play. That were indeed as vain a dream as Philos Ingarfield's vision of London free, London clean, London sober, London honest, from west to east, from north to south! Art is not a thing to be had for the asking, nor one to be appreciated by every man who breathes, though the gift of appreciating great drama is far more generally distributed than that of appreciating great painting. But, after all, the coarse material of melodrama, the elaborate stupidity of farce, will always have their admirers. If Thackeray and Jane Austen have their admirers, have not the writers of the unliterary shilling shockers audiences also, to whom Thackeray and Jane Austen would be the most unpalatable *caviare*? But side by side with the ephemeral writing of the day there goes on the splendid craft of classic-making. That craft it is which we want to see introduced to the modern theatre. We want some new and worthy plays to add to the collection made by the singing men in the days when our England was a nest of nightingales, added to by the jesters of the Merry Monarch's court, added to again by the creator of the Surfaces and the Teazles, and by him "who touched nothing that he did not adorn." Is it too much to hope that the next addition will be made before the end of the present reign? If it were, the times of two illustrious queens would at least have one common glory—a glory indeed, and an imperishable one,—the glory of a garner full of golden grain reaped for the use of all the world in all the coming ages.

CHARLES T. J. HIATT.

Goethe and Culture ;

Or, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

LORD TENNYSON.

GOETHE might well be described as the Shakespeare of Germany. Carlyle, writing in 1840, spoke of him as by far the notablist of all the literary men which the last hundred years had produced. "To that man," he eloquently says, "in a strange way was given what we may call a life in the divine idea of the world—vision of the inward divine mystery. Out of his books the world rises imaged once more as god-like, the workmanship and temple of a god. He is a great heroic man, speaking and keeping silence like an ancient hero in the guise of a most modern, high bred, high cultivated man of letters."

Such is the language which one of our own masters of literature applies to the great German. Some may be disposed to think that Carlyle's estimate was an exaggerated one. All must admit, however, that in one thing Goethe was pre-eminent amongst men, and that was in concentrating the whole effort of his life on the end of attaining intellectual and moral culture. No man ever lived for culture so much as Goethe did. To him the world was indeed a school. He accepted it as school, he derived profit from it as from a school. From first to last he groped in it after intellectual and spiritual light, and when his school days were done—in other words, when he lay on the bed of death—he, one of the most enlightened of men, is said to have exclaimed with his last breath, "Light, more light."

We propose to consider Goethe's teaching more particularly on the subject of culture—of culture through the medium of art. The work which we shall take as our text-book is the philosophical novel which was the production of Goethe's maturest years—"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship." We know that to attempt the task of arriving at a knowledge of Goethe's views of culture in the manner in which we shall have to attempt it will be like showing a brick as the sample of a house, or like imitating the action of the child who grasps at the moon and stars, and insists on packing them into its toy-box. But with a little patience and a little sympathy we shall make the best of the task we have undertaken.

"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" has a peculiar interest, not only because it embraces many noble ideas as to culture, but

because it partly mirrors the character of Goethe himself, the best features of which are hereby presented for our instruction and imitation. It is, of course, obvious that no man can do literary work of any kind without putting his own great or little nature into it; but it is not merely in this general sense that we speak when we say that Goethe must have portrayed himself very largely in this work. Every one knows how Dickens wrought up little pieces of his personal biography in "*David Copperfield*," and we can readily imagine that in a similar way Goethe enriched the pages of "*Wilhelm Meister*" with clippings from his own actual experience. We were especially struck with the probability of this when we read Goethe's autobiography, and we are convinced, from the resemblances we found in that work and in the novel, that in regard to a few specific facts, and most certainly in regard to habits of life and thought, we may go far by studying the character of Wilhelm Meister in arriving at an estimate of Goethe's own character.

The first impression which the reader of Goethe's work will receive of Wilhelm Meister probably will be that he is what the old hag, Barbara, describes him,—"*young, soft-hearted, callow.*" Such, indeed, he outwardly seems. In his passion for the theatre and his secret attachment for Mariana we have him apparently presented to us not wholly as that type of the aspirant after culture which he undoubtedly is.

The passion for the stage is the most notable factor in Wilhelm Meister's early life, a passion first shown in a love for puppet shows, then in a love for amateur performances, in which Wilhelm and his boyish companions used to represent, for the most part, the fifth acts of tragedies, where all the cutting and stabbing lay; then, in the frequent attendance at the real theatre to witness the acting there, and then in the habit of insinuating himself behind the scenes. Wilhelm is, in fact, all that we know by the term "*stage-struck hero*," and he is a person who, to the world in general, must have cut a rather ridiculous figure. To understand, however, this passion of his in relation to the great work of culture we must be a little more analytical than the world in general is, and look beneath the surface of his character. We need not, in excuse of him, enlarge on the fact that what might have been poison to most youths was meat to him, nor need we be, in the conventional way, reminded that in these things it is especially true that there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so. Yet these are conclusions to which, at the very outset, Goethe evidently directs us.

In the first book we have two notions of the stage contrasted, which

for our own part we should say are equally true in the minds of the men who entertain them—Wilhelm on the one hand, and some of his theatrical associates on the other. When Wilhelm's mother expostulates with him for his daily visits to the theatre, he answers, "For Heaven's sake, mother, is nothing then of use but what puts money in our purse? Had we not, for instance, room enough in our old house, and was it indispensable to build a new one? Does not my father every year expend a large part of his profit in ornamenting his chambers? Are not these silk carpets, this English furniture, likewise of no [distinctive] use? For my own part, I confess these stupid walls, these hundred times repeated flowers, and knots, and baskets, and figures produce a really disagreeable effect upon me. At best they but remind me of the front curtain of our theatre. But what a different thing it is to sit and look at that. There, if you must wait for a while, you are always sure that it will rise at last and disclose to you a thousand curious objects to entertain, to instruct, and to exalt you."

Subsequently in a conversation with Mariana in reference to his earlier love of amateur acting, he says, "Our amusements, though undertaken without judgment and carried on without instruction, were not without their use to us. We trained our memories and persons; we acquired more dexterity in speech and gesture than is usually met with at so early an age. But for me in particular this time was in truth an epoch. My mind turned all its faculties exclusively to the theatre, and my highest happiness was in reading, in writing, or in acting plays. Meanwhile, the labours of my regular teachers continued. I had been set apart for the mercantile life, and placed under the guidance of our neighbour at the counting-house. Yet my spirit at this very time recoiled more forcibly than ever from all that was to bind me to a low profession. It was to the stage that I aimed at consecrating all my powers; on the stage that I meant to seek all my happiness and satisfaction."

It is in contrast to all this that we have presented to Wilhelm Meister the views of men who have tasted the apple, and found that, to themselves, at least, it is bitter. First we have Melina, the actor, who desires to turn clerk or resort to any civil employment, and who exclaims to Wilhelm in reference to actors in general, "Is there in the world any creature whose morsel of bread is attended with such vexation, uncertainty, and toil? It were almost as good to take a staff and wallet, and beg from door to door. In truth, one would need to have a hide like that of a bear led about with a chain along with apes and dogs of knowledge, and cudgelled into dancing at the sound of a bagpipe before the populace and children."

We have the same contrast presented in the observations Wilhelm Meister personally makes of the behaviour of the actors that he meets with. He finds it difficult to reconcile this behaviour with his own ideas. The actors ever busied in being idle seemed to think least of all on their employment and object; the poetic worth of a piece they were never heard to speak of, or to judge of, right or wrong. Their continual question was simply, How much will it bring? Is it a stock piece? How long will it run? and other inquiries and observations of the same description.

It may well be imagined that the observation of characteristics like these would have a chilling effect on one who, like Wilhelm Meister, longed to step forth and speak to the hearts of men something which he fancied they had been yearning to hear. Doubtless it had a strong influence. It was not, however, to lower his enthusiasm or his ideal of the great and noble, but to prepare the way for a passage from the love of the shadow of noble things to the love of the substance. This, indeed, is to be one grand result of the culture that has to be accomplished in him.

Various things besides his theatrical associations contribute to this result. Wilhelm is brought into contact with a cold, matter-of-fact man of the world in the person of his friend Werner—a man of an abnormally commercial spirit, who believes that the system of bookkeeping by double entry is one of the finest inventions of the human mind, a man who holds that there is nothing in the world more rational than to turn the folly of others to our own advantage, and who receives with scepticism Wilhelm's remark, "Perhaps it were a nobler satisfaction to cure men of their follies." Werner is a much inferior person to Wilhelm, but Goethe, with remarkable insight into human nature, tells us that Werner had formed his solid understanding in constant intercourse with Wilhelm, and was thus accustomed to think also of *his* profession and of *his* employments with elevation of soul. He firmly believed that he did so with more justice than his otherwise more gifted friend who, as it seemed to him, had placed his dearest hopes and directed all the force of his mind upon the most imaginary objects in the world. It is this Werner who plays the part of the excessively-candid but sincere friend to Wilhelm. We see that if the latter pursues his stage-struck course it is not without warning and admonition.

A more gracious, more noble figure mysteriously crosses Wilhelm's path. This is in the person of a stranger, who accosts him in the street, and whom Wilhelm courteously shows on the way to a certain inn. The two engage in a conversation, which has a subtle bearing on our hero's aspirations and purposes. It

arises from a casual declaration on Wilhelm's part that he honours Destiny, which knows how to bring about what is best for all. "It gives me pain," says the stranger, "to hear this word Destiny in the mouth of a young person just at the age when men are *commonly* accustomed to ascribe their own violent inclinations to the will of higher natures." "Do you, then," asks Wilhelm, "not believe in Destiny? In no power that rules over us, and directs all for our ultimate advantage?" "The question," replies the stranger, "is not now of my belief, nor is this the place to explain how I may have attempted to form for myself some not impossible conception of things which are incomprehensible to all of us. The question here is—What mode of viewing them will profit us the most? The fabric of our life is formed of necessity and chance; the reason of man takes its station between them, and may rule them both. It treats the necessary as the ground-work of its being; the accidental it can direct and guide for its own purposes. And only while this principle of reason stands firm and inexpugnable does man deserve to be named the god of this lower world. . . . He alone is worthy of respect who knows what is of use to himself and others, and who labours to control his self-will. Each man has his own fortune in his hands, as the artist has a piece of rude matter which he is to fashion to a certain shape. But the art of living rightly is like all arts; the capacity alone is born with us; it must be [developed] and practised with incessant care."

Thus this stranger (of whom in the story more is heard, and who is indeed but the author playing the part of chorus in his own work) places the issues of life before Wilhelm.

Hurriedly, skipingly passing over many of the details of the story, we find that the discovery of what appears like gross unfaithfulness on Mariana's part suddenly deprives Wilhelm of one half of that upon which, to all appearance, his love for the stage was founded. For a while he appears more like a being of instinct than of reason, and acts in an irresolute and milksop fashion. It might have been thought that the man who had seen in his love for an actress, and his opportunities of pursuing that love, the beckoning of fate, whereby he was called to be a disciple of the histrionic art, would have concluded, when his love appeared unfaithful, that the beckoning must be quite the other way. Outwardly, however, Wilhelm suffers from little more than a severe attack of disappointed affection. It is perhaps only one of the symptoms that he falls out of love with himself. When he recovers he is still a dreamer. It is again a fine psychological study to observe how very subtly he confounds inclination with accident or destiny, and how he tacitly consents to allow accident

or destiny to play a main part in shaping his course. Only very gradually is it that the deliberate choice of reason, and not of reason only, but of a cultivated reason, comes into play, and that state is arrived at when a man may be said to be a cultured man, in the sense of being able in all things to choose the course which is best for himself and others, and not merely that which he has the best liking for.

Wilhelm consents to be sent by his father on a commercial mission. It had been hoped that by keeping him well employed he would be brought to ways of thinking and living more in accord with his father's wishes. It so happens, however, that travelling with money which he had collected for his father's firm, he loiters, longer than prudence would have dictated, in a certain village. Here he forms friendly associations with various actors, who from want of employment are staying in the same place. It is but natural that now he should fall into a broken, wandering path. For a time he acts as a foolish pilot would do were he to tie up the rudder of his vessel and trust to fortune to bring him to port. Let it therefore be observed with what skill the author again introduces on the scene a stranger, whom we infer is the one Wilhelm had previously met, but who is not again distinctly recognised, and who, to all appearance, in a casual way, offers Wilhelm precisely that advice which he most needs. He meets Wilhelm on a pleasure excursion, and engages him in conversation on matters of art, and of acting in particular. Incidentally, Wilhelm hazards the observation that "a happy natural turn," as he calls it, as the first and last requisite, will conduct the player, like every other artist, nay, perhaps every other man, to the lofty mark he aims at. If there be any educationists amongst the readers of this paper, let them especially note the reply as to the value of a happy natural turn. "The first and the last requisite," the stranger says, "it may well be, but *in the middle* many things will still be wanting to an artist if instruction, and early instruction, too, have not previously made that of him which he was meant to be, and perhaps for the man of genius it is worse in this respect than for the man possessed of only common capabilities; the former may much more easily be misinstructed, and be driven into false courses than the latter." "But," says Wilhelm, "will not genius save itself, and heal the wounds which itself has inflicted?" "Only to a very limited extent and with great difficulty, or, perhaps, not at all," is the answer. "Let no one think he can conquer the first impressions of his youth. If he has grown up in enviable freedom, surrounded with beautiful and noble objects, in constant intercourse with worthy men; if his masters have taught him what he needed first to know,

and thus enabled him more easily to comprehend what followed ; if he has never learned anything which he requires to unlearn ; if his first operations have been so guided that, without altering any of his habits, he can more easily produce what is excellent in future ; then such a one will lead a purer, more perfect, and happy life than another man who has wasted the force of his youth in opposition and error. A great deal is said and written about education ; yet I meet with very few who can comprehend and transfer to practice this simple, yet vast, idea which comprehends within itself all others connected with the subject." "That may well be true," says Wilhelm, "for the generality of men are limited enough in their conceptions to suppose that everybody else should be fashioned by education according to the pattern of themselves. Happy then are those whom Fate takes charge of, and educates according to their several natures." "Fate," answers the stranger, smiling, "is an excellent, but most expensive schoolmaster. In all cases I would rather trust to the reason of a human tutor. Fate, for whose wisdom I entertain all imaginable reverence, often finds in Chance, by which it works, an instrument not over manageable. At least, the latter very seldom seems to execute precisely and accurately what the former had determined."

Against these views Wilhelm attempts to suggest objections, but he gets the worst of the argument. The stranger disappears, and Wilhelm still practically consents to be led by his so-called Fate. The seeds of wisdom, however, sown in his mind by the stranger, and the lessons of experience, are not lost, though as yet we see nothing of their growth—a growth which, as such growths often do, proceeds most actively, whilst Wilhelm is to all appearance most unconscious of the fact, so that in the end we are taken in a measure by surprise through the suddenness with which his character unfolds itself, and by the way in which, whilst his hold on a certain course of life seems strongest, it is in reality most weak.

For the present still undetermined to make acting his profession, Wilhelm becomes more and more entangled in his relations with the players. Forming friendships with some, succouring others, and even lending a large amount of money with little prospect of return, he is soon to all intents and purposes habitually with them, if not *of* them. A company is at length formed, and a certain count being about to entertain a prince at his castle, invites the actors to give a succession of representations before the distinguished assembly there gathered. Wilhelm accompanies them, and in a more or less amateur capacity assists in the performances, both as actor and author. Obtaining a glimpse of a higher sphere of life and activity than he has ever before met with, his thoughts

undergo new changes. But the spirit of the poet and artist burns in him with even greater strength.

Parenthetically, we may notice that in his description of the life at the castle, Goethe, with quiet irony, exposes much of the cant which led to the dramatic art, with its "regenerating and ennobling" influences, being the continual talk of the guests, whilst the actors themselves were less respected than the menials of the household. Similarly he exposes the frivolity of the actors, which partially justifies such treatment. But all the while we trace the progress of Wilhelm's own mind and the development of his lofty aspirations. We see how under the inspiring, balancing, and preserving influence of a great aim a man may, up to a certain point, assimilate what is best in his surroundings, although those surroundings are in themselves of a very mixed character. We see in Wilhelm a continual striving upward; and we see, too, that though to men like him there may be occasional resting-places in thought, the arrival at every new point leads to the discovery that further stages have yet to be gone over. We, moreover, recognise that in the sphere of mind, as well as of matter, travail precedes birth; if to-day Wilhelm fancies he has reason to be satisfied with himself, to-morrow new demands with painful force must arise within him.

Pursuing the subject closely, we shall find more of the author's hints as to the true way in which intellectual and moral culture is to be pursued. We shall be especially struck with the part which one Jarno plays upon the scene. Jarno is, to the superficial eye, a hard-hearted, worldly-minded man. He is a soldier and a diplomatist, and is a good type of both. It is, of course, in keeping with his character that he should be a man of keen intelligence. We find that he soon reads the mind of Wilhelm, in whom he takes a concealed interest. In an off-hand way he observes to the young aspirant, "It is a pity you should play with hollow nuts for a stake of hollow nuts." We are told that this expression stuck in Wilhelm's mind for several days, and that he knew not how to explain it, or what to infer from it. But Jarno's shrewdness shows itself in another way. He knows that true progress must be by growth from within, and that little can be done by a forcing process applied from without. If Wilhelm's life is not the best that he might follow, he must be led by the tenor of his own reflections to something better.

Jarno advises Wilhelm to read the works of Shakespeare, and this Wilhelm does. He afterwards expresses his gratitude to Jarno, effusively declaring, "All the anticipations I have ever had regarding man and his destiny, which have accompanied me from

youth upwards, often unobserved by myself, I find developed and fulfilled in Shakespeare's writing. . . . The few glances I have cast over Shakespeare's world invite me more than anything else to quicken my footsteps into the actual world, to mingle in the flood of destinies that is suspended over me." Now is Jarno's opportunity. He may at least make the experiment of advancing his advice to a further stage, whatever the result at the outset may be. He advises Wilhelm not to renounce the purpose of *embarking in actual life*, and just as he had before observed in relation to Wilhelm's theatrical proclivities that it was sinful to waste one's hours in dressing out apes to make them look more human, and in teaching dogs to dance, he ventures to inform Wilhelm that he is in reality following a calling for which he is neither born nor bred. In a way that cannot have been absent from Jarno's calculations, this candour galls Wilhelm greatly. Like many people of a more commonplace character, he is very ready to see the force of good advice until it is directed against himself. For a while he deceives himself into a belief that he will renounce Jarno and all his works. He even blesses his better genius for having drawn him back from the abyss, to the brink of which he had approached so nearly.

Not further to dwell upon these details, we learn that the players, having completed their performances at the castle, and met with misfortunes at the hands of robbers in travelling to a neighbouring town, attach themselves to the company of the manager Serlo. Wilhelm, from a mixture of motives, in which love for culture and the drama, and a desire to aid in repairing the shattered fortunes of his not particularly grateful theatrical friends, play a part, still accompanies them. It is mainly in conversations with Serlo and his sister Aurelia that Wilhelm unfolds that marvellous analysis of the character of Hamlet which has formed a main basis for much of the leading dramatic criticism which we have had of recent years, when distinguished actors have essayed the part of the Prince of Denmark, an analysis to which we are inclined to attach extremely great importance, both because of its intrinsic value and of its bearing upon the novel of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" itself.

At the very outset we referred to Goethe as the Shakespeare of Germany. Now, carrying our comparison still further, at the risk of offending the understanding of the critical, we would also describe Wilhelm Meister as the Hamlet of Germany. We fancy that were we to devote ourselves to the task we might succeed in demonstrating to other judgments as highly probable what to our own mind is a matter of conviction, that not only was much of the

inspiration of Wilhelm Meister, original as that work is, derived from Goethe's well-known and enthusiastic admiration for Shakespeare's Hamlet, but that the frequent references to the character of Hamlet which occur in the work, and more particularly the detailed analysis to which we now allude, were introduced not merely on account of their interest as distinct from the story, but to serve the purpose of interpreting the story. Indeed, so far as the analysis is concerned, it has always seemed to us a unique beauty of this work that so grand an exposition of Hamlet's character should, in the course of it, have been put into Wilhelm Meister's own mouth. Would it not be eminently true to nature that a person mentally constituted as Wilhelm Meister was, should, by a spirit of kinship with the philosophising, melancholy, and irresolute Dane, have understood most clearly that unhappy Prince's nature, which to him was but as a mirror into which he looked and saw his own face, and not another's? At any rate, we throw out this theory as well worthy of serious consideration.

It has been ingeniously remarked that when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy of *Hamlet* he foretold—notwithstanding all the differences of surrounding circumstances—the nineteenth-century gentleman. That, in a measure, was well said; with a similar license of thought we may also say that Goethe endeavoured to bring the prophecy of the gentleman of the future a little more down to date. Not that the characteristics which we have mentioned with regard to Hamlet and Wilhelm Meister—constant philosophising, melancholy, and irresolution—are by any means ordinary characteristics of the modern gentleman. Heaven forbid! To these, so far as the tragedy is concerned, we find the key in the noble analysis of Hamlet to which we have already referred as spoken by Wilhelm Meister, and in which the following oft-quoted words occur, "To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak tree, planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered." From this we see that the philosophising with his own hard fate, the melancholy and the irresolution—the keynote to the whole of which is struck in the words,

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"—

are the result of a want of harmony between the spirit of the man and its surroundings—surroundings which—and here is the great distinction—in Hamlet's case prove too strong, but which in the

case of Wilhelm Meister, less adversely placed, are finally triumphed over. There is in this respect a singular mixture of harmony and contrast between the two characters. The life task of Hamlet is imposed from without. It is the time which is out of joint; he is born to set it right, for the command has been given to him. But the life-task of Wilhelm is imposed from within. It is to cultivate his whole nature; he is out of joint with himself. To him also a command is given, and for him there can be no rest nor peace till his capacity has been brought into harmony with his aspirations.

Withal, in conjunction with the desire to reduce the finest theories of life to practice there is in Wilhelm Meister, and in Hamlet, notwithstanding occasional backslidings in both, an earnest striving after the infinite, or, to speak in less exalted language, a striving after the better and the peaceful, inspired by an intense longing to be conjoined with the best. How easy it is to imagine that if the Ghost had not crossed Hamlet's path with the terrible story of the murder, the "melancholy Dane" would have been well content, despite his natural sorrow for his mother's unholy marriage, to have pursued his studies at Wittenberg, and to have been at Court, in the highest and the best sense of the term, the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." With him must there not have ever been the yearning after intellectual and moral progress as there was with Wilhelm Meister?

In this respect observe the methods of the two men. Hamlet is often weak in his choice of means, yet truly it is a weakness which leans to the side of his best virtues; Wilhelm is often mistaken in his choice of means, but even his errors are consecrated by the greatness of his aim.

We have followed Wilhelm Meister through some of the more important of the earlier stages of his career. We have indicated Goethe's purpose of portraying the character of a youth groping after a high ideal of mental and moral culture. So far as we have gone, Wilhelm is the embodiment of high purposes; but he fails to realise how much true culture depends on *doing* rather than on such thinking and feeling as stop short of doing. Incidentally we have drawn a parallel between the character of Wilhelm Meister and that of Hamlet, suggesting that Wilhelm Meister is but a modern Hamlet, more favourably circumstanced than his prototype.

We now proceed to the night when Wilhelm makes his first appearance on the stage in a thoroughly professional capacity. This, be it observed, outwardly seems to be the moment to which his previous life has converged. His father is now dead. Wilhelm has private means. He is less bound by social ties than he ever was before. Instead of having, like many aspirants,

to seek a professional engagement, a professional engagement is thrust upon him. He is about to essay the part of the great hero of his now venerated Shakespeare. He is to perform as Hamlet.

Not without serious feelings of dissatisfaction with himself and much consequent irresolution does he undertake the task. But these characteristics imparting themselves to his acting no doubt give it an additional charm, so much are they adapted to the part. The illusion of the performance is further heightened by a most singular occurrence. Owing to various causes the company, though not a small one, has had some difficulty in finding a ghost, but from an unknown source—of which, however, the reader infers that Serlo himself is not wholly ignorant—comes the offer of amateur help. The person by whom this offer is made is not seen till the curtain rises, and he appears for the first time to audience and actors alike in his ghostly disguise. There is a majesty in his mien and a moral depth in his utterance which has an overpowering influence upon all, and especially upon Wilhelm, who, standing before the ghostly figure, as though it were indeed a visitant from another world, astonishes the audience by the seeming brilliance of his acting, due so largely to this adventitious cause.

The play goes off triumphantly. Dreams of future fame, of the foundation of a truly national theatre, more than ever float through the imaginations of the actors. But a glimpse which we have of them after the play, when they meet together at a supper and abandon themselves to Bacchanalian revels, displays the weakness of the flesh in striking contrast to the lofty aspirations of the spirit, or rather enables us to appraise those lofty aspirations at their true value. Into these revels Wilhelm is almost insensibly drawn. His hour of greatest artistic triumph proves his hour of greatest moral weakness, and at the very moment when we fancy that as an artist he rises highest in our estimation, we conclude that as a man he ought to fall the lowest.

In all this there is a meaning to which Goethe has left us to find the key. The task is not easy. It is, however, probable that part of the explanation of our author's mode of treating his hero lies in a recognition of the necessity of an actor or an artist consistently and unswervingly aiming at something beyond his art if he is in the fullest possible degree to profit by his art, and not only so, but preserve himself from reactionary influences which are in a measure consequent on the pursuit of his art, and which tend to impel him to a sensual excess. It cannot, in fact, be too often repeated—and of this we must infer that Jarno, in much of the advice he gave to Wilhelm, was profoundly conscious—that it is nothing, and worse than nothing, for an artist

of any kind, to imitatively present to us types of the heroic and the beautiful unless he incorporates into his own nature in a greater or less degree the essential qualities of those types. Works of fiction, poetic fervour, artistic enthusiasm, the drama, acting, and all that pertains to them, are only of moral and spiritual value in so far as they help us forward to something beyond themselves, and enable us with better insight and with surer steps to enter into the actual life of the world, and be ourselves real in the midst of its realities. Not to go beyond these things is but to worship the symbol without due regard to the thing symbolised ; to live in a world of shadows.

That Wilhelm had all along endeavoured to make what was best in his artistic pursuits a part of himself is true ; that he had even aimed at something beyond his art is also true ; but now we are more than ever apprised of the fact that reactionary influences are at work, and that proportionately his spirit of thoroughness and of earnestness is becoming impaired. We feel that for this his associations may very largely be held accountable. We fear that if he pursues his present path he may be led to play the hypocrite even to himself, and, whilst deceiving himself, as many men similarly situated have done, into the belief that he is still pursuing his original lofty aims, give himself over to a life of falsity, with its natural accompaniment, self-indulgence. When under these circumstances we learn that the ghost when it had vanished had left behind a veil, which is put into the hands of Wilhelm, and has embroidered on it the words, "For the first and the last time ! Fly, youth ! Fly !" we are relieved to think that there is at least a guardian angel either in ghostly or in human form which cares for our hero's welfare. We remember the conversations of the stranger at the inn, and of the stranger who meets Wilhelm on the excursion, and the interviews between Wilhelm and Jarno, and we have an inkling of the fact that Wilhelm is a subject of care and solicitude to men of whom he himself practically knows nothing. Such is, indeed, the case. As the story advances we learn of the existence of a small secret brotherhood, the primary object of which is to promote, by methods of its own, the culture of such men as may be known to the brotherhood as persons on whom the good influence they are capable of exerting is likely to produce the best possible results. By this brotherhood Wilhelm is cared for, and in the fulness of time, viz., when his own culture has attained sufficient development, is introduced.

This is a time—an epoch—in his life which comes to him and the reader alike most unexpectedly. We have just seen him at a moment of artistic triumph. Can it be doubted that now, had

art alone been his aim, and no higher internal and external influences been brought to bear, he might for ever have devoted himself to histrionic pursuits, and have done so possibly not in the noblest spirit? Especially we have seen the signs of the possible growth of a disposition to play the hypocrite to himself. We have seen, too, that his earnestness was becoming impaired. Let it be noted, therefore, that this is the critical moment when Wilhelm may be said to be standing at the parting of the ways. Clearly what he must do is to deliberately choose at last and for altogether whether he will follow the life of a successful actor, in which he may not reach his highest altitude, or forsake the trammels of a profession which has now almost done for him all the good it can, and, thanks to the character of his aim, very little real harm, but which in the future can do him little good and possibly much harm, for his continuance in it must imply a limitation of his aim.

After the period when with a judicial mind Wilhelm begins to reason about his position, much, of course, has to be done before he can make a deliberate and a wise choice with respect to his future; but the aid which in this respect is needed is in the main supplied by association with men who, in the best sense of the term, may be regarded as his superiors, and by the way in which circumstances constrain him to mingle more and more in the active life of the world. The men he now meets are chiefly members of the secret brotherhood we have alluded to—men who know a great deal more about Wilhelm's own history than he has any conception of. With some of these men we already have acquaintance. One of them, however, whom we have not yet mentioned is Lothario—a man of rare parts, to whom experience has taught the wisdom of always doing the task that lay nearest to him. Once he had gone to America, and he tells us he fancied that in America he might accomplish something. Over seas he hoped to become useful and essential. If any task was not begirt with a thousand dangers he considered it trivial, unworthy of him. Matters now, however, appeared to him differently. Precious and important to him now seemed the duty which was nearest, whatever it might be. Before he had long sojourned in the Western World he had written a letter to Jarno which contained words which are full of beauty and meaning, "I will return, and in my house, amid my fields, among my people, I will say, 'Here, or nowhere is America.'"

It is to the castle of this man that Wilhelm is by circumstances brought, and now he is at the headquarters of the still, to him, unknown brotherhood. The conversations in which he takes part, the active commissions which, in a friendly way, are given to him,

and the natural unfolding of his own mind, all tend, in the manner that we have already indicated, materially to alter his way of looking at the world and himself. Soon he discovers that, for him, the stage has done its work, and it is perhaps but human that in the reaction that follows the discovery he is even inclined to rudely kick away a ladder which had not wholly failed to aid him in his upward ascent. Once he had almost thought that to become a great actor would be a worthy be-all and end-all of culture ; now he nearly forgets that the stage is a means of culture at all, though not the best means nor an abiding means in all individual cases. Quizzically questioned by Jarno, who has an adroit way of getting at the souls of men by the designedly extreme method of interrogation which he adopts, and who asks, "How is it with your ancient maggot of producing something beautiful and good in the society of gipsies?" Wilhelm indulges in somerather intemperate denunciation of the personal character of actors. "People talk about the stage," he says, "but none, that has not been upon it personally, can form the smallest notion of it. How utterly these men are unacquainted with themselves ; how thoughtlessly they carry on their trade ; how boundless their pretensions are, no mortal can conceive. Each not only would be first, but sole ; each wishes to exclude the rest, and does not see that even with them he can scarcely accomplish anything. Each thinks himself a man of marvellous originality ; yet with a ravening appetite for novelty, he cannot walk a footstep from the beaten track. How vehemently they counterwork each other ! It is only the pitifulest self-love, the narrowest views of interest, that unite them. Of reciprocal accommodation they have no idea ; backbiting and hidden spitefulness maintain a constant jealousy among them. In their lives they are either rakes or simpletons. Each claims the loftiest respect, each writhes under the slightest blame. All this he knew already, he will tell you ! Why, then, did he not do it ? Ever needy, ever unconfiding, they seem as if their greatest fear were reason and good taste, their highest care to secure the majesty of their self-will."

In this diatribe Wilhelm is interrupted by the immoderate laughter of Jarno, who tells him that he has been describing not the playhouse, but the world. "Out of all ranks I could find you characters and doings in abundance to suit your cruel pencil." Ultimately, Jarno intimates his intention to initiate Wilhelm into the brotherhood, and addresses him on the subject in words which, by implication, throw a flood of light on Wilhelm's character at this time, as doubtless Goethe wished it to be understood. "We can now," Jarno says, "consider you as ours with sufficient

security that it were unjust if we did not introduce you deeper into our mysteries. It is right that a man when he first enters upon life should think highly of himself, should determine to attain many eminent distinctions, should endeavour to make all things possible; but when his education has proceeded to a certain pitch it is advantageous for him to learn to lose himself amongst a mass of men, and to forget himself in an activity prescribed by duty. It is then that he first becomes acquainted with himself, for it is conduct alone that compares us with others. You shall soon see what a curious little world is at your very hand, and how well you are known in it. To-morrow morning, before sunrise, be dressed and ready."

Before sunrise! Wilhelm has hitherto for a great part walked as in the night. In the main, true to his own great purposes, he has yet groped his way towards his ideal. But the time is now at hand when the sun of reason, which has already caused within his soul such glorious twilight, is to rise above the horizon of his mental vision, and illuminate the path which, for the future, he must tread in confidence, peace, and real usefulness. Very properly, therefore, Jarno requests him to be ready before the rising of the sun—the great type of moral and spiritual light.

We cannot stop to describe in detail the ceremony that takes place in the little hall, which had once been the private chapel of the castle. We will penetrate at once to the principles of culture which those who take part in it enunciate, and as they, so to speak, go far to point the moral of the tale that has gone before, and summarise much of the philosophic thought to which allusion has already been made, our reference to them will fitly draw this paper towards a close.

Several persons whom Wilhelm had met at various periods of his life take part in the ceremonial, and amongst them is the clergyman who had accosted Wilhelm on the excursion. As Wilhelm sits almost dazzled, we are told, by the radiance of the morning sun, a curtain parts, and Wilhelm perceives his old acquaintance, who, with a cheerful countenance and in a tone of dignity, declares that to lead and not to force the erring pupil is ever the instructor's duty. He who, labouring with high aims, pursues those aims wrongly, all the while merely tasting his error, will long dwell with that error, will delight in it as a singular felicity; while he who drains it to the dregs will, if he be not crazy, find it out.

The curtain closes, and Wilhelm asks himself, "What error can he mean but the error which has clung to me through my whole life, that I sought for cultivation where it was not to be

[best or most permanently] found ; that I fancied I could form a talent in me, while without the smallest gift for it ?" "If," however, he exclaims, "so many men took interest in thee, knew thy way of life, and how it should be carried on, why did they not conduct thee with greater strictness, with greater seriousness ? Why did they favour thy silly sports instead of drawing thee away from them ?" "Dispute not with us !" cried a voice, "thou art saved ; thou art on the way to the goal. None of thy follies wilt thou wish to repeat ; no luckier destiny can be allotted to any man." The curtain went asunder, and in full armour stood the old King of Denmark in the space. "I am thy father's spirit," said he. "I depart in comfort since my wishes for thee are accomplished in a higher sense than I myself contemplated. Remember—on the plain, straight roads conduct from place to place, but steep regions cannot be surmounted save by winding paths. Farewell, and think of me when thou enjoyest what I have provided for thee." The figure retires, and then the Abbe comes forward and places in Wilhelm's hand a little scroll, the indenture of his apprenticeship in the art of living wisely and well. It is a strange document, composed of wise saws, reading very much like texts chosen from various sources. They all, however, have a very pertinent reference to Wilhelm himself, being, in fact, reflections of the brotherhood on his career. The document reads as follows :—

"Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy, to think is hard ; to act according to our thought is troublesome.

"Every beginning is cheerful ; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished ; his impressions guide him ; he learns sportfully, seriousness comes on him by surprise.

"Imitation is born with us ; what should be imitated is not easy to discover.

"The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued.

"The height charms us, the steps to it do not : with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain.

"It is but a part of art that can be taught ; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much, and is always wrong ; who knows it wholly, inclines to act, and speaks seldom or late. The former have no secrets and no force : the instruction they can give is like baked bread, savoury and satisfying for a single day ; but flour cannot be sown, and seed-corn ought not to be ground.

"Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing, while he acts aright ; but of what is wrong we are always conscious.

"Whoever works with symbols only is a pedant, a hypocrite, and a

bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best.

“The instruction which the true artist gives us opens the mind; for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master.”

These are some of the teachings of our author in this work. In following them we may all, according to our lights, arrive at such a knowledge of Goethe's philosophy of culture as will be best for our own individual cases. We need not, of course, remind our readers that any great branch of philosophic teaching must be many-sided and not dogmatic, and must adapt itself to a variety of special needs. Recognising this, we have endeavoured to obtain as wide a glimpse of these views of culture as our space would permit, but well we are aware we have omitted reference to much that has contributed to the spiritual freedom which Nature herself has now decreed for Wilhelm Meister. In particular we have almost wholly omitted reference to the part which trade and commerce, social intercourse, and the domestic life play in the work of culture. We have considered Wilhelm chiefly in regard to his pursuit of culture through the medium of art, after all the most prominent part of his character, just as it is the most convenient to treat in this way.

There may be some who will be disposed to maintain that it is no more possible to deduce a complete and coherent system of life and practice from a philosophical novel of this kind than it would be to deduce a complete and coherent system of theology from the writings of Emerson. The latter task would, we admit, be almost, if not wholly, impossible; the former, however, is possible in one sense at least. The theory one man may derive may not be exactly the theory which another may derive. In fact, we can well imagine that a dozen different readers, each in his way intelligent, would derive a dozen different theories, all of them having the elements of completeness and coherence. Herein, however, we see a true characteristic of a work of genius. First, such a work is many-sided; secondly, whilst it expresses much, it suggests infinitely more. The individuality of an earnest and reflective reader who takes up a book of this kind is in no way oppressed, and he is in no way prevented from finding in the work precisely that kind of mental and moral food which he may most need. Even with his own varying moods and degrees of culture, the work will assume a new and varied character—deep always answering unto deep, and the charm and usefulness never failing to be felt.

This brings us to a subject in regard to this book which we must touch upon, and that is the form in which it is written. Why, it may be asked, did not Goethe, if he had anything to teach, not speak out plainly and directly instead of expressing himself through that anomalous style of literature—the philosophical novel? Those who attempt to answer this question by supposing that Goethe wrote very much as do the compilers of tracts, who wrap up some useful moral precept or religious truth in the form of a story, or that he sought to imitate the wise doctor who makes the child's physic as tasty as possible, fall into a great error. Had it been Goethe's business to write tracts or to make up prescriptions for the nursery, he no doubt would have found the best way of doing it. But he had a higher aim—and to carry it out he had to adopt a method of which we have a hint in those words of Carlyle (quoted at the outset), when he says, "He is a great heroic man, speaking and keeping silence as an ancient hero in the guise of a most modern man of letters." It is precisely for the purpose of "keeping silence" that this mode of writing is adopted, not by Goethe alone, but by many philosophers and seers besides him. So it must ever be. Men who stand in the vanguard of thinkers, leaders in the battle against error, pioneers in the discovery of truth, know full well that they may at times perceive more than they are adequately capable of conveying in direct terms to another, but which they may possibly enable that other to himself perceive if they can lead him up to the same point of observation that they have occupied. Hence to men of Goethe's type, and indeed to all true philosophers and poets, a form of writing more or less imaginative or even allegorical is a necessity. In such a mode of writing the power of "keeping silence" is always possible, and yet if the work be done by a master-hand the thought may be vividly presented to that reader who is spiritually prepared to receive it. Further, the author is free from the suspicion of dogmatising in his own person about matters on which his knowledge is not positive, but as to which he has a greater or less degree of insight. Our readers will no doubt more readily comprehend our meaning if we refer to Carlyle's "*Sartor Resartus*" as an example, for few can have failed to observe the ingenious way in which the writer puts into the mouth of the philosopher of clothes opinions which contain the germs of many developments of thought, but opinions which Carlyle in his own proper person, great as was his proneness to dogmatism, would have hesitated to enunciate in a precise and authoritative way. They are, in some cases, embryo thoughts of a great father of thought. They are the prophecy and the earnest

of future developments of thought. For the present, all that the writer can judiciously do with regard to them is to remember that, as Goethe has himself wisely said, though words are good, they are not the best, for the best cannot be known by words. They are, when at their best and truest, communications which belong, so to speak, to the sphere of spiritual freemasonry, and as to which the spirit may speak, though for the present it is the highest wisdom for the tongue to be silent.

In conclusion, the philosophy of Goethe is essentially a philosophy of life and duty. It is, moreover, a buoyant and a happy philosophy. It has this distinguishing quality, that it will make no man ascetic nor cynical. It will neither foster scepticism nor inspire morbid thoughts, either as to the present or the future. The great motto which is inscribed on all that Goethe penned, like the water-mark of a bank-note, is this—

"THINK OF LIVING."

In all his writings we have the grand assertion that man, to attain his full development, must act as a reasoning being, for ever asking the why and the wherefore of the faith that is in him in regard to matters moral and spiritual; not forcibly nor violently going away from the path that birth and circumstances may have prescribed for him, but rather pursuing the far-off and the exalted by all the elementary stages which involve the right performance of the present and the immediate duty. From the heart of his writing comes to each and all the sublime inquiry,—

"What, shap'st thou here at the world? 'Twas shapen long ago;
The Maker shap'd it, *He* thought it best even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its 'hest;
Thy course is begun; thou must move, and not rest;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

HENRY ROSE.

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"Ruskin and Carlyle on "Sir Walter Scott."

THE recent publication of the *Abbotsford Journal* of Sir Walter Scott has anew called attention to one of the most genial and gracious figures in English literature, the supreme man of letters produced on this side of the Border, to whom, in various ways, Scotsmen owe more than they can well calculate. When the eyes of men are so directed, in an age of searching inquiry and

criticism, it may be worth our while to have a glance at two of the estimates of Sir Walter's genius. It is a subject of no little difficulty. "Scott's art is so high," Goethe said, "it is difficult to give a public opinion of him": so difficult it appeared to Goethe that he declined to put his views of him in writing. So difficult is the subject, that all the various well-known estimates of Scott simply provoke one to ask the question, "What really is the truth about him?—if not the truth for all time, the truth at least for this age or time?" In considering this question in the light of two of these estimates,—the view of the author of "*Modern Painters*" and the view of Thomas Carlyle,—it may be said at the outset that they are very different views, so essentially different that, to my mind at least, they present few elements of agreement: while one may be true, the other can only be true in a very partial and inadequate sense. They are the views, both of them, of men of great imaginative gift, of high poetic power and insight; the views of men, one of whom calls the other master; of men like-minded in many ways, but differing in much, and in much that is of importance in forming an opinion about such a subject as that of Sir Walter Scott. While one has turned his thoughts to the arts and economies of life, the externals and environments of human existence—not, be it remembered, without continual inward reference—the other, dominated by a more purely intellectual bias, has turned his thoughts more especially to the life of the spirit, its work and warfare in this world, and that, again, not without outward reference to its externals and environments. Both children of this age, and alive to its problems, they have looked down the crater of Vesuvius—one with shrinking heart of despair and dismay, not unmingled with regret, and a sense of the bitterness of the cup of knowledge; the other with a stout heart and unshaken fortitude, looking for better things in its all too dismal depths and frightful upheavals. However like-minded in many respects two such men may be, their views of Sir Walter Scott will be somewhat different; they look with different, other eyes on the human drama: what presents itself as of importance to the one, is of much less importance to the other; Ruskin looking at man from without within, and Carlyle from within without. Between them stands Sir Walter Scott, awaiting fair treatment and just judgment.

The view of Ruskin is, without much reserve or qualification, a belief in the supremacy of the genius of Scott, a belief in the supremacy of that genius within its own reach and range. It is a view which finds unwearied expression again and again throughout many of his writings; but a passage which occurs in "*Modern*

Painters" will give us some idea of it, as also some account of the grounds of it:—

"I think it probable that many readers may be surprised at my calling Scott the great representative of the mind of the age of literature. Those who can perceive the intense penetrative depth in Wordsworth, and the exquisite finish and melodious power of Tennyson, may be offended at my placing in higher rank that poetry of careless glance and reckless rhyme in which Scott poured out the fancies of his youth; and those who are familiar with the subtle analysis of the French novelists, or who have in any way submitted themselves to the influence of German philosophy, may be equally indignant at my ascribing a principality to Scott among the literary men of Europe in an age which has produced De Balzac and Goethe.

"But the mass of sentimental literature concerned with the analysis and description of emotion, headed by the poetry of Byron, is altogether of lower rank than the literature which merely describes what it saw. The true seer feels as intensely as any one else; but he does not much describe his feelings. He tells you whom he met and what they said, leaves you to make out from that what they feel and what he feels, but goes into little detail. And, generally speaking, pathetic writing and careful explanation of passion are quite easy, compared with this plain recording of what people said and did, or with the right invention of what they are likely to say and do; for this reason, that to invent a story or admirably and thoroughly tell any part of a story, it is necessary to grasp the entire mind of every personage concerned in it, and know precisely how they would be affected by what happens, which to do requires a colossal intellect; but to describe a separate emotion delicately, it is only needed that one should feel it oneself, and thousands of people are capable of feeling this or that noble emotion, for one who is able to enter into all the feelings of somebody sitting on the other side of the table. Even, therefore, where this sentimental literature is first-rate, as in passages of Byron, Tennyson and Keats, it ought not to be ranked so high as the creative; and though perfection even in narrow fields is perhaps as rare as in the wider, and it may be as long before we have another 'In Memoriam' as another 'Guy Mannering,' I unhesitatingly receive it as a greater manifestation of power, the right invention of a few sentences spoken by Pleydell and Mannering across their supper table, than the most tender and passionate melodies of the self-examining verse."

In the same chapter and in the same connection you have these remarks also:—

"The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and Religion. . . . Literature is more or less divided into two classes—Thinkers and Seers."

While such writers as Plato, Carlyle, and Helps are thinkers, Scott is a seer, and "the seers are wholly the greater race of the two."

The view of Carlyle has been formally given to the world. His

Essay on Scott was first published in the *London and Westminster Review* in the year 1837, on the appearance of the sixth volume of Lockhart's Biography. It is a painstaking estimate of Sir Walter's genius—one of Carlyle's best essays, indeed—perhaps the most serious attempt to estimate that genius which the world has yet seen. It says many true and soothfast things of Scott, but the enthusiasm of Ruskin for the great Minstrel of the Border is nowhere visible in him; his view has too many reserves and qualifications for that. Within certain limits Scott is to him most meritorious, but these limits are somewhat circumscribed. He tells the story of a Hindoo man-god Ramdass, who, on being asked what he meant to do with the sins of mankind, answered "he had fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins of the world"; and he says it is the test of a divine or great man that he have such a fire in him, to burn up somewhat of the sins of the world, its miseries and errors, and Scott, he says, has no such fire in him. Again he says: "All great men are the children of the idea. Even Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, had his idea to start with that Democracy was the cause of man, the right and infinite cause. Accordingly he made himself the armed soldier of Democracy, and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the last he had a kind of idea, a much less dubious idea—*la carrière ouverte aux talons*." In Carlyle's view Scott had no such idea. To take a passage, however:—

"Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name great. It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material—of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful and graceful things, a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him.

"His power of representing these things, too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation broad as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said 'no man has written so many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted.' Winged words were not his vocation, nothing urged him that way; the great mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. . . . One sees not that he believed in anything; nay, he did not even disbelieve; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities."

So much for the negative side of Carlyle's view. Ruskin has his negative side also, as well as Carlyle; but for the sake of

clearness I purposely postpone giving it in the meantime. His negations in no way affect his general view, and are not essential to any statement of it so general as I desire to make at the outset of this examination. In Carlyle's view, however, the negative side is unfortunately the important side, but his view is not all negative. He says :—

"On the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man . . . no affectation, fantasticality or distortion dwelt in him, no shadow of cant . . . he was a right brave and strong man according to his kind. A most composed, invincible man, in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement . . . in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things . . . a most robust, healthy man; healthy in body, healthy in soul, the healthiest of men."

We have now seen generally what the views of Ruskin and Carlyle are in regard to Sir Walter Scott, and it is now our duty to examine them for our own behoof. As I have said, they are very different views, and elements of ultimate agreement need not be much looked for. To Ruskin it seems, looking from without within, and supreme in his own imaginative gift, to invent and tell stories as Scott has told them takes the rarest quality of mind—the mind of a Seer—and requires "a colossal intellect": to Carlyle, looking from within without, supreme also in his own imaginative gift, but dominated by a too intense intellectual art, it would seem that Scott's intellect as intellect is commonplace enough, and not much worth considering. It would seem also that to his mind this story-telling power of Scott's was a doubtful gift, not a gift by any means, in and for itself, great and worthy, by inference only possibly great and worthy had it been informed with some idea, or instinct with some marvellous sort of Ramdass fire, powerful and potent enough to burn up somewhat of the sins and miseries of the world. These are views wide as the poles asunder, as widely divergent as any two views about a given subject can be; the one amounting to almost flat contradiction and denial of the other. To Ruskin it must be at once conceded that, to begin with, he at least has an accurate idea of what Sir Walter Scott did in this world, what special field of the world's work he laboured in; and that, it must be admitted, nowhere appears very clearly in Carlyle. To Carlyle he is vaguely a man of letters, and the question is, to him, "A great man or not a great man?" To Ruskin Scott is a story-teller, a creator in the realm of imaginative art; and the question is to him much simpler. What he first demands of himself are the requirements of the creative imaginative art, and having satisfied himself as to these requirements, he has put it to himself how Scott.

working in this field, has fulfilled these requirements. In this way, if any questions arise in Ruskin's mind about ideas or Ramdass fire in Scott, or the absence of these things in him, it is only in a subordinate way. Such questions can only arise, as of the first importance, in the mind of one who, like Carlyle, begins by asking broadly and vaguely, "A great man or not a great man?"

It is important to be precise about what Scott did in this world. For myself I do not intend to make any distinction between Scott the poet and Scott the story-teller, as it would be somewhat inconvenient, and it is not necessary. The great thing to be remembered about Scott, whether as poet or prose writer, is that he told stories, that he delineated life and character,—was in Ruskin's words "a seer"; so that where Carlyle says "The candid judge will in general require that a speaker, in so extremely serious a universe as this of ours, have something to speak about," he is beside the question. Scott was no speaker, had nothing to speak about; he had a whole new imaginative world to fashion for us,—men and women, hill and wood and stream, to delineate; letting people of utterance, in this extremely serious universe, utter themselves at their leisure, with occasional charitable hopes, no doubt, that they might not utter themselves hoarse if they were not courteous enough to utter themselves a corner or two off; a man with a whole new world to create having no leisure to listen and much less to join in the chorus of such questionable eloquence. On the lowest terms, at least, one such as Scott, according to Carlyle, should have had some conscious aim beyond the precept of Iago, "Put money in thy purse." Shakespeare, he admits, had no conscious aim. "Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre," he says, "Shakespeare contemplated no results in these plays of his. Yet they have had results." "It depends," he says, "on the relative worth of the minds." "Utter," he says, "with free heart what thy own dæmon gives thee: if fire from heaven it shall be well; if resinous firework it shall be as well as it could be, or better than otherwise." It might be sufficient to answer here, that the *Waverley Novels* are, like Shakespeare's plays, a great achievement, in themselves, a not unimportant result, at all events; and if in Scott it be more a matter of art than of speech, it is art for art's sake. Surely enough if we trust, with Wordsworth,

"That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath."

But, looking from within without, careful and troubled about the things of the spirit, mindful of the sins and miseries and errors of mankind, to Carlyle, art and the love of art in and for itself,—say Scott's magnificent gift of imagination, his glorious faculty of

romance, his exquisite power of story-telling,—apart from some spiritual purport, tendency, "hitherward or thitherward," some idea or mission, is doubtless an altogether frivolous, if not a doleful thing. There is a touch of his native Puritanism in this; and Ruskin would, I think, call it "a museless touch," not because, any more than Carlyle, he would deem the ends of art self-sufficing and self-fulfilled, but because he would say, with Browning, that

"Art—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word,"—

or because he would trust that "the Divinity that shapes our ends" would work in and through the artist's gift towards "the Divine event of the world," leaving at the same time the artist free and unfettered by the consciousness of any special mission of his having to do with the sins and errors and miseries of mankind. That, or something like that, at least, would doubtless be Ruskin's view of Scott in regard to this question of Ramdass fire, mission or idea. He looks from without within—from the externals and environments of life within. "Prepare the highway," he cries, "make straight the paths for the feet." Make your environments right, and trust the soul of God-given origin to find through the troubles and bewilderments of time its way to the heavenly city. Ruskin has Ramdass fire enough of his own—we all know—but it is all used for the purpose of burning up sins and errors and miseries of the most palpable, material sort that vex the highways of the world, outward primarily and not inward, but left alone unheeded, with inward possibilities of most disastrous sort.

But, looking from within without, it is in Carlyle's view the inward sins and errors and miseries of which the world is to be purged, in the first place. "Create within us a clean heart," he would say, "renew a right spirit within us." He describes the age in which Scott appeared, and shows in what manner he affected its temper and satisfied its requirements:—

"We have called it an age fallen into spiritual languor, destitute of belief, yet terrified at scepticism; reduced to live a stinted half-life under strange new circumstances. Now, vigorous whole life was what these delineations offered. The reader was carried back to rough strong times wherein these maladies of ours had not yet arisen. Brawny fighters all cased in buff and iron, their hearts too sheathed in oak and triple brass, caprioled their huge war-horses, shook their death-doing spears; and went forth in the most determined manner, nothing doubting. The reader sighed, yet not without a reflex solacement, 'O that I too had lived in those times, had never known these logic cobwebs, this doubt, this sickness, and been and felt myself alive, among men alive!'"

And somewhat later on he says, thinking of the *Waverley Novels*, "The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance, the heroic that is in man no divine awakening voice." It is conceded by Carlyle, in the first of these quotations, that the *Waverley Novels* had some comfort and solace in them for Scott's own age at least; but at all events it is clear that, in his view, it was *only* for his own age they had this comfort and solace: "the sick hearts" and "darkly struggling hearts" of this much more enlightened time of ours need not turn to them for any healing and guidance. That the heroic in man will find no awakening voice in Scott is a rhetorical flourish which is not worth while discussing. It is simply not true. But for the rest, I appeal to all who know their Carlyle, if the new vigorous whole life described in the first passage quoted does not seem to them in truth Carlyle's own ideal life, the very life of action which he desiderates, and which he preaches again and again to the very hearts he is commiserating as sick hearts and darkly struggling hearts in lack of healing and guidance. This "new vigorous whole life,"—and it must be clearly understood that it is not by any means what Carlyle elsewhere phrases it, "a paradise of do-nothings," but the life of men living as sincerely and earnestly as, if not more so than we ourselves, but after their own and somewhat different methods, in their different conditions of time and circumstance,—this "new vigorous whole life" (translate it, if you will, into present methods and conditions) seems to me, at least, to be the very life he commends to them: the life which is not thought, but action. There may not be much healing and guidance in the mere delineations of such a life, however desirable it may be for them to shape for themselves such a life as best they may; and this but suggests to us the question, "Your sick heart and darkly struggling heart, here referred to—of what are they born? of what doleful things are they the progeny?" Simply, I would say, of "these maladies of ours" which he talks of as not having arisen in the times of which Scott writes,—“our spiritual languor” and unfaith and dread of scepticism. It seems to me that history has repeated itself; and if Carlyle's description of the age in which the *Waverley Novels* saw the light is a faithful and accurate description of that age, I think it can very well stand for a somewhat accurate description of our own age, only I should say the symptoms are somewhat aggravated. In Scott's age, at least, men had not yet learned to disquiet themselves about Kantian Categories and Auguste Comte's "Three Stages of Man." The "Secret of Hegel" had not yet been added to the mysteries of this universe. Charles Darwin had not yet looked in the glass, and

beholding his own visage, dreamed his impossible nightmare. No Science of Ethics had yet been built to the music of the Evolution theory. Man's outlook on this universe had not yet grown so distorted and discoloured; no long prying into the ways of the moles and the infinitely little had blinded their eyes to the larger and nobler vision of the Andes heights of things—the infinitely great. Men, as now, had their doubts of things, were sceptics and unbelievers; but they were counted by their tens, and not, as now, by their thousands and tens of thousands. It was "a thin red line" of doubt and unfaith then—not, as now, an imposing phalanx. And is it not this same phenomena which makes Carlyle the prophet of the age? Is it not this same phenomena in relation to which his message is spoken: "Do not wait on conviction: life is not thinking. It is doing your duty. Do not distract yourselves with doubts, for doing your first duty your second will become clear to you: action will remove doubt:

"Here eyes do regard you
From Eternity's stillness,
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you:
Work and despair not."

This is the healing and guidance which Carlyle himself has to offer to the sick hearts and darkly struggling hearts of this generation of men and women. Carlyle knows what ails the age, has felt it and suffered it himself; and his word is wise, and the best we have yet heard on the matter. "But the healthy," as he says elsewhere, "know not of their health, only the sick." So that, on his own ground even, Scott, in relation to whom his own great word is that he was "the healthiest of men—healthy in body, healthy in soul," was about the last man to think of as likely to be the mediciner and guide of the cultured few, with their brainsick fancies, who in his time made up "the thin red line" of scepticism and unbelief, and who correspond in their time to the imposing phalanx of sick hearts and darkly struggling hearts in these days, to whom Carlyle's evangel is more particularly addressed. If Scott's age ailed anything, he had no guess of it: "the thin red line" might be the prophecy and earnest of more terrible and momentous things, but he had no sympathy with its doubts and scepticisms, and it was too inconsiderable perhaps to attract his attention. It takes interval of distance to enable us to regard with any accuracy the movements of an age. If you are of it, and are in the maelstrom of its contending currents, you are less likely to judge accurately the more or less importance of its various movements than the critical eye of generations to come who are not of it.

This is to be remembered in speaking of Scott in this connection. But in any case Scott's work lay in another direction. He had no nostrum for this or that coterie, no gospel for this or that particular set of individuals, or even for this or that age. His art "in nowise spoke to men, only to mankind." He did minister some comfort and solace to the men of his own day and generation, as Carlyle admits; but it was in a grand, unconscious way, and very much, I should say, in the same direction and to the same end as Carlyle himself, in his own way in our time, with this difference only—that Carlyle sets himself to the task with conscious determination.

To put all this in another way. The intense intellectual travail of the present day is nowhere reflected in Scott. That is true, but it simply means that he did not anticipate Carlyle and George Eliot. He did not anticipate our time. He was a man who, happily for us, lived much more in the past than in the future; and I do not think our later nineteenth century, with all its wonderful achievements, would have had any very great charm for him. Nor was it the fashion of his time, as it is of ours, to be profoundly introspective; and, happily for us, he had no self-tormenting doubts born of a later time to dim the fair page of his romance or to overshadow it with a passing intellectual phase, as we have seen the fair page of romance overshadowed in more recent days.

Ruskin has his own word here. He makes no distinction between Scott's age and our own; he regards them as one and the same. He says:

"The most glaring fault of the age is its faithlessness; and it is necessary, as the representative of the age, that Scott should be faithless. There is nothing more notable or sorrowful in Scott's mind than its incapacity of steady belief in anything. He cannot even resolve hardily to believe in a ghost; never clearly ascertains whether there is anything behind the arras but rats, but goes on looking at it timidly, and saying it must be the wind."

All this is practically in agreement with Carlyle, and there is some truth in it, doubtless; only Carlyle lays too much stress on it, and allows it to cast too dark a shadow on his conception of Scott as a whole. Yet, while there is some truth in this objection to Scott, that his beliefs had not much root in him, were not deep-seated on rock foundations, were more simply inherited, than hardly earned by wrestlings with the mystery of the universe in rocky solitudes,—with all that, if indeed like "Gallio" he "cared for none of those things"—it can at least be said that in him no Sadducean touch casts a shadow on any soothfast verity of human faith. His

beliefs, too, are not pronounced, because they were practically unassailed.

Scott's life is the life of the outward world, the life of the world as it visibly appears to us: a life indeed, with its own problems of spiritual import, its own mysteries, but calm, unruffled, and undisturbed by any deeper volcanic forces or upheavals from beneath. He had not the fortune, or misfortune, to have looked, with his critics, down the crater of Vesuvius. In other words, it may be said of Sir Walter that he is a modern without the modern spirit, the deeply-laden intellectual spirit of our time, that knows something too much of "seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt," to be simply and purely joyous, even in its lightest moments, even in its romance. The self-scrutinising, introspective spirit of modern intelligence never intrudes itself in his pages, nor vexes the life of man for us "with its obstinate questionings." In one aspect it may be said that he is too worldly for that; his horizon is too much bounded, the visible things of sense and time are enough for him. All this has been said of Scott, and however true to some extent it may be, I do not think that any one who has read much of him would admit that such an explanation goes very far. Ruskin would not admit that it did. He refers once, at least, if not oftener, in his writings, to the death scene of Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot, in "The Antiquary." If you can call that scene vividly to your minds, I do not think you can doubt that there is a sense of other infinite things in Scott than any that lay ready to hand at his threshold. The Shakespearean sense "of things undreamt of in our philosophy" is not obtrusive in him; but it is never very far away, and it sometimes does appear, stepping from its place in the shadowy background into the midst of things. When we feel that for him deep is calling unto deep, and that tragic things are to be rehearsed with whatever utmost power of pathos is in him to compass, we recognise a sense of far other things, of things beyond the remotest verge of any worldly horizon, with the added sense of a faith—if not deep-seated, at least unquestioning—which keeps the heart stout and valiant and sufficient for the darkest human hour, and obstinate amid all the winds and waves of trouble. For the irretrievableness of fate in a sense so essentially poetic must occasionally strike chords of tragic tone and stir the deeps of life, most often in Scott, indeed, as a bolt from a clear sky—the warp and woof of life for him being in the main so hale and healthful—no discontented pessimistic note, making tragedy for us, of small matters, the irritations and grievances, anxieties and troubles that beset us all. The contrast of these things is felt in Scott much more, for instance, than in such a muse as that of Thackeray. The

kindest heart in the world, which gave us "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes," cannot help them from making life tragic even in the smallest matters—the endless polite makeshifts of human intercourse—the everlasting skeleton in the cupboard: *atra cura* always *post equitem sedet*.

When all is said, however, nothing can be further removed from the intense intellectual life of the present, "its doubts, distractions, fears," than the life which is delineated in Sir Walter Scott. And, to my thinking at least, happily for us. It gives us in these days some haven of refuge and relief from the worry and trouble of modern life and its problems. The atmosphere is so different from that to which, nowadays, we have grown so accustomed, that it is like a holiday in some wave-washed, wind-swept Hebridean isle afar "to one who has been long in city pent." And as jarred nerves and lowered vital powers vanish in the atmosphere of such a holiday, "the spectres of the mind born of them cease to haunt us in the enchanting realm of Scott's wondrous fancy; and if the heroic in us finds no stimulus, we are invigorated and exhilarated enough to be stirred with the sense of a larger, freer, and more glorious life. The Philosopher, whose word in an age of doubt and unfaith was "Work! work! life is not thought, but action; work, and despair not. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do thy uttermost," should not quarrel with the poet who in one stirring verse concentrated much of the spirit and philosophy of his whole work:—

"Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

At all events, I for one am thankful that in Sir Walter Scott there is no consciousness of all this intensely introspective spirit of our modern life, and I feel that if there is any balm in Gilead—any relief from the too intense inwardness of our modern literature, it is surely here. I think, too, that all readers of Ruskin will understand me when I say, that if there is any pervading sense in Ruskin's writings of a something wrong somewhere in our modern life, it is connected in no small degree with this same matter—the doubt and despair at the heart of this generation of men and women, which so obtrudes itself, nowadays, upon us, in all our best thought. There is, I think, a pervading sense throughout his writings of reaction against the intellectual travail of our time, with an evident regret for the days of the simpler modes of thought of the age of faith, which have vanished from amongst us. If you call to mind the sermon by Mr. Herbert at the close of Mr.

Malloch's "New Republic," you will recognise this as this author's view of Ruskin's attitude in this matter—Mr. Herbert, as you are aware, being simply Mr. Ruskin. For Ruskin too, as well as Carlyle, has looked down the crater of Vesuvius, only he did not like it: it gave him no new fresh hopes for the future of man, and I think he would have liked Scott less if he had found in him any reminder of its dismal and horrible gulf. For instance, this modern feeling we speak of is very apparent in the writings of George Eliot—herself by the way a great lover of Scott—and I think I have seen somewhere in Ruskin* remarks on her not much appreciative of her particular genius, and I believe for this very reason: that it is too much coloured by the intense intellectual cast of modern thought, too deeply weighted, like Mr. Tulliver, with the sense that this is "a puzzling world." For all this feeling is, if you think of it, only a form of sentimentalism, in regard to which you will remember what Ruskin says in the passage I quoted at the outset: "The mass of sentimental literature concerned with the analysis and description of emotion: . . . is altogether of lower rank than the literature which merely describes what it saw. The true seer feels as intensely as any one else, but he does not much describe his feelings, etc." Looked at in this way, Carlyle's ideal Sir Walter, of which the real Sir Walter falls evidently so far short, in Ruskin's view would have taken a much lower place in literature than the place actually achieved by the author of "Waverley." To my mind it seems to be very much sentimentalism, this for ever harping away at the mental troubles of our time; and to my mind it is not the best form of sentimentalism for an art that would shape itself in moulds perennial and abiding. For there are forms of sentimentalism that all ages possess in common, that no age escapes, that are universal, and with which, therefore, any art that would make itself immortal may have to do; but this particular form of sentimentalism is, I am afraid, but a passing mode of our time, in which healthier generations to come will see nothing but nightmare of the spirit, the troubled dreams of restless and uneasy men.

Carlyle has several pages on extempore writing, and Scott's sins in especial in that direction; and they are very severe pages. Scott was "a high proficient in this art of ready writing," he says: "his rapidity was extreme." They are admirable pages, and very true in themselves, and worth looking into, especially in these days, but with no special reference to Scott that I am aware of. I do not think that Scott's writing was at all extempore or ready, and I do

"The Best Hundred Books," *Pall Mall Gazette Extra*, No. 4.

not think that Carlyle's strictures on this subject apply at all to him. I think the truth of the matter is contained in these remarks of Ruskin's:—

"If a great thing can be done, it can be done easily. But it is in that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathered strength; and all Scott's great writings were the recreations of a mind confirmed in dutiful labour, and rich with organic gathering of boundless resources."

I do not think that there can be any appeal from this view; but if any one imagines there can be, here are some words of Goethe's, from Eckermann, which amongst other things are of importance on this very point:—

"We read too many poor things," he said—"thus losing time and gaining nothing. We should only read what we admire, as I did in my youth, and as I now experience in Sir Walter Scott. I have just begun 'Rob Roy,' and will read his best novels in succession. All is great: material, import, character, execution! And then what infinite diligence in the preparatory studies! What truth of detail in the execution!"

Of course Carlyle's view of Scott's actual achievements in literature, it may be seen, is radically and inherently insufficient. He thinks nothing considerable of Scott's productions. In his view they are examples of extempore in ready writing: "the matter," he expressly says, "was excellent considering that"; but again he complains "that something very perfect might have come from Scott"—something very perfect, which he never achieved, not being gifted with ideas, and being wholly wanting in Ramdass fire, or what Carlyle himself, in a happier moment—might have called Morrison pill or Universal Quack salve. Even in regard to Scott's portraiture of character, he contrasts his method unfavourably with those of Shakespeare and Goethe. What he says is, that while these artists paint character "from the heart outwards," Scott takes another and indeed opposite method—"from the skin inwards." To this I would say that, putting Goethe aside, as too imperfectly known to me, and somewhat unfavourably even at that—outside of the first part of Faust; and while diffident in making comparisons of Scott's work in this respect with the work of Shakespeare, so consecrated and set apart in all men's minds by its sublime and unapproached supremacy in all and every regard—I am not so sure that Carlyle's contention here is a tenable one. Take a set, for instance, of Scott's best characters—say Jeanie Deans, Dandie Dinmont, Edie Ochiltree, Andrew Fairservice—and compare them with a similar set of Shakespearean characters; and without prejudice to any question of better or worse in the portraiture of either artist, and allowing for the difference in their respective forms of art, I am afraid it would be somewhat difficult to find

any difference such as Carlyle alleges in the method of delineation. In Shakespeare's characters we may have an attitude of aspiration, a depth of passion, which Scott never dreamed of—far less attempted to portray; but that does not imply any difference of method. I think Mr. Leslie Stephen is not far wrong when he remarks on this point:—

"Every great novelist describes many characters from the outside; but as a rule, even the greatest—and, with Mr. Carlyle's leave, we will add even Shakespeare—describes only one from the inside; and that, we need not say, is himself."

This last objection of Carlyle's has more particular reference to Scott's special field than any objections of his previously considered seem to bear. We have seen that, as he puts it, "something very perfect might have come from Scott," but one would fain have had some idea of the form of art in which Carlyle would have liked this "something very perfect" from Scott. Scott told stories,—that was his art; and I know of no story-teller in English literature who can compare for a moment to him. In these days of ours R. L. Stevenson can tell a story as few of our writers can, but Scott is the Prince of story-tellers. Ruskin knows this; he knows what to expect of Scott's genius. Carlyle does not know what to expect of it; and so, while Ruskin speaks to the point with clearness and precision, Carlyle talks vaguely and very much at random, and not without much sheer nonsense. For consider for a moment story-telling as an art in and for itself; and severe talk about extempore writing, so far as it relates to Scott, is sheer nonsense, to say the least of it. A writer who has a story in his head, and sets himself to tell it in the vividest and most lifelike colours, does not labour over it word by word and line by line, doing in the Emerson manner his twenty lines a day. All the dramatic spirit and force of it would evaporate from a story so elaborated, all the vivacity and interest would be lost in the process. And as for ideas and Ramdass fire, a story-teller's function is not to set the world by the ears Jean Jacques fashion. Scott was no philosopher; he wrote no "Treatise on the Human Understanding"; he gave us, let us be thankful, no "Critique of Pure Reason"; but he gave us, what was infinitely better, a whole new imaginative world, like Shakespeare's own; he gave us no "Philosophy of History," but, like Shakespeare once more, and infinitely better again, he revived the past for us, made it live for us anew, in wonderful lifelike fashion. It is not by any means mere accident that finds Sir Walter's name so often coupled with that of the author of *The Tempest* and *Henry V.* He is the Shakespeare of the North.

He gave us a whole new imaginative world, peopled it too with prodigal brain, with all gentle, lovable and noble forms, and in a world of lights and shadows, surely with forms not so gentle, not so lovable, not so noble. Characters as various as human life, all sorts and conditions of men and women, rise at the light touch of of his most exquisite fancy, and play their parts, in a world not yet grown old, a world in the presence of which we might exclaim, with Miranda in *The Tempest*:—

"O wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !"

And he made our by-past times live again for us, with all their pageantry and pomp of circumstance. Goethe, following up some remarks of his I have just quoted, speaks of "the inheritance English history is to a clever poet," and contrasts it with the poverty of his own German history." And if our history is a great inheritance, there is no doubt that Scott has made the most of it. He not only gives us characters in and for themselves pleasant and delightful, and interesting to know—but he relates them all, mostly to some great outstanding movement of our national life, and so gives them a double interest for us. They have their own individual interest, but over and above, they have the reflected interest of being connected more or less with some or other great event of our history, and our history itself gains in vividness and interest in being the theatre of his ideal creations. Ruskin is somewhat severe on Scott on this point. He considers it "a notable weakness of the age" in which Scott so partook "its habit of looking back in a passionate and romantic idleness to the past ages, not understanding them nor really desiring to understand them." His endeavours to revivify the past he considers the best of the kind made by us moderns, but he regards them "as successful only so far as Scott put under the old armour the everlasting human nature, which he knew, and totally unsuccessful so far as concerned the painting of the armour itself, which he did not know."

Carlyle also, speaking on this point, is in practical agreement with Ruskin, and grows quite contemptuous and ironic. He says:—

"The 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' proved to be a well from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical Romances (which in due time pass into Prose Romances): the old life of men resuscitated for us: it is a mighty word. Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men, in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins,

jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived: it was like a new-discovered continent in Literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado, or else some fat beatific land of Cockaigne, and Paradise of Donothings."

To all this it can only be said that the irony and contempt come in most unfortunately in the last alternative, and that is precisely where Carlyle leaves the firm ground of truth and matter-of-fact. In no possible view can Scott's works be regarded as a "fat beatific land of Cockaigne," except in the view, perhaps, of the mathematician, who wanted to know what "Paradise Lost" proved. It must also be said here, in reply to Ruskin, as to Scott's "not understanding, nor desiring to understand, the past," that this may be true in a far-off, pedantic, Freemanesque sense, but for all practical purposes of life, and the ends of ordinary intelligence, Scott did understand the past, and took pains to understand it, in a sense in which Ruskin and Carlyle as compared with him are simply nowhere—nowhere in this world. Fifth-form boys may be,—I shall grant them that. For Scott loved the past with all the passion and enthusiasm of his large, free, generous nature, brooded over it with yearning devotion, and made it the bitterness of his failing years that every rag and remnant of the beautiful old days, that he loved so well, with such an absorbing and passionate affection, were being swept away remorselessly and ruthlessly by the political disasters of his time, then, as now, spoken of in the light, euphemistic dialect of men, as progress and reform. Scott knew as much as any man of the euphemisms of men: had some acquaintance, for instance, with the good neighbours; but such euphemisms as these came a trifle too near home.

But, despite all that has been said in depreciation of the historical novel, and of Scott in particular on that score, it cannot for a moment be doubted that, our histories notwithstanding, most of our countrymen—not to speak of our neighbours at all—are indebted to Scott for the greater part of their knowledge of our history, in the same way as Marlborough is said to have been indebted to Shakespeare for his English history; and I do not think it is a matter of regret that it should be so. Besides, Scott did this most notable thing, put most felicitously by the late Principal Shairp:—

"He changed men's whole view of history, and of the way in which it should be written; recalled it from pale abstractions to living personalities, and peopled the past no longer with mere phantoms or doctrinaire notions, but with men and women in whom the life-blood is warm. If you wish to estimate the change he wrought in this way, compare the historic characters

of Hume and Robertson with the lifelike portraits of Carlyle and Macaulay. Though these two last have said nasty things of Scott, it little became them to do so; for from him alone they learnt that art which gives to their descriptions of men and scenes and events their peculiar charm. If we now look back on many characters of past ages, with an intimate acquaintance and a personal affection unknown to our grandfathers, it was Scott who taught us this."

In speaking of Scott, Ruskin, too, like Carlyle, has asked himself what are the tests of a truly great man? His first test is humility—"the curious undersense of powerlessness," "the feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them"; and his second test is like unto his first—indeed, it is but another side of the same thing—the absence of all affectation. The third test is the ease, or appearance of ease, with which the great man's work is done; and the fourth and last is the power of seeing which he possesses, and of which I have already spoken. However much he might prize such qualities as those which constitute the three first qualifications, however much he might prize them in and for themselves, I am afraid Carlyle would not regard them as at all decisive of anything great, except as joined to and in conjunction with other and more essential qualities, the cumulative sense—doubtless the sense in which they are applied by Ruskin. That Scott had all three qualities, Carlyle amply acknowledges. That he thought Scott had the essential qualities to add to these, to make these as well as themselves effective, is another matter. To Ruskin, the essential quality of Scott's genius is that power which constitutes him a seer as distinguished from the mere thinker; and this we may regard as practically the truth of the matter, although we may prefer to put it in a different way.

The test of a great or divine man is, according to Carlyle, the possession of *Ramdash* fire or ideas, neither of which he finds in Scott. "There goes other stuff to the making of great men," he says, "than can be detected in Scott." To this it is open to reply that there goes other stuff to the making of great men than any either expressed or implied within the limits of such rough-and-ready shibboleths. In other words, his test is too narrow. With all his magnificent sense of the infinite possibilities of man, it must be admitted that he has quite failed to lay down a test at all adequate to express all the conditions of greatness; and it seems to me that, giving his phrases their fullest and widest significance, there have been men who have lived in this world, and who have been justly accounted great in the eyes, not only of their contemporaries, but of all the succeeding ages, on other grounds and conditions than can fairly be said to be implied in his phrases.

We are not sure if Homer himself would satisfy Carlyle's test of greatness ; and Scott is much in the same case with—

"The old man who, clearest-souled of men,
Saw the Wide Prospect and the Asian fen,
And Imolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind !"

Chaucer, perhaps, too, when one thinks of it, would also fail to pass muster.

Admitting to a great extent what Carlyle says in this connection, that Scott's "poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*," and admitting also, generally, the truth of the quotation which he gives in the same place, in support of this contention, "that no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted," we have to submit that in sheer breadth of canvas, and unwearied, inexhaustible, imaginative power and beauty of executant detail, the canvas considered, Scott's work is supreme. He is great perhaps for the same reason that Homer is great—although I do not lay any particular stress on the comparison, and do not wish to be mistaken on such a point ; for the same reason that Chaucer is great : for this reason—viz., that he has made the world a larger other world for us—has invested it with new meaning and significance ; that with free largeness of sympathetic heart and brain he has interpreted nature and man's life for us in indestructible types of loving and winsome beauty. It is surely a valid claim to greatness, the so enlarging of our imaginative horizon. The man of such boundless and inexhaustible creative resources is at least so rare that, call him what you will, great or rare, it practically amounts to the same thing.

Scott's appeal from the verdict of Carlyle is the appeal of Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi"—

"You be judge !
You speak no Latin, more than I belike,
However, you're my man, you've seen the world
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shape of things, their colours, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all !
—For what ? Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it, and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to ?—'What's it all about !'
To be passed over, despised ? or dwelt upon
Wondered at ? 'Oh, this last, of course !' you say.
But why not do, as well as say,—paint these
Just as they are, careless, what comes of it ?

God's works,—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip.

* * * * *

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good.
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
'Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!'
Strikes in the Prior: 'when your meaning's plain
It does not say to folks—remember matins
Or mind you fast next Friday!' Why, for this
What need of art at all?"

If you say, with Carlyle, not a great man, what shall we call him, then? One of the notablest, most heroic figures in the world of letters. Carlyle's heroic man of letters is Sam Johnson; but here is a man who towers head and shoulders above all the Sam Johnsons that ever lived. For a man of such a splendid vision, worldly if you will; for a man of such largeness of heart and brain—surely the very simplicity of his character marks him of heroic mould. Not at all versed in the maxim of Plato, "The man who would be truly happy should not study to enlarge his estate, but to restrict his desires"; great enough not to think himself great, like Shakespeare and Giotto, and just to do like other men, blundering through the world at odds with all the economies, like the rest of us—but in catastrophe,—indomitable! sublime! Not at all to be pitied! above the reach of that! If you pity him and pat him on the back, like Carlyle, with your "Brave Sir Walter!" and kindly but mincing phrases, you forget yourself. It is a breach of etiquette: a matter of hats off, not to speak of hands. You are in a princely presence and glad royal boons. Gone for long years now, on a longer journey than that last desperate one "to soft Parthenope," still as of old,

"The might

Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes."

And well they may. For if, as I believe, it is only the ages of faith that can produce a genius so original and creative, the world, I am afraid, must wait with patience for another Sir Walter Scott.

WILLIAM SMITH.

Queries.

1. **RUSKIN BIBLIOGRAPHY.**—Dates of lectures on "War" and "Traffic" in "The Crown of Wild Olive."—J. P. Smart, Junr., 5, Mount View Road, Crouch Hill, N.

2. Does Mr. Ruskin anywhere express an opinion of the Chevalier Bayard? If so, what is it, and where is it to be found?—J. A. B.

Confirmed Reflections on Great Writers.

II. SHERIDAN.*

THE old school of dramatists ended, like an ideal "happy holiday," with a display of fireworks. And certainly it would be impossible to exceed the splendour of the rockets, wheels, Bengal lights, Roman candles, showers of golden rain, and Cyclopean crackers with which Sheridan brought the old period to a close. After the dazzling display came night; for, to adapt Mr. Lecky's line, Sheridan Knowles and Lord Lytton were only "little tapers trembling in the gloom," notwithstanding a good deal of splutter. Standing, as we are, at the beginning of a new era, the reading of Sheridan's plays has a distinct interest, and Mr. Walter Scott's cheap reprint is well timed. Sheridan was an extraordinarily brilliant individual, and he crowded into his life a vast mass of picturesque incident. This being so, it is not wonderful that his life should have been often written; but none of those who have dealt with him, from Moore to Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, have been able to say the last word on the subject. If it is going too far to say that Mr. Lloyd Sanders has done this, his little book as a solid narrative of facts, as a piece of light literature, and as a critical estimate, is excellent. Mr. Sanders has no illusions about his subject. He recognises that in the august peerage of genius there are various ranks, and does not claim for Sheridan a place in the inmost circle. A great man certainly, but not one of the greatest men, he tells us, in perhaps the worst sentence in the book, "no one in their (*sic*) senses ever dreamt of comparing him (Sheridan) with Shakespeare or Molière; he is altogether on a different and lower plane." His criticism of the plays is entirely judicious, as when, for instance, he says of Mrs. Malaprop's verbal eccentricities, "Sheridan had got hold of a good idea and rode it to death." In truth, for Sheridan as a delineator of nature, nothing can be claimed. He violates the elementary laws of probability. He knows little of men save their manners; their hearts and morals are closed books to him. Effective theatrical situations he could invent with masterly skill, and his plays are kept alive by the orientality of his wit. Every member of the *School for Scandal* is a polished wit: simple Sir Peter's conversation glitters like that of Sir Benjamin Backbite; servants have at their command the exquisite satire of

* PLAYS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. ("The Camelot Series.")
LIFE OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, by Lloyd Sanders. ("Great Writers.") London: Walter Scott.

their masters. If ever such a glittering world there was, we have indeed fallen on dull days ; but in fact the world is entirely the creation of Sheridan's genius, and any attempt to treat it seriously destroys the effect which the writer intended to produce. You are asked to look away from human sentiments and human passions, and to enjoy the evolutions of a series of irresponsible and wholly delightful puppets. If you are going to be grave, and to look seriously at the conduct of these dolls, you will derive no pleasure from them : in *Lady Teazle* you will see merely a woman saved by an accident from being an adulteress, in *Charles Surface* the most thorough cad that ever wore a coat of brocade. Sheridan's plays, as Mr. Lloyd Sanders points out, are non-moral, and they must be treated as such if they are to be properly appreciated. In this relation we may be allowed to point out that Mr. Sanders might well have spared us the statement that "there is not much profit to be derived from plays professing to deal with problems social or moral, nor anything but weariness and nausea from a medical blue-book of the Ibsen class." It is easy to praise Sheridan without flinging stones at Ibsen, and cheap dogmatism on the subject of the Ibsen drama is a little unwise.

If Mr. Sanders deals out justice, and no more than justice, to Sheridan the dramatist and theatre-manager, he is equally successful in estimating Sheridan, the politician, orator, and man of fashion. As a dramatist Sheridan had it all his own way. The age of Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan, Bannister, and King, was assuredly an age of great acting, but it was not an age of great play-writing. In politics Sheridan is contrasted with Pitt, Fox, Burke, and others, and by them he is obviously excelled. But even here he was a considerable figure, and he was never corrupt if his principles were not always of the highest. As an orator he could hold his own with the greatest of his contemporaries at a time when English oratory was at its best. He was a partisan rather than a patriot ; he played a game and did little more than keep to the rules. His services to the country are small ; not half so great as those of Warren Hastings, upon whom he poured his scathing satire. As a politician his two impeachment speeches keep his memory alive, and this record is hardly glorious. In addition, one is always sorry to think that he was the friend of the Prince Regent.

We are presented by our author with a very fair portrait of Sheridan the man, and one in which nothing is concealed and nothing set down in malice. If Mr. Sanders has been sympathetic, he has been just. We gather from the book that its subject was extravagant, ostentatious, vain, unhappy, gloomy, superstitious,

dignified, irresponsible, jealous, and spasmodically energetic. Being all these things, no wonder Mr. Sanders declares "the man was a riddle"; and yet we are told, and justly, that "he was above all things a gentleman." He was one of those brilliant individuals whom it is easy to criticise and still easier to love. Above all he was a great figure, a man endowed with gifts of the most diverse kind; one who, if human beings be divided, as Gautier has divided them, into flamboyant and drab, belongs without the slightest doubt to the former. The playgoer, at least, must offer him perpetual gratitude. A few days ago I felt once more how much was due to him, on seeing extracts from two of his plays. It may not be uninteresting to compare part of the cast of *The School for Scandal* on that occasion with part of it on the occasion of its first production:—

Drury Lane, *May 8th*, 1777.
 Sir Peter Teazle . Mr. King.
 Joseph Surface . Mr. Palmer.
 Charles Surface . Mr. Smith.
 Lady Teazle . . Mrs. Abington.

Haymarket, *Jan. 27th*, 1892.
 Sir Peter Teazle . Mr. William Farren.
 Joseph Surface .
 Charles Surface . Mr. Charles Wyndham.
 Lady Teazle . Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Somehow the old names have a sweet sound. But have we not a Farren in both? And what is the use of complaining because "the old order changes, giving place to new"? For much information, delightfully given, concerning the old order, and for an excellent monograph on Sheridan, one cannot do better than go to Mr. Lloyd Sanders' book.

CHARLES T. J. HIATT.

The Book Gazette.

IBSEN.

FOUR LECTURES ON HENRIK IBSEN. BY PHILIP WICKSTEED.
London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

We have not yet been able to give to Mr. Wicksteed's book the attention necessary to its thorough appreciation, but our first impressions are that it is a distinctly valuable contribution to the literature which is growing round the works of Ibsen. The author very properly pleads that the time ought now to be gone by when Ibsen's name was the signal for a display of passion. Mr. Wicksteed throughout his book maintains a temperate tone of discussion; he rigidly abstains from hasty dogmatism, and, while he places Ibsen before his readers as a great writer, he does so without working himself into a frenzy of superlatives, or drenching with sarcasm those who do not share his opinion. Indeed, not the least of the merits of the little work before us is its sobriety and unpretentiousness; and these are virtues which have not been by any means common in the discussion called forth by Ibsen's productions.

Ibsen has hitherto been looked at too long as a revolutionary sociologist, as a grim iconoclast who destroys all kinds of ideals long cherished and very hard to part with. But this same writer was, as Mr. Wicksteed points out, once a love-poet, and in support of the statement he quotes the poem, *With a Waterlily*. That the creator of Hedda Gabler could be exquisitely tender and write dainty verse, one need only call *Margrete's Cradle Song* to prove :—

“ Now roof and rafters blend with
The starry vault on high ;
Now flieth little Hakon
On dream-wings through the sky.

“ There mounts a mighty stairway
From earth to God's own land ;
There Hakon, with the angels,
Goes climbing hand in hand.

“ God's angel-babes are watching
Thy cot, the still night through.
God bless thee, little Hakon,
Thy mother watcheth too.”

In truth, Ibsen has been seen, but he has not been seen whole ; his harp is a many-stringed one, on his palette are many colours, and if his crimson is faded and his gold is old gold, they are crimson and gold nonetheless. He is no utterer of one song—or, should we say, one wail?—and he does not lack the variety of accomplishment which is one of those qualities separating the major from the minor writers. As Mr. Wicksteed remarks, *Terje Vigen*, the longest of Ibsen's minor poems, might well figure in the programme of Penny Readings.

But yet it is undeniable that even Ibsen's first music is pitched in a minor key, that the tendency to regard life as pure tragedy runs like a grey thread through the early tapestry. The bent of his mind seems naturally to have been towards pessimism, and perhaps physical suffering intensified that tendency. Never at any time could he, like Browning, have sung—

“ The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.”

Never, if we may venture to say so, could he have been the victim of so great a fallacy.

In dealing with *Brand*, Mr. Wicksteed has managed to display very cleverly the essence of that great tragic story of a man who tried to live up to the motto “All or nothing.” In this book nothing is better than the analysis of this play, and he does not fail to point out the many fine things to be found in it. The extraordinarily powerful phrase used by Agnes when talking to Einar of Brand, “Did you see—how he *grew* while he was speaking?” epitomises the attractive power of a man like Brand, and explains why Agnes would sooner go with him “into the night,” than with Einar into sunshine. All this and much else is duly discussed in the second lecture, and of the third *Peer Gynt* is the subject. The fourth and last opens with an excellent study of *Emperor and*

Galilæan, in which the author is frequently eloquent in the best sense of the word. He calls briefly in review the social plays, and deals in his last pages with admirable sagacity with Ibsen's view of marriage. Altogether the book, which we have not attempted to treat exhaustively here, deserves the attention of all students of a writer whom one cannot possibly ignore, however much one may dislike him, for as literature and as drama Ibsen's plays are among the most characteristic and powerful productions of the time.

COMEDIES BY ALFRED DE MUSSET. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, by S. L. GWYNN. The "Camelot Series." London: Walter Scott.

It is not agreeable to find on the first page of the translation of a classic so unpleasant a mistake as is contained in the sentence, "Who are you speaking to, pray?" But slips of this kind are not frequent in Mr. Gwynn's volume, although there is a general want of smoothness about the dialogue, and such a phrase as "What a winter is preparing for us!" though no doubt a literal, is rather an ungraceful translation. The plays presented in this remarkably cheap and well-printed volume are *Barberine*, *Fantasio*, and *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*. They are prefaced by a very readable introduction, in which the editor, following Sainte-Beuve, points out the Shakespearian impress on much of De Musset's work. If the work of De Musset has that impress, his life resembled that of Byron. As Sainte-Beuve says: "To live and enjoy meant one and the same to him. 'Joy! joy! and death after'; that was his device." He was essentially delirious; a state frequently found among the lesser geniuses and seldom among the highest. But whatever he was, his personality was beyond doubt fascinating, and Mr. Walter Scott might do worse than add his life to his series of "Great Writers," thus making a companion volume to the pleasant one before us.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., Ltd.—"The Flight of the Shadow," by Dr. George MacDonald, 5s. From MACMILLAN & Co.—"Horæ Sabbaticæ." Reprint of Articles contributed to the *Saturday Review*, by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., 5s. (the first series, consisting of fourteen articles on old prose-writers, such as Froissart, Comines, Montaigne, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Clarendon, etc.); "Short Sermons," by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, 6s. From E. W. ALLEN—"God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society: Law, Process, and Result of Divine-Natural Respiration," by Thomas Lake Harris, with portrait, 3s. 6d. Mr. Harris is the breathing prophet of Swedenborgian prophecy, and the theo-socialist founder of a Californian commonwealth. The claret manufactured by his disciples and converts is better than the inspired (or manufactured?) writings of the prophet. Whether he be a Cagliostro or no, his wares manufactured and inspired are both cheap, and he is more anxious to secure converts than profit from his publications. We hope to review his works in full when all are before us. From GEORGE ALLEN—"The Mystic Quest." A theosophical romance, more interesting as an exposition of theosophical doctrine than as a romance of two incarnations. "The Story of Ida," 4th Edition, 1s. 6d. A parchment paper reprint of this charming story. "Ionica," by W. Cory "From King to King," by G. Lowes Dickenson. From MORISON BROS., Glasgow—"George Gilfillan," by D. Macrae, 2nd Edition. "The Elder of the Plates and the Kirk Beadle," by Nicholas Dickson, 2nd Edition.

The late Mr. William Smith, Glasgow.

IT is with great regret that I have to announce the death of a valued contributor to IGDRASIL and WORLD-LITERATURE in the person of Mr. William Smith, of 49, Duke Street, Glasgow, who died at Dunfermline on the 27th of February. It is only a few months ago, through the medium of my friend and his—the author of “The Principal’s Daughter” and joint-author with another of “The Praise and Blame of Love, and other Verse”—that his poem “The Golden Year” was sent to me for publication. Since then I have received several prose articles, the first of which, “The Saga of Golden Island,” appears in the March number of WORLD-LITERATURE. The *Saga* was to have appeared in the February number, but was crowded out. I had only once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith—on the occasion referred to by Mr. William Martin, whose tribute to his character and writings I give below—but had begun within the last few weeks to correspond with him. He had sent me his paper on “Scott,” which, so far as I know, is his most important contribution to literary criticism. I had long been on the look-out for a paper treating of Ruskin’s view of Scott, as a complement to Dr. Sime’s paper “Carlyle on Scott,” published in IGDRASIL in 1890; and in Mr. Smith’s paper I got what I wanted. He was gratified by my appreciation of it, and was looking forward to its publication with interest. This being so, I became concerned when day after day passed without my receiving the corrected proof, and wrote to inquire the reason. I knew he had gone for a few days to Dunfermline, on a visit to the family of the lady to whom he was about to be married, but thought he had returned to Glasgow. In reply I received, on Saturday morning, a note from his *fiancée*, saying he was lying seriously ill, and was very weak, but that she hoped the method of treatment adopted by the doctor would soon restore him to health. I wrote in reply, and sent a copy of the March number of WORLD-LITERATURE, but ere he had seen “The Saga of Golden Island” in print I fear he had passed away to the Islands of the Blest to spend the “Golden Year” of his poetic vision. I now give place to Mr. Martin, who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Smith intimately, and who is better able to speak of one whose death at the fatal age of thirty-seven makes the first break in the little band of contributors who have so generously helped me to carry on the magazines, and to give them the place they hold in the affections of their readers and in the estimation of the literary world. At the Ruskin Society meeting on the 29th of February, Mr. Martin, who occupied the chair in the absence of Mr. Jolly, the president, said :

“The *Glasgow Herald* of to-day contains notice of the death of

William Smith, at the age of thirty-seven. A member of this Society, he read before it, some years ago, an able paper, 'Ruskin and Carlyle on Sir Walter Scott.' As recently as the beginning of the present year, he took part in the discussion which followed on the reading of Mr. Bird's paper on 'Unto this Last.' Mr. Smith was endowed with exceptional literary power, and his poetical gift, which won for him the sobriquet at college of 'poetical Smith,' was very considerable. The January number of *WORLD-LITERATURE*, so ably edited by our friend Mr. Marwick, contains a poem from his pen on 'The Golden Year'; and at a meeting at my house in the end of last year, at which Mr. Marwick and a few members of the Ruskin Society were present, we had the pleasure of hearing him recite the poem. The forthcoming number of *IGDRASIL* (March) will contain the paper he read before this Society. Of a peculiarly retiring disposition, those who knew him through his writing only, while they must have felt the presence of a vigorous brain and a strong character, can form little idea of the peculiar charm of the man himself. He was a genuine lover of literature, and his culture was both profound and wide. Versed in the classic lore of Greece and Rome, he had the most intimate and loving knowledge of the best modern minds,—Browning, Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, and Froude. To meet him among his much-loved books was a rare intellectual treat. It is peculiarly sad that he should be taken away just when he had found a sympathetic editor in Mr. Marwick, through whom he was likely to exercise that wider influence on thoughtful minds that those who knew him felt he was so well able to do.

"Mr. Smith's intellectual and poetic gifts were not the only features we would wish to dwell on. He had an exceptionally strong moral nature, and righteousness in conduct was the polar star of his life.

"To those among us who knew him, the world will seem poorer that he is gone into that unseen which, during a long and trying illness, he faced so bravely. He was a brave, true soul, one who, in the words of his favourite poet Browning,—

'Never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubting clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.'

After Mr. Martin had spoken, I added a few words, the substance of which is given above, and moved that a letter of sympathy be sent by the Society to his relatives and to the lady to whom he was about to be married. The motion was assented to with subdued applause.

W. MARWICK.

“The Ash Yggdrasil.”

Frontispiece.

YGGDRASIL, the world-tree of the Scandinavian mythology, is the ash tree which binds together heaven, earth, and hell. Its branches spread over the whole world and reach above the heavens, and under them the gods were believed to sit judging the universe. Its roots run in three directions,—one to the Asa gods in heaven, one to the Frost giants, and the third to the Under-world. Under each root is a fountain of wonderful virtue. In the tree, which drops honey, sit an eagle that knows many things, a squirrel, and four stags. At the root lies the envious serpent Nithhöggr (or snake Nidhöggr, as some name it), perpetually gnawing it, while the squirrel Ratatöskr (or Ratatösk) runs up and down to sow strife between the eagle at the top and the serpent at the root.

This wonderful tree is regarded by some as the symbol of organic existence in all its diversified phases of development; and its three roots as the physical, the intellectual, and the moral elements of being. According to Dr. Bugge, the myth is late and spurious; but for the purpose of this magazine, the modern interpretation of the myth (be it authentic or spurious) in the writings of Carlyle and Ruskin, as quoted and commented on in the Editorial Note (vol. i., Jan. 1890, p. 1), is what led me to adopt the symbolic title, which we prefer (*pace* Mr. Andrew Lang, to whom I am indebted for the reference to Dr. Bugge's writings) to the authentic Omumborombonga, the world-tree of the South African Ovahereroes.

W. MARWICK.

Epilogue.

WITH this number—the fourth as a quarterly, the sixteenth issue since its commencement in January 1890—IGDRASIL gives place to WORLD-LITERATURE, which, up to the present, has been issued as a monthly supplement to the larger magazine. Six numbers of WORLD-LITERATURE have been issued, and these (Sept. 15th to March 1st inclusive) will form the first volume, and have been supplied with title-page and index. These may be bound up with the four quarterly numbers and form the first volume of the quarterly IGDRASIL, or may be bound up with the second volume of WORLD-LITERATURE, which will be completed with the September issue. The price of the March number is 3*d.*, by post 4*d.*, on account of the extra expense incurred in issuing an index. With the new volume, which begins in April, WORLD-LITERATURE will appear as an independent magazine, combining the characteristics of the *monthly* IGDRASIL and the *monthly* Supplement to the *quarterly* IGDRASIL. There will be an increase in the number of pages, and the price will be 3*d.*

Many new and attractive features will be introduced, the most prominent of which will be—

A SERIAL STORY OF LITERARY LIFE entitled
AN ALIEN FROM THE COMMONWEALTH:
OR, THE TRAIL (?) OF "THE SERPENT."

The author is a new writer, a friend of my own, who has confided to me a Secret, which he wishes to be kept as deep as Hegel's! After depositing with me his MSS. (which I find to be rather more illegible than a young writer's usually, so that I am puzzled, and the compositors and the reader who have seen the MSS. have entirely failed to make out whether the sub-title of the story should be read Tale, Tail, or Trail, which last seems to be the most appropriate!) he disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, saying he was off to study at the University of Weissnichtwo, as he had heard when last in Paris that a reputed natural son or grandson of Professor Teufelsdröckh, who had been born and bred in that city, was now filling his father's (or grandfather's) shoes as Professor of Things in General at that most famous of German Universities. He promises me full particulars in the shape of a pamphlet, to be published by the still flourishing firm of Stillschweigen & Co. That is all that I am at present at liberty to communicate regarding the author of "An Alien from the Commonwealth," who has himself, like Teufelsdröckh the elder, or like Browning's "Waring," become an alien from the Commonwealth. Like the Editor, the readers of the April and succeeding numbers of *WORLD-LITERATURE* must, patiently or impatiently, await further developments.

The April number of the new *WORLD-LITERATURE* will be the last I shall edit from Hillside House, Arbroath, an address which has been familiar to my readers since January 1889, and which has been my home since childhood. I am now leaving it to settle in Edinburgh, my birth-place and *Alma Mater*. After April 4th, 1892, my address will be 4, OXFORD STREET, EDINBURGH, and I have to ask that after that date *all* communications be sent to new address. All articles, reports, etc., should be in my hands by the 18th of each month preceding that of publication.

NOTE.—THE INDEX TO THE QUARTERLY IGDRASIL.

The complete index to this volume of *IGDRASIL* cannot be got ready in time to be issued with the present number, but will be issued along with the April number of *WORLD-LITERATURE*, or may be had in a few days, by sending a stamped and addressed wrapper to

W. MARWICK.

HILLSIDE HOUSE, ARBROATH, *March* 1892.

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